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Songs of the Newfoundland Outports

By

Kenneth Peacock

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SONGS OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND OUTPORTS

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SONGS OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND OUTPORTS

Volume 1

collected and edited by

KENNETH PEACOCK

melodies transcribed and drawn by the author
photographs by the author

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Résumé

Ce recueil comprend plus de quatre cents chansons de différentes origines: anglaise, française, irlandaise, terre-neuvienne, écossaise, canadienne, américaine et gaélique. Des variantes des mélodies et des textes accompagnent plusieurs de ces chansons, ce qui porte le nombre global des pièces à plus d'un mille. La transcription et l'écriture musicale de toutes les mélodies sont de la main même de l'auteur. La plupart des chansons sont accompagnées de données savantes et de notices historiques. La matière a été commodément divisée en vingt catégories: chansons enfantines, chansonnettes comiques, chants de pêche, complaintes, chansons d'amour (neuf catégories), ballades de bûcherons, ballades de meurtriers, chansons de pirates et de matelots, refrains tragiques de la mer, chants de guerre et autres. Dans l'introduction, l'auteur traite des antécédents historiques et sociaux de Terre-Neuve, du plan et du but de son ouvrage, des recherches folkloriques effectuées antérieurement à Terre-Neuve et de la renaissance contemporaine du folklore par des moyens populaires, à la lumière des valeurs traditionnelles. L'ouvrage est abondamment illustré de photographies de folkloristes terre-neuviens.

Introduction

INTRODUCTION

England's oldest colony, Canada's newest province—this neat catch-phrase has been used often in recent years to describe Newfoundland's unique historical position in North America. Cape Bonavista on the island's east coast is traditionally regarded as John Cabot's first land-fall in the New World in the year 1497, though all loyal Cape Bretoners will rise in protest and claim the honour for their shores. In any event, it was not until 1583 that Sir Humphrey Gilbert formally took possession of Newfoundland in the name of the Queen, and subsequently a few half-hearted attempts at colonization were made. However, these early settlements with their emphasis on a fishing economy were a threat to the monopolistic control of the North Atlantic fishery enjoyed by West-of-England merchant princes. As a consequence the government completely reversed its colonial policy and prohibited English ships from carrying would-be colonists to the 'new-found-land.' Those who already had settled were forbidden to live closer than six miles from the sea, or even to cut wood. In spite of these harsh measures, people did continue to settle on the rocky coast, usually in well-hidden coves (later known as outports) where they would be safe from the prying eyes of passing English ships.

During the ensuing two hundred years of this secret 'colonization,' England's official interest in Newfoundland remained purely strategic, economically and militarily. The island was regarded either as a huge fishing station convenient to the Grand Banks, or, in times of conflict with the French, as a fortress guarding the mouth of the St. Lawrence River—never as a serious prospect for colonization until the nineteenth century when the Irish famine forced a change of policy. In a few years the mass migrations from Ireland completely transformed Newfoundland's social patterns. New customs, new songs, and new dialects were added to her already rich English, French, and Portuguese heritage. Portugal, by the way, claims that her sailors and fishermen had visited Newfoundland several years before Cabot's English ships landed. However, there is growing archaeological evidence that both countries were scooped by Scandinavians whose voyages to 'vineland' many centuries earlier were recorded in saga.

Of course no matter who arrived first from Europe, the original Indian population (Beothuks) was already there to greet them. Unfortunately, no Beothuks are left to greet contemporary visitors. The last survivors succumbed in the 1820's after one of the most barbarous (and least publicized) compaigns of racial extermination ever perpetrated. In the latter half of the eighteenth century when the atrocities could no longer be ignored, even by the governor, proclamations were issued threatening punishment to anyone engaged in the sport of killing Beothuks. The proclamations had little effect. There is every reason to suppose that the government looked discreetly the other way while its illegal squatters and troublesome natives conveniently exterminated one another in the hinterland.

The above thumb-nail sketch of early Newfoundland history is, I think, a necessary preliminary to an understanding of contemporary Newfoundland and her people. We have seen how Newfoundland was colonized, despite

England's efforts to keep the island as a "great ship moored near the Banks . . . for the convenience of English fishermen." The people who did choose to settle on her bleak shores over the centuries were left largely to their own devices, receiving none of the paternalistic protection a colonial government traditionally gives to its subjects. In the more remote settlements a sort of independent 'tribal' life developed, which in many respects had more in common with, say, Indian tribal culture than it did with the individual-oriented traditions of Renaissance Europe. Many of these 'tribal' customs have left their mark on contemporary traditions and are more responsible than anything else for Newfoundland's reputation on the mainland as a cultural and political maverick.

The word 'maverick' is particularly applicable, for Newfoundland has remained unbranded and masterless to this day. Even her new status since 1949 as 'Canada's newest province' has not changed her essential 'tribalism,' though in recent years there are indications that Canada's semi-socialist technical culture has softened its outlines. In the outports, however, the old way of life continues much as it always has done. Doors still remain unlocked for anyone to walk in unannounced and make himself at home. Children have the freedom of the village and are the responsibility not only of their own biological parents but of everyone else around. Also, the work of building houses and boats is still often shared by friends and neighbours. But the most startling parallel with tribal life is seen in the outport Newfoundlander's deep respect for human personality in all its eccentricities and deviations. Far from forcing everyone to conform to some preconceived formula for 'correct' behaviour, outport culture adapts itself readily to the bizarre and extraordinary, even welcomes it. Let us hope these rare attributes will not be lost but will have a civilizing influence on the technical revolution which Newfoundland is now belatedly experiencing.

In this same connection I am reminded of a conversation with an old Blackfoot Indian in Alberta who was reminiscing fondly about the good old days before the white man introduced so many rules and regulations. He said, "You know, in the buffalo days we didn't need all these laws; everyone did what was right without thinking about it." And in the absence of any external restraints on the isolated outport people of Newfoundland a similar sort of 'natural law' also evolved. The result was the total immersion of everyone in the social mystique. This experience is perhaps best expressed unconsciously in one of the commonest phrases in the Newfoundland vernacular: 'he *belongs* to Rocky Harbour'—one is never *from* or even *born in* a place, one always *belongs to* it.

Outport Newfoundland, then, is in a rather special category among white folk cultures. In her formative early and middle years with no class elite near at hand to exert legal and moral pressures she evolved her own methods of social co-operation and survival in a harsh environment. It is surely one of the rare examples in recent centuries of a neo-primitive white culture. A man still living in Joe Batt's Arm, for example, told me of customs connected with seal hunting that were practised when he was a boy at the turn of the century. One of these customs was the cutting out of the living heart of the first seal captured and eating it raw to give the men courage and luck for the remainder of the hunt.

However, I do not want to give readers the impression that Newfoundland is some demonic throw-back to paleolithic times where the natives tear wild animals apart with their bare hands. Like Canada's other nine provinces, Newfoundland has a quite respectable parliamentary democracy and several up-to-date cities and towns. My main purpose has been to draw a distinction between this international urbanism of the larger centres and the much older 'tribalism' inherited by the more remote outports. It is for this reason that I have deliberately included the word 'outports' in the title of this book. All the customs, dialects, and songs which give Newfoundland its distinctive cultural flavour have emanated from the twelve hundred or thirteen hundred outports which dot the six-thousand-mile coastline. It is ironic that while most urban(and would-be urban) Newfoundlanders are busy aping the latest fads and fashions of the mainland, researchers like myself are travelling about the outports bringing back Newfoundland's only authentic culture to the mainland's 'avant-garde' coffee-house cultists.

The material in the book comprises just over one-half the National Museum's collection of Newfoundland songs made in six short field trips during the decade between 1951 and '61. The 1951 and '52 research was confined to four areas in eastern Newfoundland: the so-called 'Southern Shore,' from St. John's to Fermeuse; the King's Cove – Bonavista region; the area around Grand Bank on the southeast coast; the principal outports of Joe Batt's Arm, Fogo, and Tilting on Fogo Island off the northeast coast. After an intervening program of folkmusic research among several Indian tribes in central and western Canada, I returned to Newfoundland in 1958, this time to the northwest coast outports of Rocky Harbour, St. Paul's, and Parson's Pond, as well as to the inland agricultural community of Cormack. In 1959 this northwest coast research was extended as far north as Bellburns, but the principal areas of investigation were farther south in the French communities near the tip of the Port-au-Port peninsula, in the Scottish and French settlements of Upper Ferry and Searston in the Codroy Valley, and on the south coast among singers from Isle aux Morts and Rose Blanche. (By the way, French place-names are no guarantee that French traditions still persist—it is usually quite the contrary.) This general area was covered again in 1960, with special emphasis on Port aux Basques, Burnt Islands, Jeffrey's, and the predominantly English outport of Codroy, which is not actually in the Codroy Valley itself. The northern community of Seal Cove in White Bay was also visited in 1960. The research was brought to a close in 1961 with a pre-publication survey of both eastern and western Newfoundland to ensure no major category of traditional or native song had been overlooked.

The book has been planned as a general collection of traditional and native (locally-composed) Newfoundland songs which are found in the approximate ratio of five traditional to one native. It is intended as a source book for musicologists, students of traditional verse, professional singers and musicians, historians, and not least of all, for the general reader and that growing army of young folksong enthusiasts who are finding new meanings in old traditions. My original intention was to use all the available space for the songs themselves and to save scholarly annotations on the texts and music for a separate study some time in the future. However, many of

the songs were so interesting that I could not resist the temptation to comment occasionally on their origin, structure, or symbolic implications. These commentaries should be regarded merely as passing observations, interesting in themselves perhaps, but not designed systematically in the usual scholarly fashion. I make no claim for the book's completeness—even a collection ten times as big would not be 'complete'—but I do feel it is representative of Newfoundland's repertoire of traditional and native song as it exists in the mid-twentieth century. A student of, say, pre-Elizabethan ballads may feel his speciality has been neglected in favour of native sea-disaster ballads which are of local historical value; and the historian, in turn, may wonder why more of these native ballads which he finds so fascinating have not been reproduced. My purpose has been to provide a balanced selection which will be of interest and use to the greatest number of people.

Although Newfoundland is one of the richest areas of traditional song left to us, previous research has been rather limited and haphazard. The only published collection of any scope is the Greenleaf-Mansfield *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland* made in the 1920's by two enthusiastic American girls from Vassar. The local collector, the late Gerald S. Doyle of St. John's, was more responsible than anyone else for making the general public aware of Newfoundland songs. He devoted his attention exclusively to the one-in-five native songs which he published in three small booklets in 1927(no tunes), 1940, and 1955, all of which were distributed free of charge. The 1955 booklet contains many native songs from my National Museum collection. Though the value of his collection cannot be overestimated, its wide dissemination on the mainland has created the impression that Newfoundland folksongs consist entirely of locally-composed material. I hope this book will correct that erroneous impression.

In 1929 and '30 Maud Karpeles came to Newfoundland from England and made a fine collection of 194 songs including variants, most of them of British origin. Thirty of the best were provided with piano accompaniments by Vaughan Williams and others, and published by the Oxford University Press under the title *Folk Songs from Newfoundland.* The Karpeles selection of piano settings, the Greenleaf-Mansfield book, and the Doyle booklets are all, unfortunately, out of print, so the need for a really comprehensive collection of Newfoundland songs became all the more urgent.

In her introduction to *Folk Songs from Newfoundland* Maud Karpeles mentions Cecil Sharp's interest in Newfoundland. After his successes in collecting in England and in the Southern Appalachians, he made plans to visit Newfoundland in 1918 and again in 1925. The 1918 trip had to be cancelled because of lack of funds, and Cecil Sharp died in 1924 before his plans for Newfoundland could be realized. It was a great loss, for his proposed Newfoundland researches might have resulted in a collection to rival his work in England and the Appalachians; though Miss Karpeles, who assisted him in the Appalachians, notes that during her 1929–30 researches in Newfoundland, songs were much harder to come by than they were in the mountains. In any event, I like to think my work in Newfoundland has, in some small measure, compensated for Cecil Sharp's inability to continue his North American researches in Newfoundland.

Collecting songs is rather like learning to play a musical instrument by ear. Each collector is usually self-taught and develops his own style over a period of time, improvising his way among the people and their music. Some search only for rare material of special significance; others collect literally everything that pops into an informant's mind. This latter method is the more common and is responsible for building huge collections with thousands of items, much of it, unfortunately, fragmentary or poor in quality. Though I am not a member of the rare-gem school, I do think collectors should be more ruthless in sifting out poor material at the source before it can clutter up our already overburdened and understaffed archives. This has been my approach in building up the National Museum's Newfoundland collection, though I must confess I did find a few duds when choosing material for publication. I trust not too many of them have found their way into this book. Still, what is one man's dud is often another man's darling. The important consideration when preparing a general collection is not to include one's own favourite songs, or even yours; it is to choose the best and most representative material of its type even if this means including the occasional second-rate song to illustrate the decline of a tradition or the first faltering attempts to create a new genre. Whenever such material had to be included, its inferiority is, in most instances, indicated in the accompanying note.

While I am on the subject of duds and darlings, this might be a good place to mention the ribald and bawdy character of some of the material. I personally find it completely inoffensive, though others may feel differently. It is purely a matter of taste. The point is, so much of it exists in traditional song that to omit all of it creates a distorted impression of the traditional singer's repertoire. In nineteenth and early twentieth century collections (indeed, until quite recently in some cases) this sort of material was either ignored completely or edited beyond recognition. Even those poignant love lyrics containing some of the most beautiful verse in the English language fell victim to the censor's snips if there was the slightest suggestion of 'improper' behaviour. The psychological climate of the time prevented reputable editors and publishers from printing such material in its original form. It would appear that decent Victorian and Edwardian lovers simply did not have such unseemly passions. I think it a measure of our growing maturity that this material can now appear in unexpurgated form, much of it for the first time.

Pursuing this matter still further, some may feel that in my notes on certain songs I have placed undue emphasis on the symbolic content, especially that involving fertility or sexual symbolism. I can only say that more than half the material in this book contains such oblique references, and that it is the result of man's incorrigible proclivity for thinking in metaphors. Only the exigencies of space and time have prevented my pursuing this fascinating subject beyond the few obvious examples treated in the notes.

One of the pleasantest rewards of my research in Newfoundland was the discovery that French traditional songs had survived in two areas on the west coast. The first recordings were made in the southwest coast's Codroy Valley, a pastoral community settled over one hundred years ago by adventuresome French and Scottish families from Cape Breton. Several Gaelic songs were also noted. French traditions in the various settlements on the

Port-au-Port peninsula farther north were in a better state of preservation, and the best recordings were made in this area. The Port-au-Port people are of varied ancestry. Some are descendants of the original French inhabitants of the region; others are of more recent arrival from the nearby French islands of St-Pierre and Miquelon and even from France itself. There has been some Micmac and Portuguese influence as well. Mme Joséphine Costard's name, for example, is a French corruption of Costa, a common Portuguese name in the area. No Portuguese traditions have survived. For those who want to distinguish the French material of the two areas, the singers of Upper Ferry and Searston are from the Codroy Valley and those of Loretto and Cape St. George live at the tip of the Port-au-Port peninsula. By the way, the forty-odd French songs reproduced should be regarded merely as a sampling. Someone with a better command of the language and a more detailed knowledge of French song would be able to cover the two areas in more depth.

Possibly the most vexing problems of preparing traditional songs for publication are concerned with editing the texts. Some researchers of more scientific bent consider it mandatory to reproduce each and every syllable the way the informant pronounced it. This is next to impossible even within the limitations of a strict phonetic system, but when ordinary written English is used to suggest the nuances of a dialect the result is often ludicrous. As an exercise in popular phonetics, I tried this method on one or two Newfoundland songs. For example, the first line of *She's Like the Swallow* in one of the Newfoundland dialects comes out something like this: "Shay's loik de swellah det floiz sa hoigh." Rather than have my poor readers lose their sanity ploughing through several hundred pages of this, I have reluctantly forsaken precision for readability.

As for the words themselves, I have reproduced them as the singer used them except where there were obvious mistakes. For example, I have changed a word like 'fly' to 'flee' so it will rhyme with 'me' in the previous line. The texts of some songs are different from or more complete than their tape-recorded counterparts. This is the result either of notes taken after the recording was made or of correspondence received from informants after I had returned from the field. In such cases the tape and catalogue number (PEA 186-973) is supplemented with an 'MS.' An MS number occurring by itself indicates the song was collected in manuscript before battery-operated tape recorders became available.

And now a word about the musical transcriptions. Though every effort was made to suggest the *style* of singing (by means of grace-notes, fiorituras, pause signs, etc.), I made no attempt to indicate pitch distinctions smaller than the usual semitone. Our traditional system of notation goes no further than this, and the little plus and minus signs sometimes put above notes to suggest a minute sharpening or flattening never indicate the degree of modification desired. A graph would be more accurate, but since the general public and most musicians are unfamiliar with such notational aids the problem of communication arises. In any case, traditional notation can communicate an amazing amount of stylistic information if reasonable care is taken with the transcription. This is especially true of material sung by highly-gifted singers. Their position in outport culture is analogous to that

of concert soloists in the field of art music. They represent the highest flowering of the tradition and set the standards by which all other performances are judged. It is for this reason that I have taken special care to capture their styles on paper. Professional folksingers have often spoken to me of the need for greater communication between themselves and traditional singers. I hope my attempts to communicate the styles of such gifted singers as Patty Rossiter, Charlotte Decker, Phillip Foley, Joséphine Costard, and others, will give professional singers a deeper insight into traditional music.

The search by discerning professional folksingers for a more authentic approach comes at an opportune moment, for folkmusic has suddenly become big business in North America and will have to compete with the other commercial products of the music 'industry.' Already the effects of commercial competition on folkmusic can be seen; or rather, heard. As the high-decibel arrangements become more and more brain-bruising, the musical and poetic content sinks to new levels of imbecility. The proliferation of special effects and gimmicks to titillate the public's jaded ear has changed not only the sound but the very meaning of folksong. Simplicity, directness of image, honesty, melodic subtlety—all those things which originally appealed to minority groups of artists and intellectuals—have been lost in the process of bringing folksong to the mass consumer audience of our technical culture with its seemingly incorrigible addiction to synthetic emotionalism.

However, I am certain this dichotomy of the authentic and the synthetic will have a quite beneficial effect in the long run. For one thing, it will give all those star-crazed singers who have an uncontrollable urge to show off before mass audiences a chance to fulfill themselves. And more important still, it will remove them from the authentic folksong scene where dedicated and uncompromising musicians can get on with the job of developing a vital new song tradition from the legacy left us by folk and tribal cultures.

As an adopted Newfoundlander, I hope you will not think it immodest of me to suggest that the legacy left by outport Newfoundland will play a considerable part in developing these new traditions. As a matter of fact, I look forward to the day when Newfoundlanders themselves, with their still active traditions of composition, will be creating much of this material. After all, the man generally considered to be the dean of English-Canadian traditionalist poets, E. J. Pratt, is an alumnus of outport Newfoundland, and I am sure there will be more to follow in all the arts in the coming decades. In recent years I have noticed a growing respect on the part of úrban Newfoundlanders for the traditions of their outport cousins. This 'official' recognition is vital if Newfoundland is to retain its unique culture. Otherwise, the outport people will accept all the superficial trappings of the new technical culture without question (as some already have), and Newfoundland will become just another huge suburban industrial development for the convenience of the mainland.

At the moment, though, Newfoundland is still in a position to accept only those techniques which suit her temperament and do not compromise her feeling of independence. I consider this very important, for Newfoundland

is something more than 'England's oldest colony' or 'Canada's newest province.' With her unique traditions and fierce pride, Newfoundland is, like Quebec, a distinctive, homogeneous cultural entity—a *nation*; possibly the only true English-speaking *nation* left in North America.

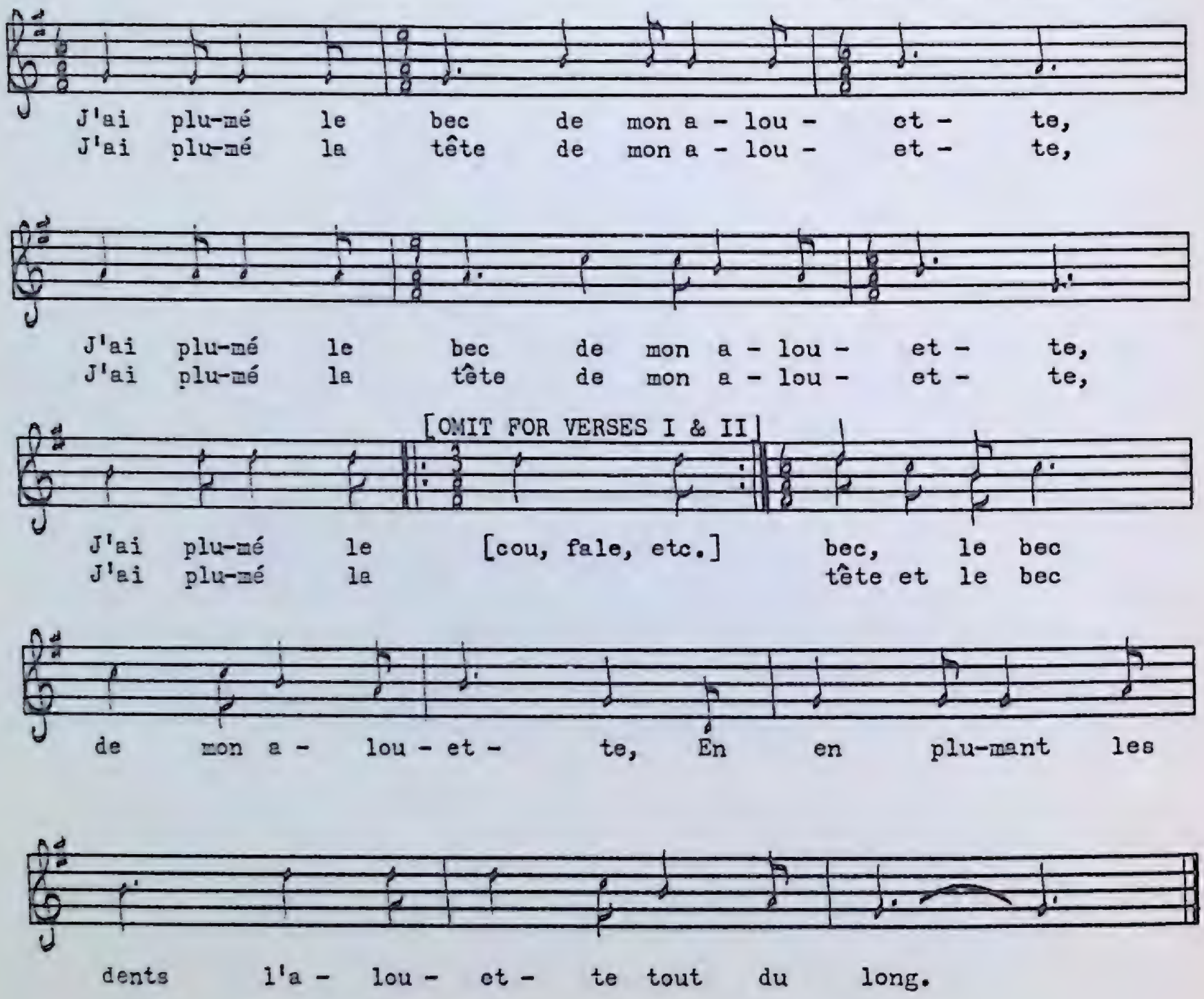
Small Fry

Children's Songs

Alouette

(*J'ai plumé le bec de mon alouette*)

PEA 135 No. 929
Mme Lucie Cormier
Upper Ferry, juillet 1959



J'ai plumé le bec de mon alouette, (*bis*)
J'ai plumé le bec, le bec de mon alouette,
En en plumant les dents, l'alouette et tout du long.

J'ai plumé la tête de mon alouette, (*bis*)
J'ai plumé la tête et le bec de mon alouette,
En en plumant les dents, l'alouette et tout du long.

J'ai plumé le cou de mon alouette, (*bis*)
J'ai plumé le cou, la tête et le bec de mon alouette,
En en plumant les dents, l'alouette et tout du long.

J'ai plumé la fale de mon alouette, (*bis*)
J'ai plumé la fale, le cou, la tête et le bec de mon alouette,
En en plumant les dents, l'alouette et tout du long.

J'ai plumé une aile de mon alouette, (*bis*)
J'ai plumé une aile, la fale, le cou, la tête et le bec de mon alouette,
En en plumant les dents, l'alouette et tout du long.

J'ai plumé l'autre aile de mon alouette, (*bis*)
J'ai plumé une aile, deux ailes, la fale, le cou, la tête et le bec de mon alouette,
En en plumant les dents, l'alouette et tout du long.

J'ai plumé le vent'e de mon alouette, (*bis*)
J'ai plumé le vent'e, une aile, deux ailes, le dos, la fale, le cou, la tête et le bec de mon alouette,
En en plumant les dents, l'alouette et tout du long.

J'ai plumé le dos de mon alouette, (*bis*)
J'ai plumé le dos, une aile, deux ailes, la fale, le cou, la tête et le bec de mon alouette,
En en plumant les dents, l'alouette et tout du long.

J'ai plumé une cuisse de mon alouette, (*bis*)
J'ai plumé une cuisse, le dos, le vent'e, la fale, le cou, la tête et le bec de mon alouette,
En en plumant les dents, l'alouette et tout du long.

J'ai plumé l'autre cuisse de mon alouette, (*bis*)
J'ai plumé une cuisse, deux cuisses, une aile, deux ailes, le dos, le vent'e, la fale, le cou, la tête et le bec de mon alouette,
En en plumant les dents, l'alouette et tout du long.

J'ai plumé la queue de mon alouette, (*bis*)
J'ai plumé la queue, une cuisse, deux cuisses, une aile, deux ailes, le dos, le vent'e, la fale, le cou, la tête et le bec de mon alouette,
En en plumant les dents, l'alouette et tout du long.

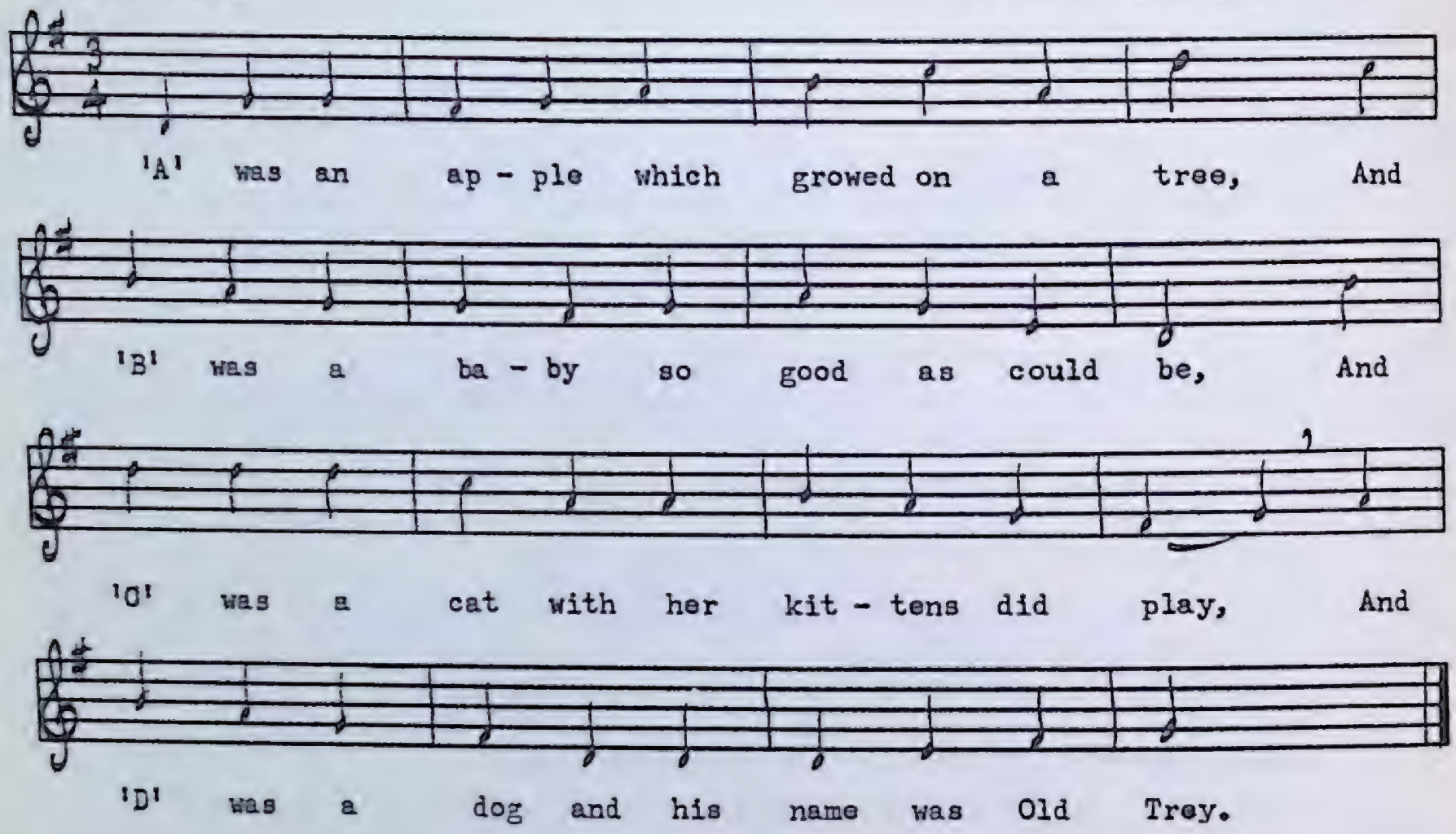
Unlike its famous cousin of the same title, this version of *Alouette* is not generally known in English Canada.

Alphabet Song

A

PEA 108 No. 815
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1958

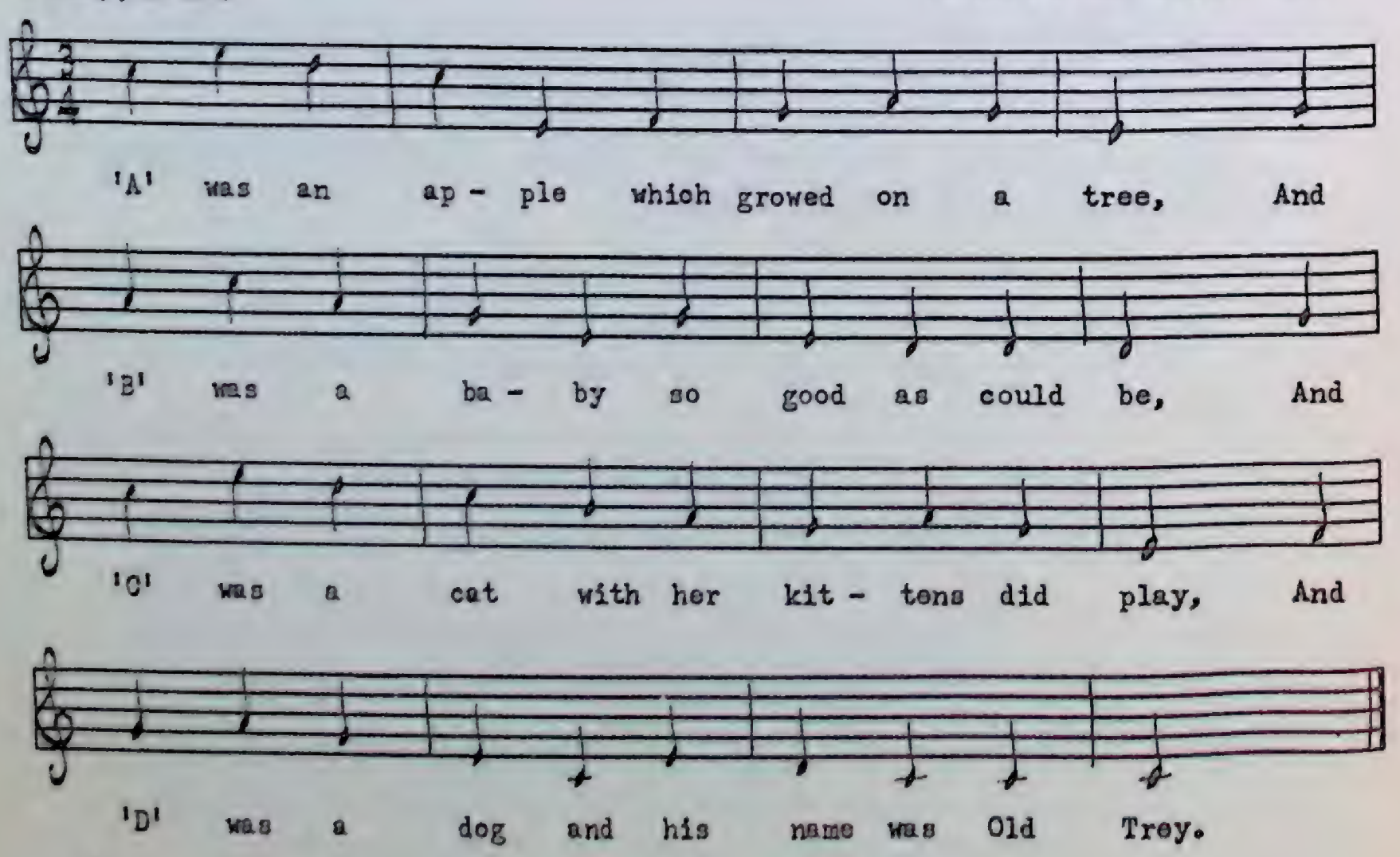
Fast, free time



B

PEA 154 No. 1002
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1959

Fast, free time



1. 'A' was an apple which growed on a tree,
   And 'B' was a baby so good as could be,
   And 'C' was a cat with her kittens did play,
   And 'D' was a dog and his name was Old Trey.

2. 'E' was an eagle so fierce and so free,
   And 'F' was a fish deep down in the sea,
   And 'G' was a goat with her gamboling tricks,
   And 'H' was a hen with her dear little chicks.

3. 'I' was an isle where no prayer could I hear,
   And 'J' was a jug full of water so clear,
   And 'K' was a kite flew high in the air,
   And 'L' was a lion just come out from the lair.

4. 'M' was a mote through the flame it did fly,
   And 'N' was a nest where six pretty eggs lie,
   And 'O' was an ox who loved grass and fresh hay,
   And 'P' was a pig fond of eating all day.

5. 'Q' is our Queen and long may she live,
   And 'R' was a robin some crumbs may she give,
   And 'S' was a swan with her white downy wing,
   And 'T' was a tulip first out in the spring.

6. 'U' was umbrella to shelter from rain,
   And 'V' was a vase, sweet flowers to contain,
   And 'W' was a watch ladies wear by their side,
   And 'X' was the Cross on which a good man had died,
   And 'Y' was the yoke on the neck for to place,
   And 'Z' was a zebra just come from the race.

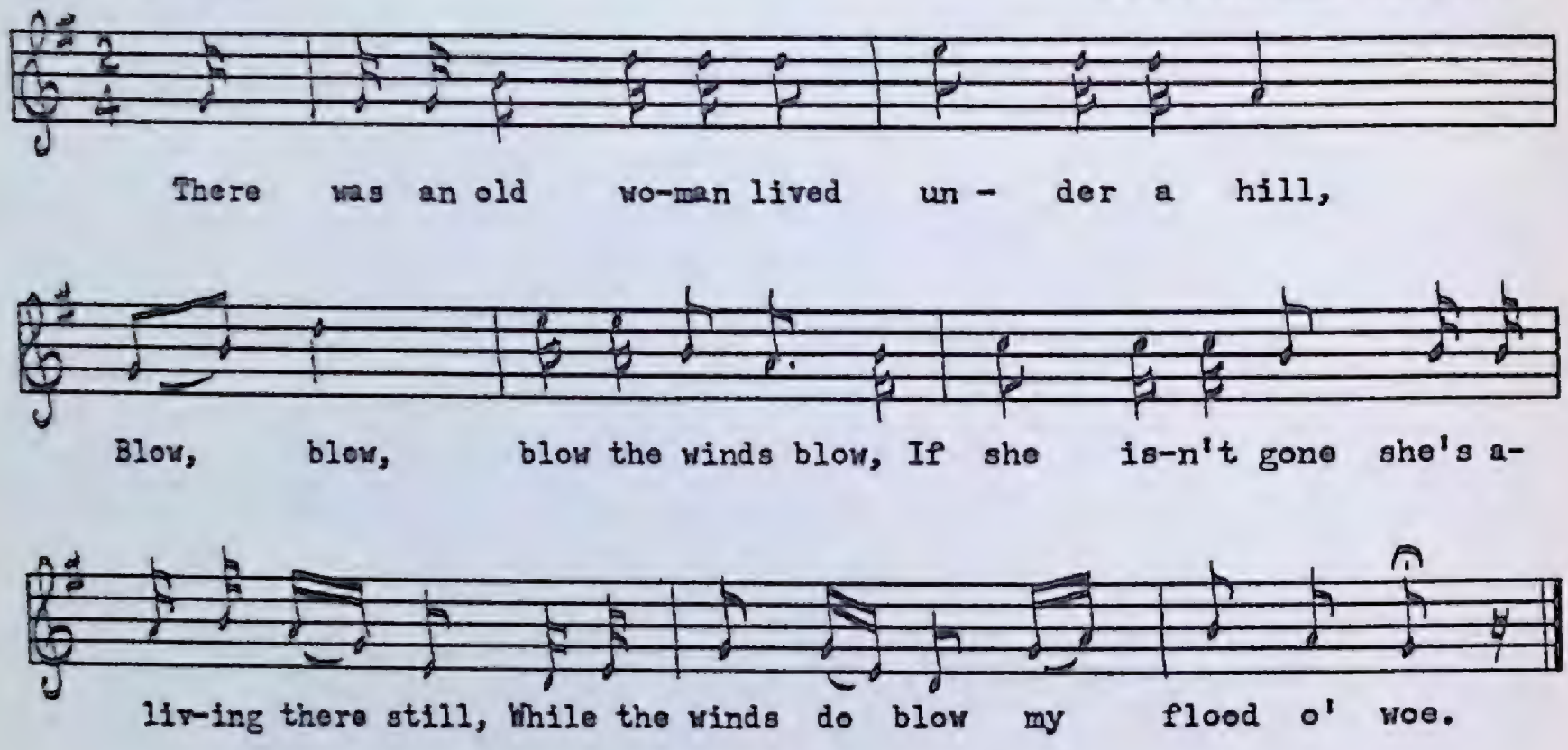
This is a perfect illustration of how tunes change not only from singer to singer but with the same singer. I had asked Aunt Charlotte to sing the alphabet song she had recorded the year before, because two or three words on the tape were unintelligible. Much to my surprise she used a completely different tune. She was not aware of the change, for when I questioned her about it, she replied, "The h'air may be different, my son, but the 'eart's the same—love us, I can't remember how I sang it last week, m' dear." Differences in tune are often noticeable in unmusical singers, but Aunt Charlotte is one of the most gifted in Newfoundland. Then again, other equally gifted singers do not change a syllable or note, from performance to performance. Perhaps people with rather poor memories develop their capacity to improvise as a compensation.

The Cambric Shirt

(The Elfin Knight, Child 2)

A

PEA 148 No. 979
George Decker
Rocky Harbour, July, 1959



1. There was an old woman lived under a hill,
   Blow, blow, blow the winds blow,
   If she isn't gone she's a-living there still,
   While the winds do blow my flood o' woe.

2. The devil came to her one night in bed,
   And these very words unto her he said,

3. "You must make me a cambric shirt
   Without any seam or any needle work.

4. You must wash it in yonder well
   Where neither the dew nor the rain-water fell.

5. You must spread it on yonder thorn
   That never bore a bud since Adam was born."

6. "Oh now you've asked me questions three,
   And I have the same for to ask of thee.

7. You must plough me an acre of land
   Beneath the sea and the salt-water strand.

8. You must harrow it with a pig's horn,
   And sow it all over with one grain of corn.

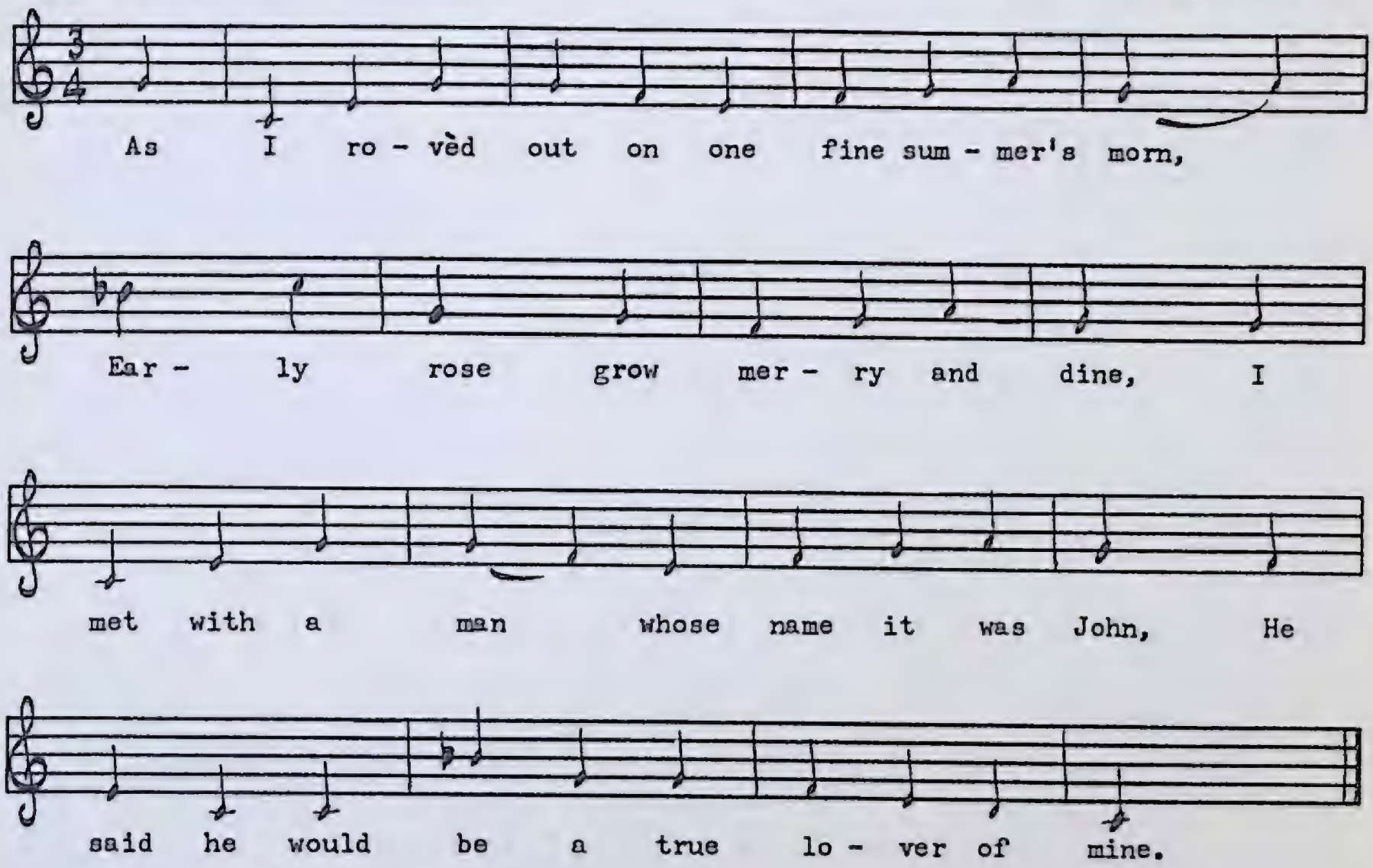
9. Then when you have a-done your work
   Come back to me and you'll have your shirt!"

B

(A True Lover of Mine)

PEA 163 No. 1038
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959

Moderately fast



1. As I rovèd out on one fine summer's morn,
   Early rose grow merry and dine,
   I met with a man whose name it was John,
   He said he would be a true lover of mine.

2. Oh first you must make me a cambric shirt,
   Early rose grow merry and dine,
   Without any seam or needle-work,
   And then you will be a true lover of mine.

3. Oh next you must wash it in yonder well,
   Early rose grow merry and dine,
   Where never a peck of rain water fell,
   And then you will be a true lover of mine.

4. Oh next you must hang it on yonder thorn,
   Early rose grow merry and dine,
   Where never sprung blossom since Adam was born,
   And then you will be a true lover of mine.

5. Now here are three questions you have asked me,
Early rose grow merry and dine,
And here are three more I'm going to ask thee,
Before you can be a true lover of mine,

6. Oh first you must get me an acre of land,
Early rose grow merry and dine,
Between the salt water and the sea strand,
And then you will be a true lover of mine.

7. Oh next you must plough it with one pig's horn,
Early rose grow merry and dine,
And sow it all over with one grain of corn,
And then you will be a true lover of mine.

8. Oh next you must crush it in one mouse-hole,
Early rose grow merry and dine,
And knock it all out with a shoe-maker's awl,
And then you will be a true lover of mine.

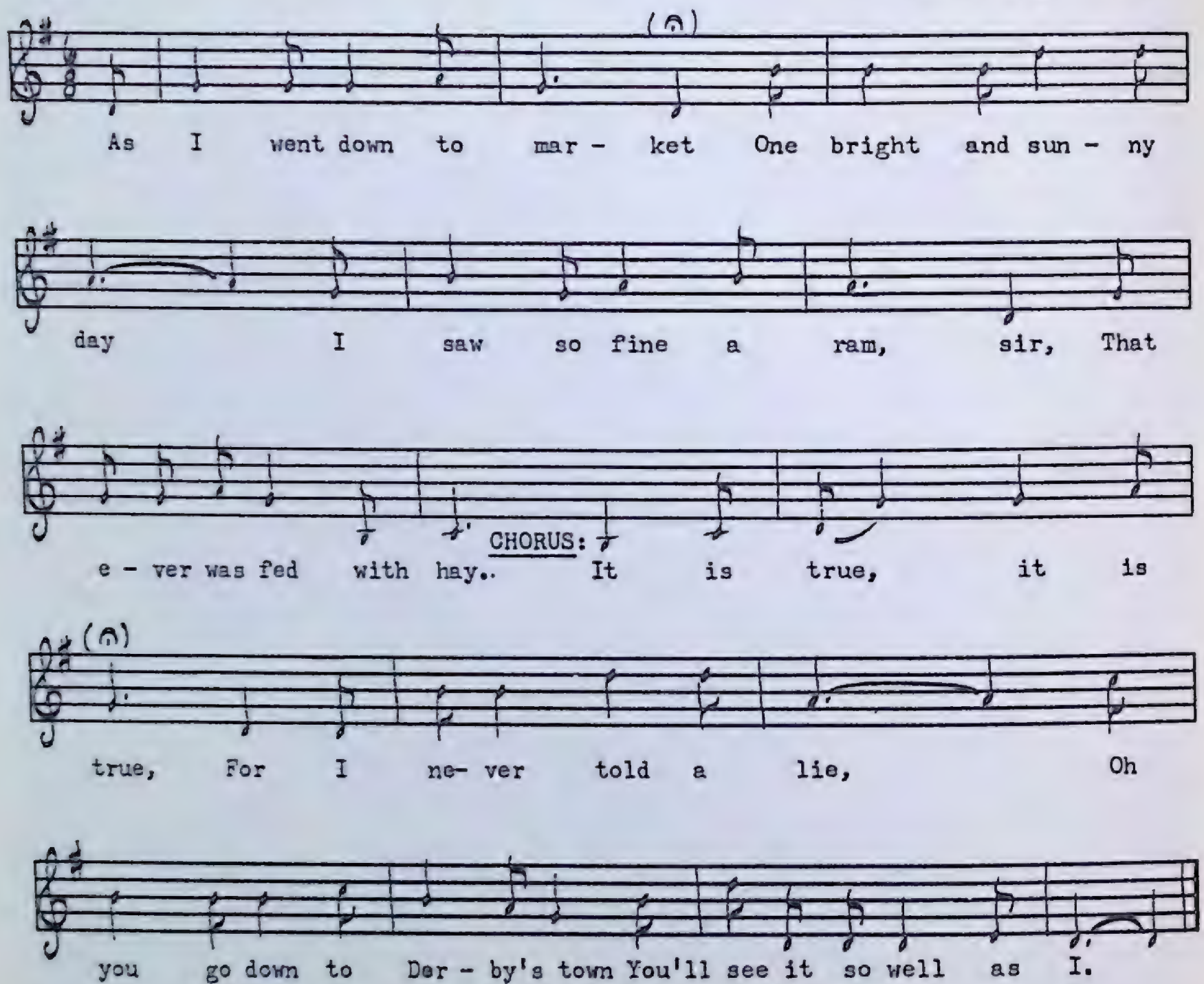
9. Now when you have done your job of work,
Early rose grow merry and dine,
Just come unto me and I'll give you your shirt,
And then you will be a true lover of mine.

Neither the old woman nor the Devil is found in any of the variants given by Professor Child, though the chorus line "And the wind has blawn my plaid awa" in variants *A* to *E* is obviously related to the similar line in *The Cambric Shirt*. Variant *B*, *A True Lover of Mine*, corresponds to variants *F* to *L* in Child and is widespread in North America. An early record in the Bodelian Library dated 1450 tells of a virgin and the Devil.

Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin of Codroy, Newfoundland's oldest singer

The Derby Ram

PEA 93 No. 747
Clarence Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958



1. As I went down to market one bright and sunny day,
   I saw so fine a ram, sir, that ever was fed with hay.
   It is true, it is true, for I never told a lie,
   Oh you go down to Derby's town, you'll see it so well as I.
2. This ram he had a horn, sir, it growed nine pound an ell,
   It was sent to Derby to ring the market bell.
3. This ram he had a horn, sir, grew nine times round his head,
   And it was sent to Derby to serve the town with bread.
4. The wool growed on his belly, it growed so fast as sin,
   Took all the women in Derby's town a hundred years to spin.
5. The wool growed on his back, sir, it growed up to the moon,
   The old devil climbed up to pray, and he never got back till June.
6. The man who killed the ram, sir, got drowned in the blood,
   And all the rest of the men, sir, got washed away in the flood.

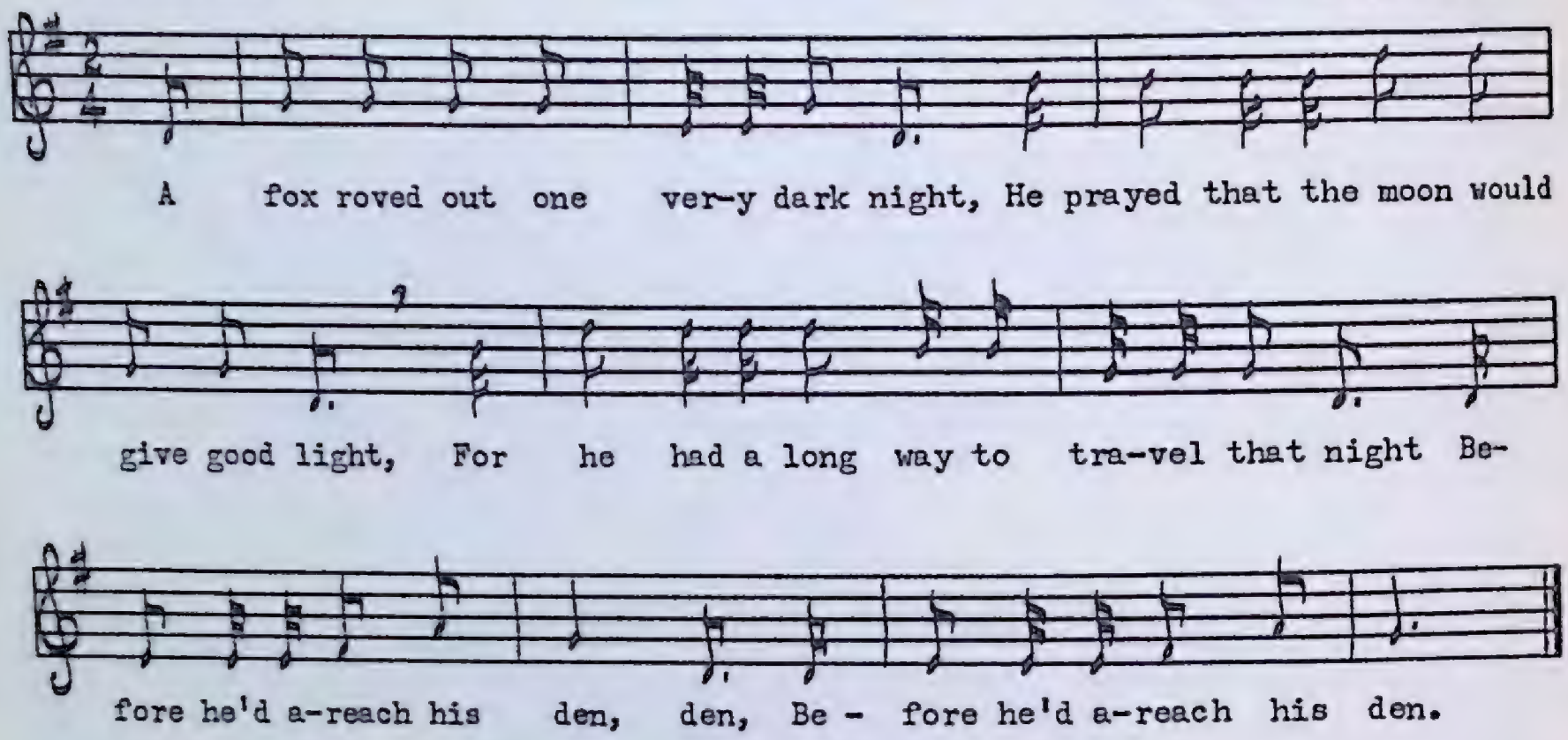
7. The man that owned the ram, sir, he need to be very rich,
And the man that rhymed this song was a lying son of a bitch.

Exaggeration is one of the mainsprings of folk humour. But in this case the humour may be but the modern survival of pagan rituals connected with the worship of totem animals. What was once a serious incantation to impress the gods with the sacrificial ram's superlative prowess has now become merely a joke. The expression 'son of a bitch' in verse 7 may seem a trifle inelegant (or even downright obscene) in certain parts of the English-speaking world. Squeamish parents who want to teach their children *The Derby Ram* are invited to change the offending word to the more socially acceptable 'witch.' I might add that there were three children present when this song was sung, and none of them, to the best of my knowledge, has suffered an irreparable psychic trauma.

The Fox and the Goose

PEA 164 No. 1047
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959

Moderately fast



1. A fox roved out one very dark night,
   He prayed that the moon would give good light,
   For he had a long way to travel that night
   Before he'd a-reach his den, den,
   Before he'd a-reach his den.

2. Then he travelled and he travelled till he came to a yard,
   The ducks and geese they all lay abroad.
   "The best one of you must grace my beard,
   Before I go over the town, town,
   Before I go over the town."

3. Then he grabbed the gray goose up by the neck,
   And up he slung her onto his back
   As if she were a gunny sack,
   And the blood came trinkling down, down,
   And the blood came trinkling down.

4. Then old Mother Quickenquacker jumped out of bed,
   She opened the window and poked out her head.
   "Arise, arise, the gray goose is dead,
   And the fox has gone over the town, town,
   And the fox has gone over the town."

5. Then Johnny arose and went to the hill,
   He blew his bugle loud and shrill.
   "Blow on," said the fox, "till you've had your fill,
   But I'm glad I got out of your town, town,
   But I'm glad I got out of your town."

6. The fox travelled on till he came to a plain,
   He rested his burden to ease his pain,
   But it wasn't very long 'fore he took her up again,
   And then he heard the cry of the hounds, hounds,
   And then he heard the cry of the hounds.

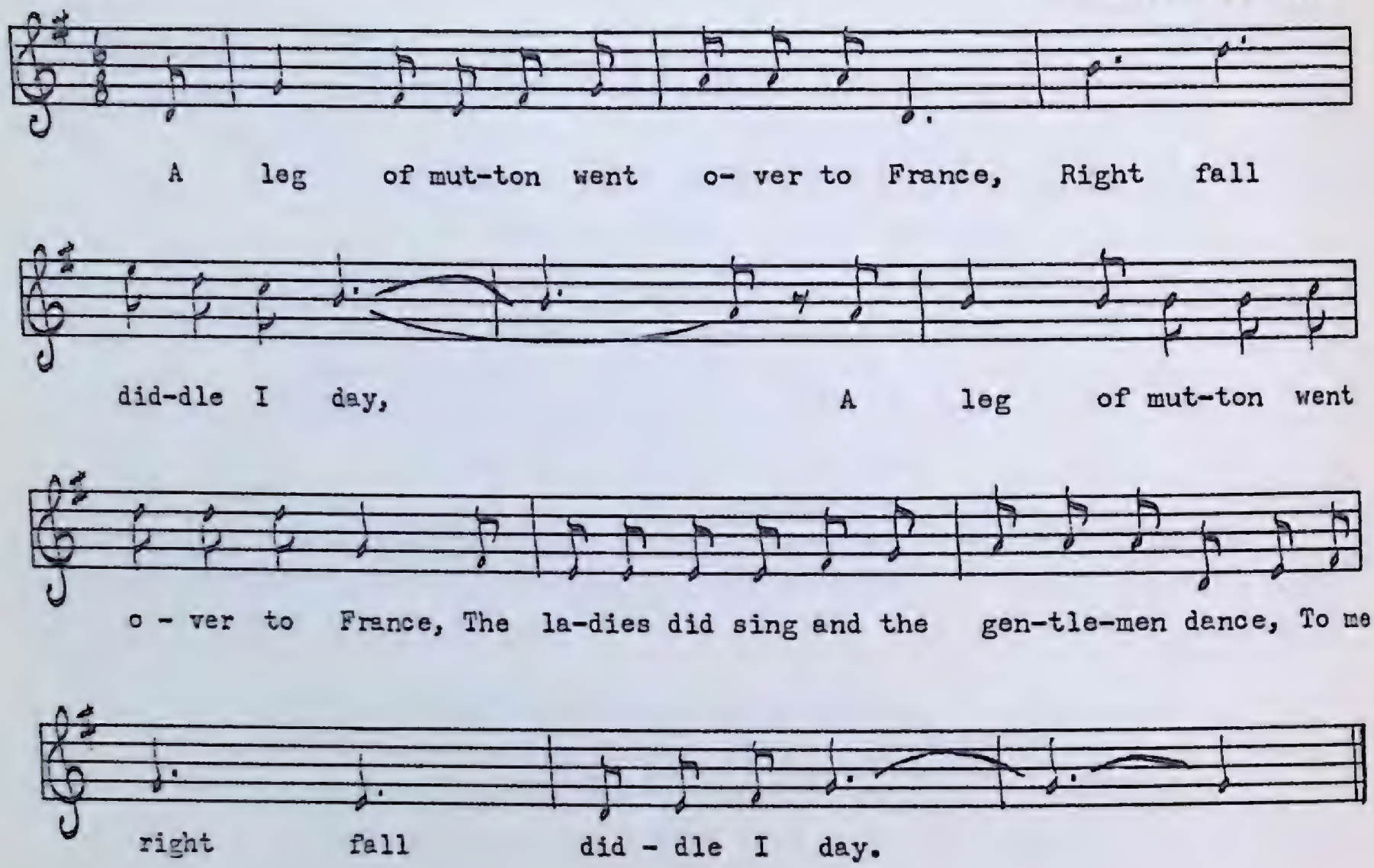
7. The fox travelled on till he came to his den
   Where he had young ones nine or ten.
   "Welcome home, daddy fox, you must go back again,
   For we think it is a very lucky town, town,
   For we think it is a very lucky town."

8. Oh the fox and his wife they made such a strife,
   They said they never ate a better bird in all their life,
   So they tore up the gray goose without a knife,
   And the young ones nibbled at the bones, bones,
   And the young ones nibbled at the bones.

This old nursery ballad has been popular in English tradition for over two hundred years. It survives in oral tradition in many parts of North America as well.

A Leg of Mutton Went Over to France

PEA 187 No. 1131
George Reid
Codroy, July, 1960



1. A leg of mutton went over to France,
   Right fall diddle I day,
   A leg of mutton went over to France,
   The ladies did sing and the gentlemen dance,
   To me right fall diddle I day.

2. There was a man and he was dead,
   They sent for the doctor to look in his head.

3. And in his head there was a spring
   Where thirty-nine salmon were learning to sing.

4. And near the spring there was a pool
   Where all the young salmon they went to school.

5. Oh one of them was big as I,
   Perhaps you might think I am singing a lie.

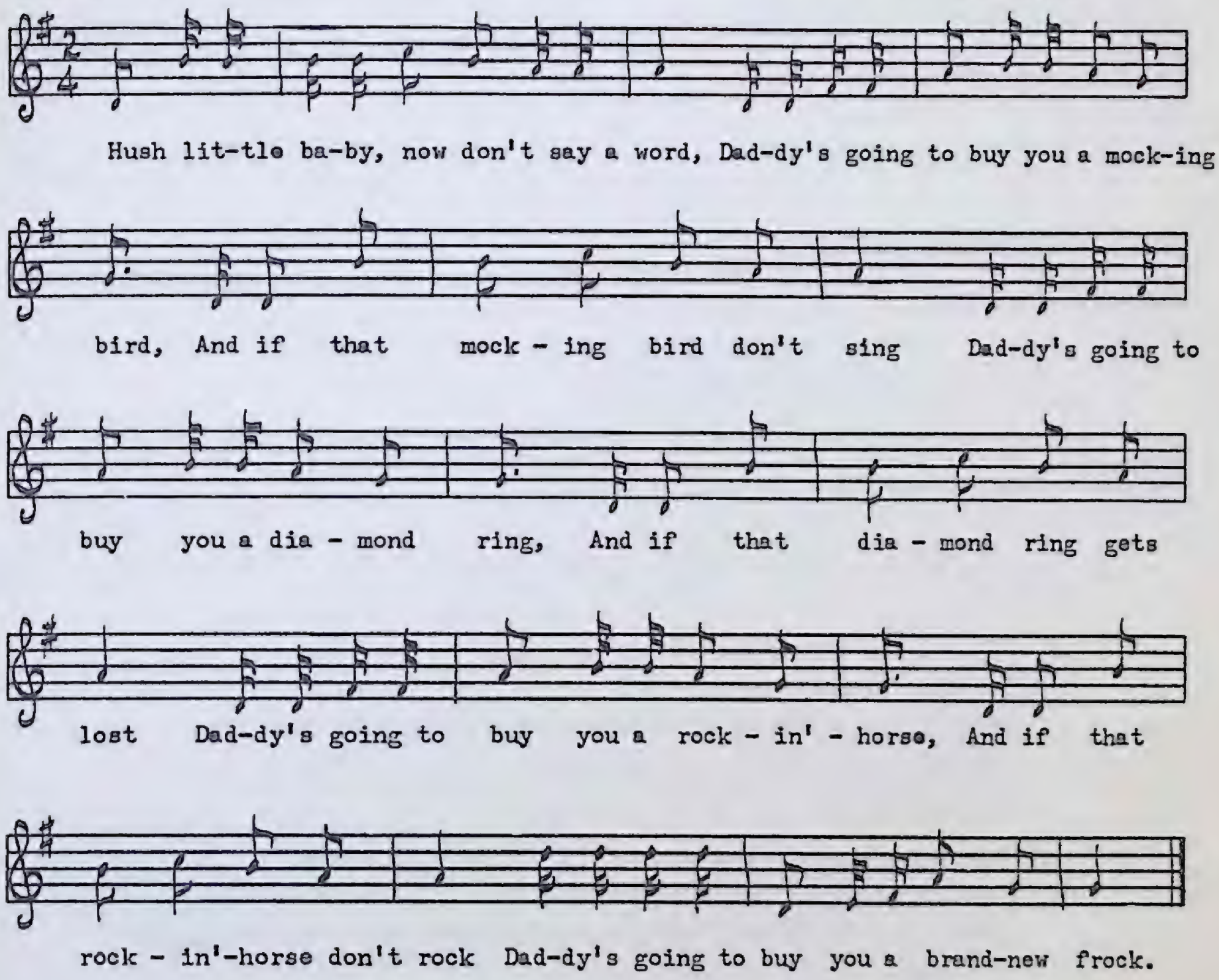
6. Oh one of them was small as an elf,
   If you want any more you can sing it yourself.

As far as I know, this rare little item has not been collected from oral tradition since the first years of the century. A variant appears in *The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes*. Cecil Sharp also noted a variant at Clewer in England in 1909.

Lullaby

PEA 131 No. 909
Mrs. Frank Tompkins
Doyles, July, 1959

Moderate



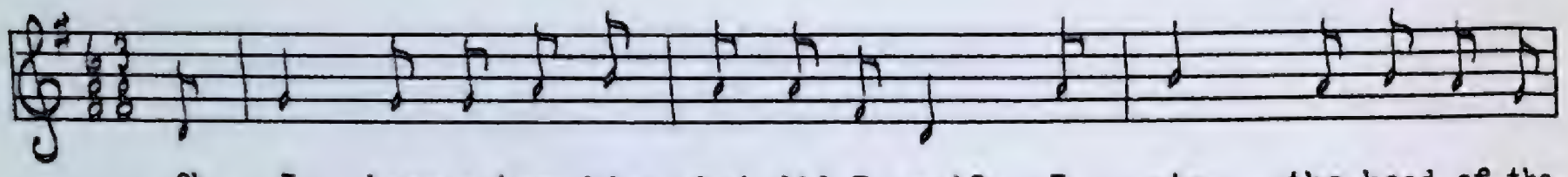
Hush little baby, now don't say a word,
Daddy's going to buy you a mocking bird,
And if that mocking bird don't sing
Daddy's going to buy you a diamond ring,
And if that diamond ring gets lost
Daddy's going to buy you a rockin'-horse,
And if that rockin'-horse don't rock
Daddy's going to buy you a brand-new frock.

Collecting Newfoundland songs with nightingales in them is quite a commonplace, but mocking birds are another matter. It suggests that some quicker (and probably electronic) method has supplanted the tried and true process of traditional transmission. However, Mrs. Tompkins assured me that this is one of her family's songs and that she has never heard it on the radio. Cecil Sharp noted it in the Southern Appalachians as *The Mocking Bird*.

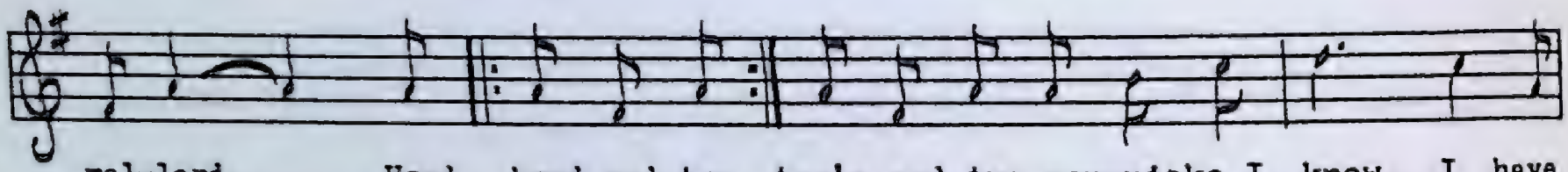
The Mallard

PEA 195 No. 1152
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, September, 1961

Fast



Oh I have eat-en him, what did I eat? I ate the head of the
(neck, etc.)



mal-lard. Head head and two two's and two non-nicks I know, I have
(Neck neck and head)

been to the Fin-ne- gan's ball, And good meat was the mal-lard.

1. Oh I have eaten him, what did I eat?
   I ate the head of the mallard.
   Head head and two two's and two nonnicks I know,
   I have been to the Finnegan's ball,
   And good meat was the mallard.

2. Oh I have eaten him, what did I eat?
   I ate the neck of the mallard.
   Neck neck and head head and two two's and two nonnicks I know,
   I have been to the Finnegan's ball,
   And good meat was the mallard.

3. Oh I have eaten him, what did I eat?
   I ate the back of the mallard.
   Back back and neck neck and head head and two two's and two nonnicks I know,
   I have been to the Finnegan's ball,
   And good meat was the mallard.

4. wing

5. side

6. breast

7. tail

8. leg

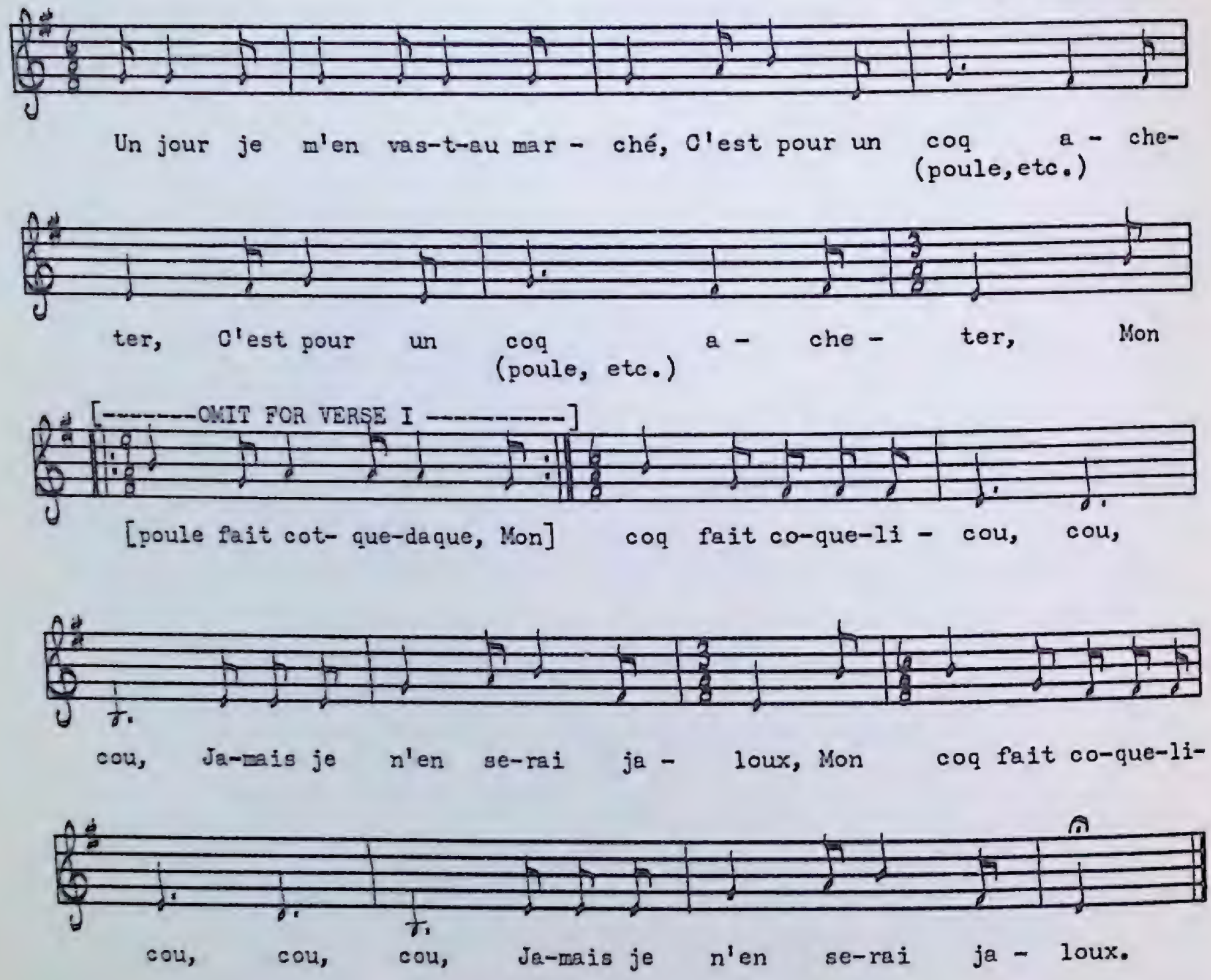
9. foot

10. toe

This rollicking nursery rhyme may be regarded as the English equivalent of *Alouette,* which appears elsewhere in this section in a relatively uncommon version. *The Mallard* is of English origin.

Le marché des animaux

PEA 131 No. 908
Martin Deveau
Upper Ferry, juillet 1959



Un jour, je m'en vas-t-au marché,
C'est pour une coq acheter, (*bis*)
Mon coq fait coquelicou, cou, cou,
Jamais je n'en serais jaloux. } (*bis*)

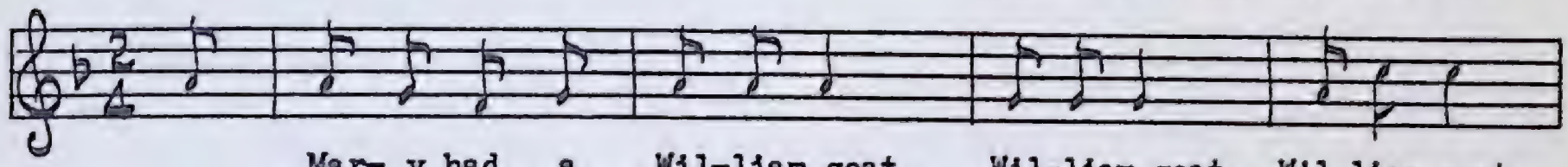
Un jour, je m'en vas-t-au marché,
C'est pour une poule acheter, (*bis*)
Ma poule fait cot-que-daque,
Mon coq fait coquelicou, cou, cou,
Jamais je n'en serais jaloux. } (*bis*)

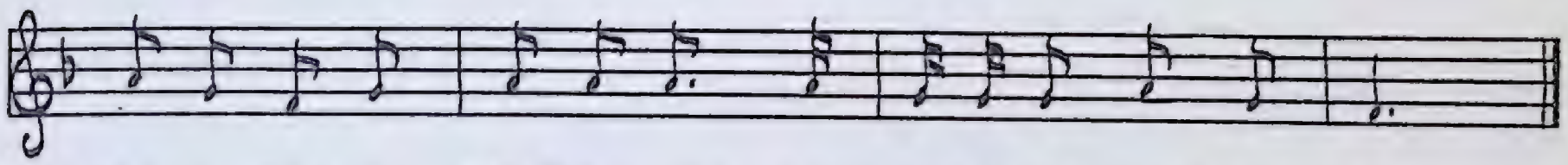
Mon oie fait ca-ca-caque,
Ma brebis fait bé-bé,
Mon cochon fait coui-coui,
Ma vache fait mou-mou-mou,
Mon ch'val fait ouigne-ouigne-ouigne,
Mon suisse fait souisse-souisse-souisse.

Mary Had a William Goat

PEA 173 No. 1081
Joshua Osborne
Seal Cove, White Bay, June, 1960

Moderate



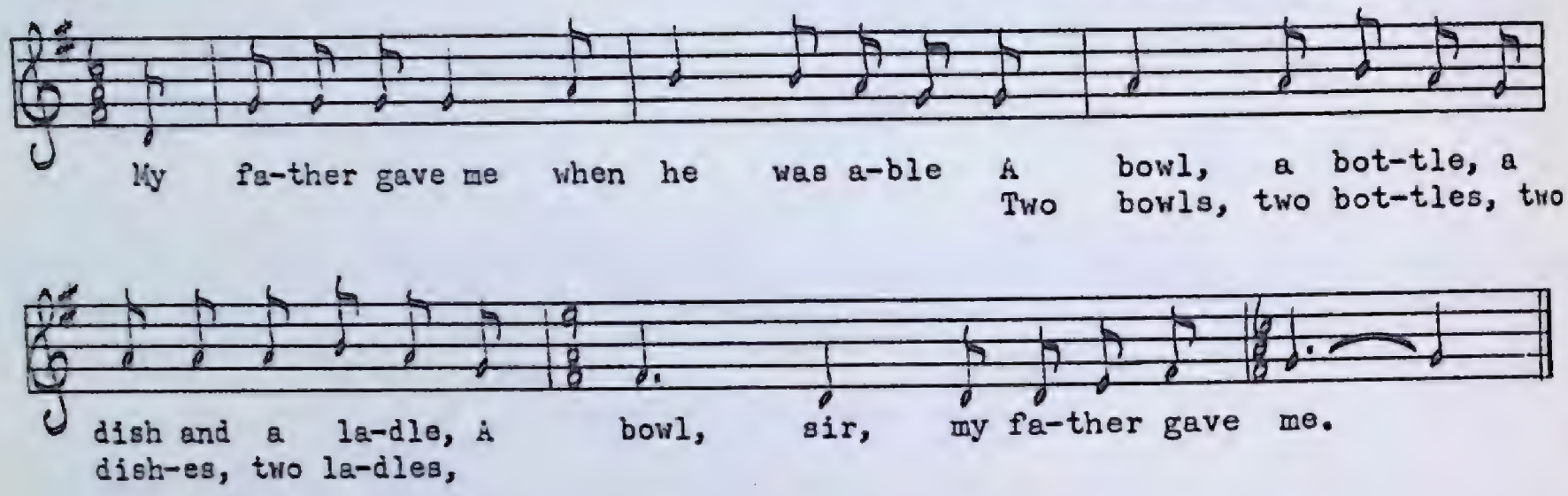


1. Mary had a William goat, William goat, William goat,
   Mary had a William goat, his stomach was lined with zinc.
2. One day he ate an oyster can, oyster can, oyster can,
   One day he ate an oyster can and a kitchen sink.
3. The can was filled with dynamite, dynamite, dynamite,
   The can was filled with dynamite which Billy thought was cheese.
4. He rubbed against poor Mary's side, Mary's side, Mary's side,
   He rubbed against poor Mary's side the awful pain to ease.
5. A sudden flash of goat and girl, goat and girl, goat and girl,
   A sudden flash of goat and girl and little else to tell.
6. Mary's soul to heaven went, heaven went, heaven went,
   Mary's soul to heaven went and Billy's went to
7. Hoop dee doodle doodle doo, doodle doo, doodle doo,
   Hoop dee doodle doodle doo, hoop dee doodle doo.

My Father Gave Me

(*Counting Song*)

PEA 195 No. 1151
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, September, 1961



1. My father gave me when he was able
   A bowl, a bottle, a dish, and a ladle,
   A bowl, sir, my father gave me.

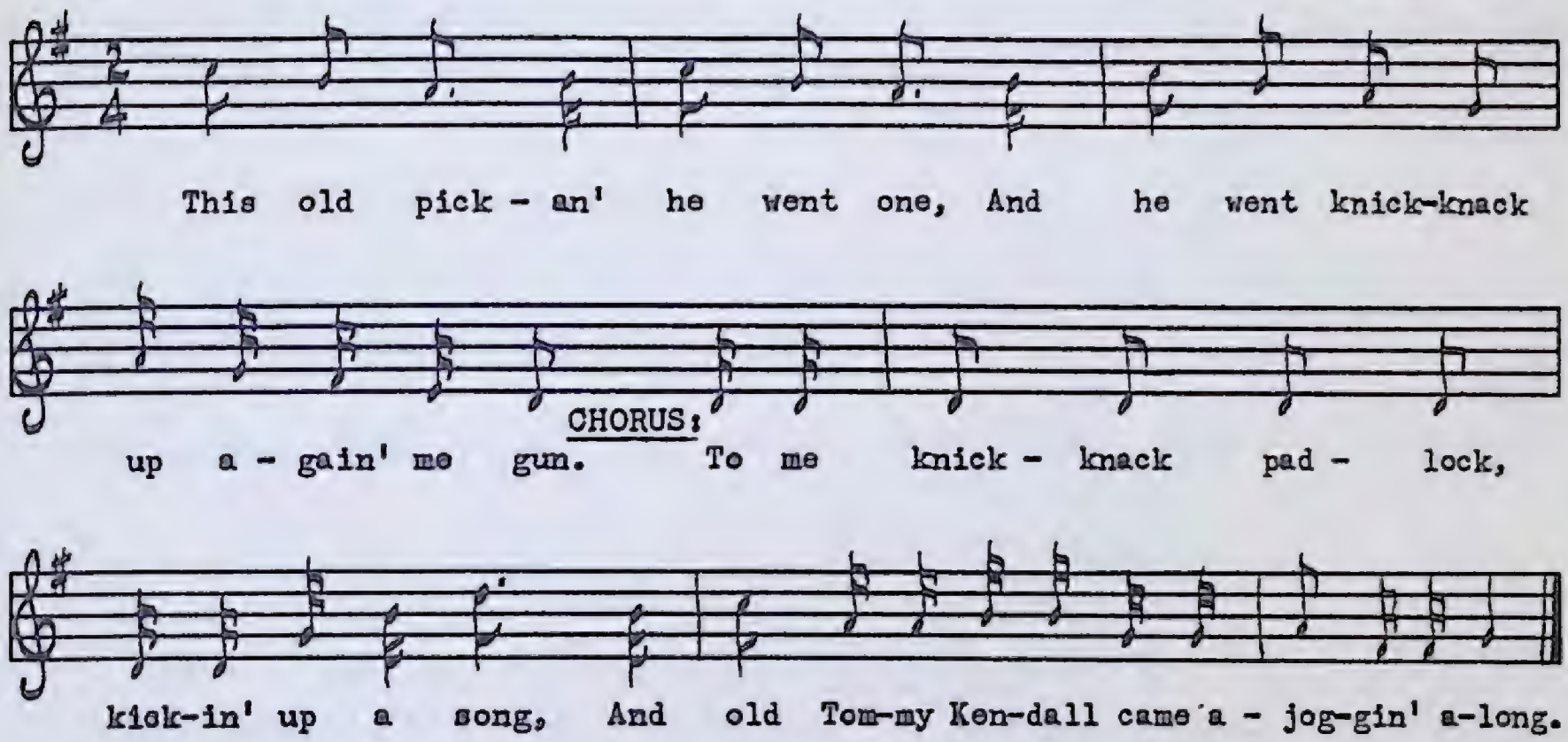
2. My father gave me when he was able
   A bowl, a bottle, a dish, and a ladle,
   Two bowls, two bottles, two dishes, two ladles,
   A bowl, sir, my father gave me.

3. (*Continue up to twelve*).

As far as I know, this counting song has been noted just once before in Volume I, No. 3, of the *Journal of the English Folk Dance and Song Society*. It was contributed in the early 1930's by a George Hill, the blacksmith of the village of Dursley, Gloucestershire. Mrs. Galpin's Newfoundland variant is from her father's family, whose forebears came from Somersetshire.

Old Tommy Kendall

PEA 153 No. 996
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1959



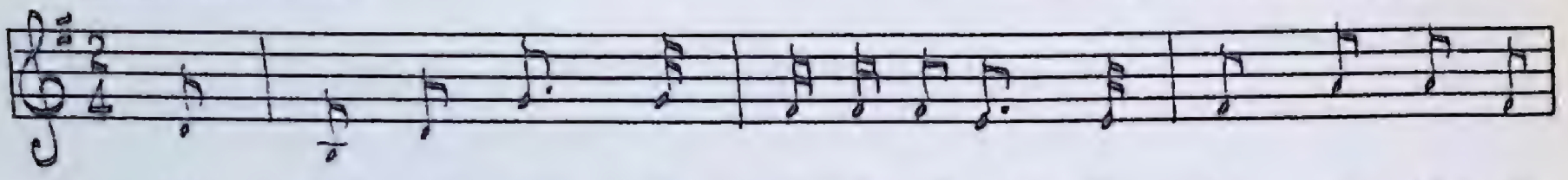
1. This old pickan' he went one,
   And he went knick-knack up again' me gun (thumb).
   To me knick-knack padlock, kickin' up a song,
   And old Tommy Kendall came a-joggin' along.
2. This old pickan' he went two,
   And he went knick-knack up again' me shoe.
3. This old pickan' he went three,
   And he went knick-knack up again' me knee.
4. This old pickan' he went four,
   And he went knick-knack up again' me door.
5. This old pickan' he went five,
   And he went knick-knack right to the hive.
6. This old pickan' he went six,
   And he went knick-knack pickin' up sticks.
7. This old pickan' he went seven,
   And he went knick-knack right up to heaven.
8. This old pickan' he went eight,
   And he went knick-knack oh so straight.
9. This old pickan' he went nine,
   And he went knick-knack right behind.
10. This old pickan' he went ten,
    And he went knick-knack right to the hen.

A fragment of this nursery rhyme called *Jack Jintle* was noted by Anne G. Gilchrist from her Welsh nursemaid Elizabeth Piercy and was printed in the *Journal of the English Folk Dance and Song Society,* III, No. 2. A variant also appears in Frank Kidson's *Eighty Singing-Games.*

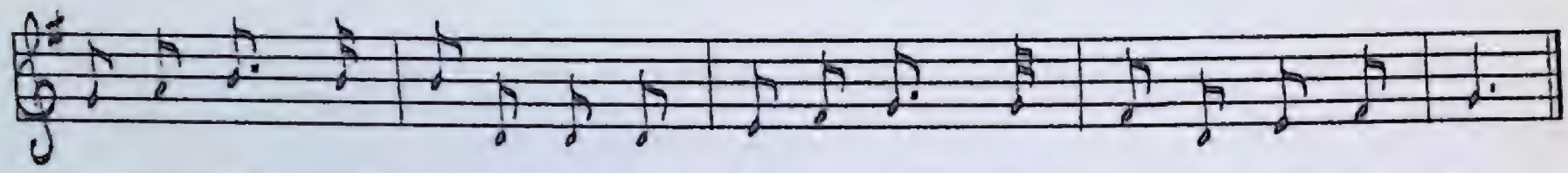
A Paper of Pins

PEA 178 No. 1096
Joshua Osborne
Seal Cove, White Bay, June, 1960

Moderate, strict time



I'll give to you a pa-per of pins, It is the way my



love be-gins, If you might mar-ry me, me, me, If you might mar-ry me.

1. I'll give to you a paper of pins,
   It is the way my love begins,
   If you might marry me, me, me,
   If you might marry me.

2. I won't accept your paper of pins
   If that's the way your love begins,
   Sure I won't marry you, you, you,
   Sure I won't marry you.

3. I'll give to you a suit of red
   Stitched around with a golden thread
   If you might marry me, me, me,
   If you might marry me.

4. I won't accept your suit of red
   Stitched around with a golden thread,
   Sure I won't marry you, you, you,
   Sure I won't marry you.

5. I'll give to you a cloak of green
   To make you look like a fairy queen
   If you might marry me, me, me,
   If you might marry me.

6. I won't accept your cloak of green
   To make me look like a fairy queen,
   Sure I won't marry you, you, you,
   Sure I won't marry you.

7. I'll give to you the keys of my heart
   Locked in love and never to part
   If you might marry me, me, me,
   If you might marry me.

8. I won't accept the keys of your heart
Locked in love and never to part,
Sure I won't marry you, you, you,
Sure I won't marry you.

9. I'll give to you the keys of my chest,
Plenty of money at your request,
If you might marry me, me, me,
If you might marry me.

10. I will accept the keys of your chest
And plenty of money at my request,
Sure I will marry you, you, you,
Sure I will marry you.

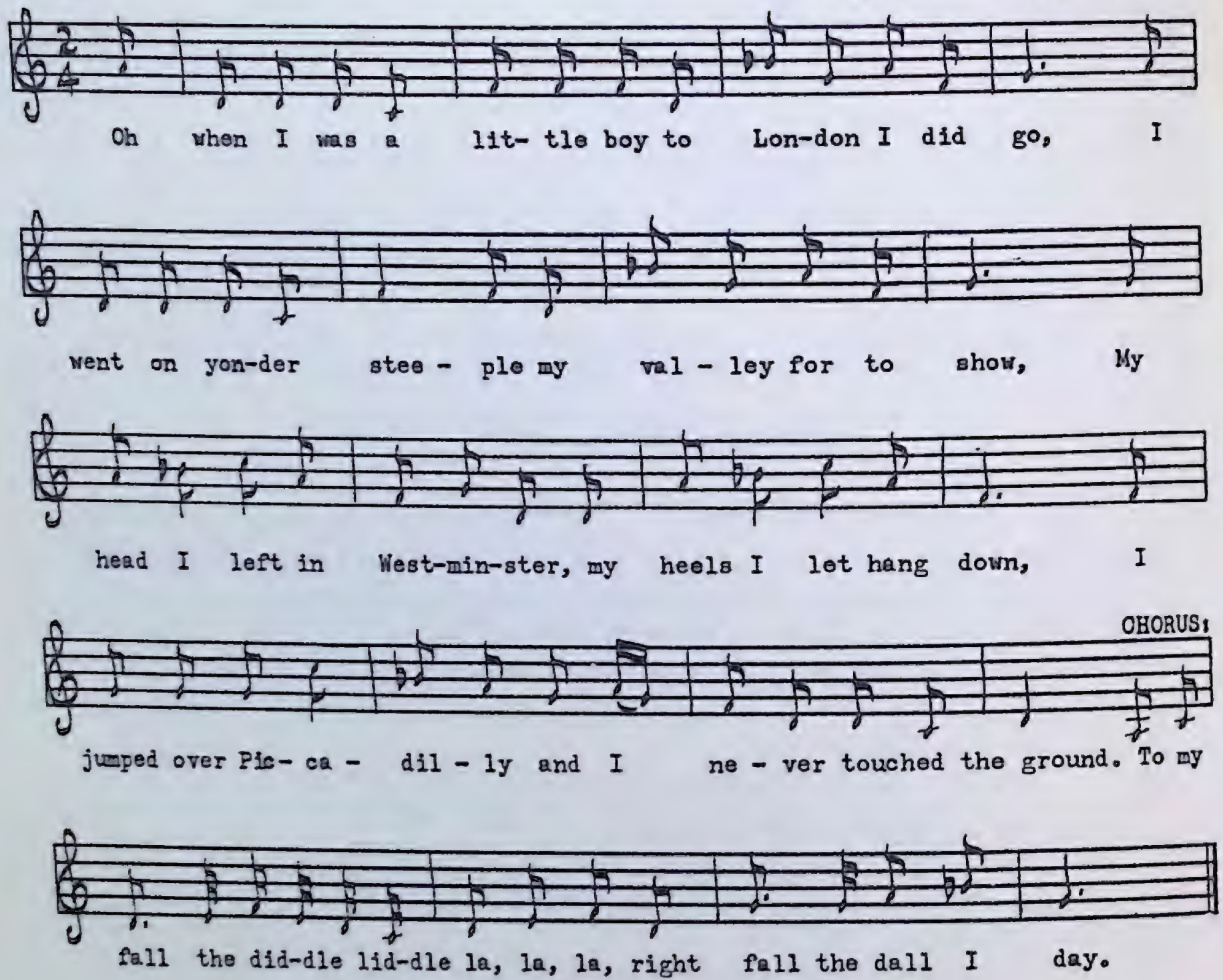
11. Poor foolish girl don't think it's so,
It's only a joke from me you know,
Sure I wouldn't marry you, you, you,
Sure I wouldn't marry you.

This charming little duet is well represented in both English and American collections. Cecil Sharp found it in the Southern Appalachians as *The Keys of Heaven,* and collections of nursery rhymes often include it. Little boys who find these acting-out songs a bore usually like *A Paper of Pins* because it gives them an opportunity to finish one up on the girls.

A Tale of Jests

A

PEA 166 No. 1055
George Decker
Rocky Harbour, August, 1959



1. Oh when I was a little boy to London I did go,
   I went on yonder steeple my valley for to show,
   My head I left in Westminster, my heels I let hang down,
   I jumped over Piccadilly and I never touched the ground.
   To my fall the diddle liddle la, la, la, right fall the dall I day.

2. Before I reached to London a lofty giant I spied,
   He lookèd down upon me and spoke as I passed by.
   He then began to challenge me to wrestle, fight, or run,
   I beat him out at all his games and killed him when I'd done.

3. The people of this town oh they could not understand
   How they'd get that lofty giant away out of the land.
   I took him up by the nape of the neck and his heels I let hang down,
   I gave him a twitch with all my might and I twitched him out of
   the town.

4. They thanked me for my favor, likewise for what I'd done,
They gave me gold and silver, about five hundred ton,
So then I made a little box about eight acres square,
In it I put my gold and silver and the guineas laid so fair.

5. Then I set out for Turkey, I travelled there by ox,
And in my breeches' pocket I put that little box,
But when I came to the Turkey shore they turned me from the door,
They would not trust me at the court because I was so poor.

6. Oh then I bought a little bull, his color it was brown,
He jumped from here to London and never touched the ground,
And when my bull he did blare out he made the echoes sound,
He shook the walls of London town and they all came tumbling down.

7. So then I bought a flock of sheep and all of them were wethers,
Sometimes they yield me very good wool, more times they yield me feathers,
But of all the sheep in London town there's none like mine to increase,
For every month in the full of the moon they'll bring ten lambs apiece.

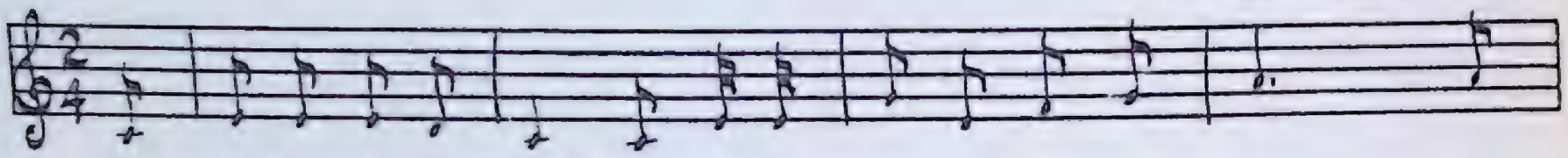
8. So then I bought a little black hen, of her I took great care,
I set her in a mussel shell and she brought me forth a hare,
This hare grew up to a milk-white steed fourteen lanyards high,
And he that tells a bigger jest I'm sure must tell a lie!

B

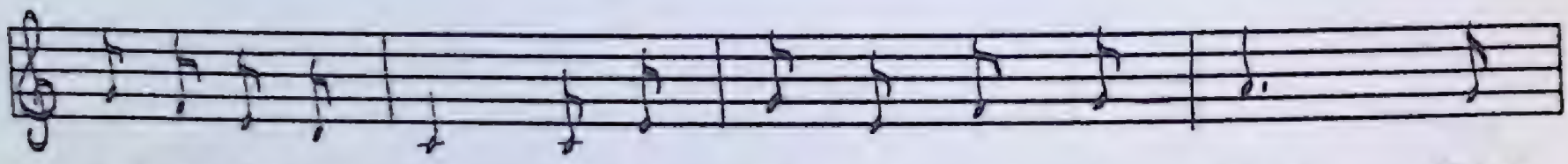
(Once I had)

PEA 100 No. 778
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

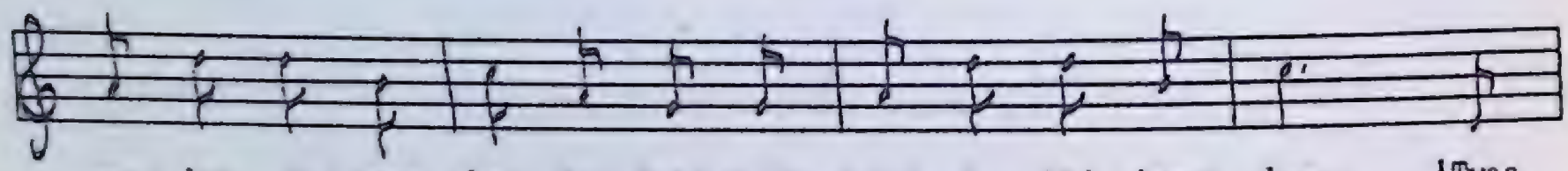
Fast



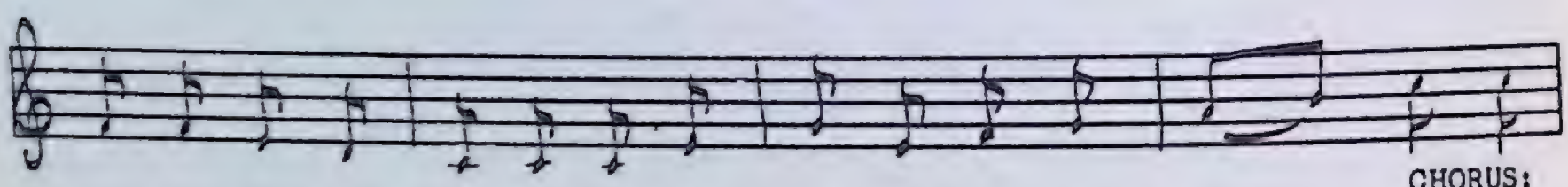
Once I was an in-fant 'bout a hun-dred years a - go, I



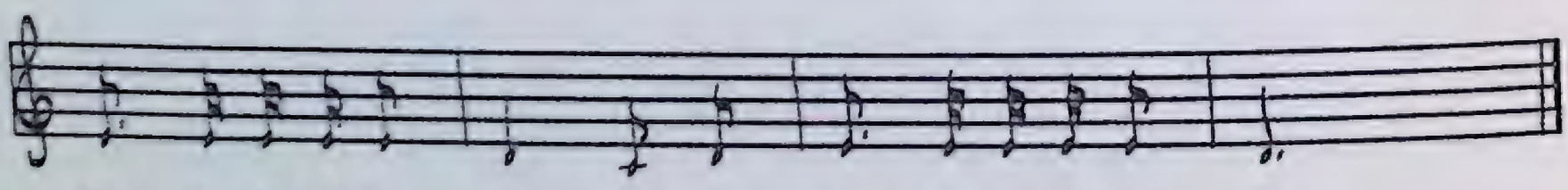
took my way to Lon - don my val - ue for to show; While



go - ing o - ver Lon- don Bridge my head I did hang down, 'Twas



on my way to May- land-ville I ne-ver touched the ground. CHORUS: And sing



fall the did-dle I day, And sing fall the did-dle I day.

1. Once I was an infant 'bout a hundred years ago,
   I took my way to London my value for to show;
   While going over London Bridge my head I did hang down,
   'Twas on my way to Maylandville[?] I never touched the ground.
   And sing fall the diddle I day,
   And sing fall the diddle I day.

2. First I met a lion, his head did reach the sky,
   When he looked down on me and he bid me to pass by;
   When I began to challenge him to wrestle, fight, or run,
   I beat him out of all his fun and what he had done.

3. My friends they were amazed when they heard what I had done,
   They gave me little money, somewhere 'round fifty ton;
   I built myself a little box about an acre square,
   And to the top I filled it up all with my silver clear.

4. I thought I'd go to London, a-travel I could not,
And in my britches pocket this little box I put;
I bought myself a score of sheep and thirteen of them being wethers,
And every night the moon shone bright they'd bring two lambs together.

5. Once I had a little black dog, a nice little dog was he,
Around the world in a half a day this little dog carried me;
His legs were eighteen lanyards high and his ears were twelve feet wide,
Around the world in a half a day on this little dog I did ride.

6. Oh once I had a little black hen, of her I took great care,
I set her on a mussel shell, she brought me forth two hares;
Two hares brought forth so fine a colt 'bout eighteen lanyards high,
And if ever you hear a funnier joke you'll hear a great big lie!

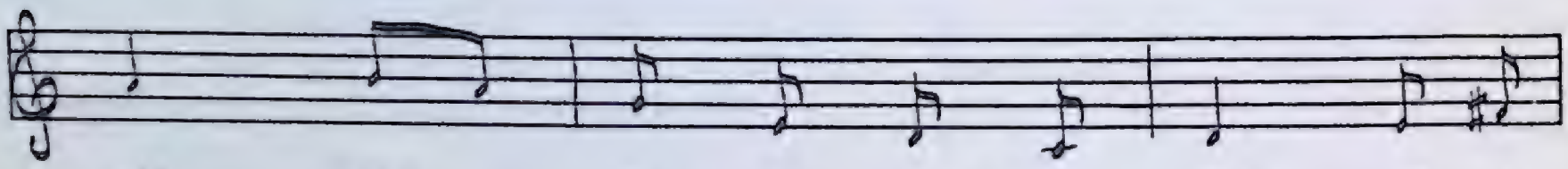
C

(The Lie Song)

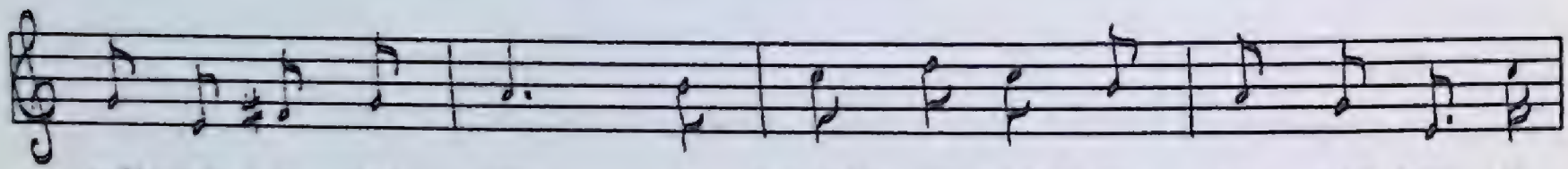
PEA 167 No. 1060
Garland Ford
Port aux Basques, June, 1960

Moderately fast

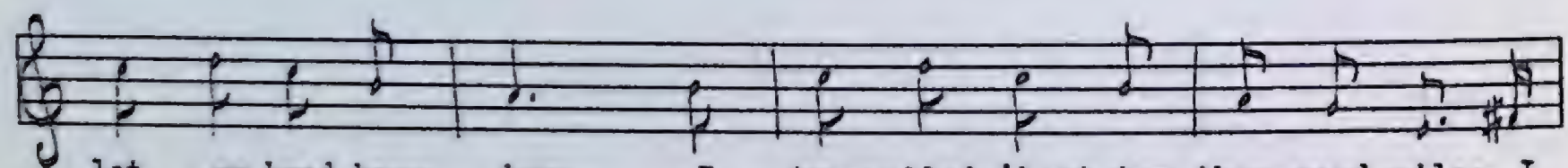
Oh when I was but a lit- tle boy a - bout a two weeks



old, All for to show my val - ue a-



walk-ing I did go, I touched my heels up to the sky, I



let my head hang down, I tra-velled 'bout ten thou-sand miles, I

ne -ver touched the ground. I sung whack fall did-dle I day.

1. Oh when I was but a little boy about a two weeks old,
   All for to show my value a-walking I did go,
   I touched my heels up to the sky, I let my head hang down,
   I travelled 'bout ten thousand miles, I never touched the ground.
   I sung whack fall diddle I day.

2. Oh I met an awful giant and his head reached to the sky,
   He came gazing down upon me as I were passing by,
   He tells me how to fight, my boys, to wrestle and to run,
   I beat him out at all his tricks and killed him when I was done.

3. Then the people rushed around me to see what I had done,
   Oh they gave me a little money, about a-fifty ton,
   I built myself a little box about eighty acres square,
   I filled it up right to the rim with all bright silver clear.

4. Then I started out for London all over hills and rocks,
   And in my waistcoat pocket I carried my little box,
   But when I got to London they kicked me out of doors,
   They would not let me in the house because I was too poor.

5. Then I bought myself a flock of sheep, of course they were all wethers,
   Sometimes they brought me wool, and sometimes they brought me feathers,
   They were a beautiful flock of sheep so fast they did increase
   That every time the moon would change they'd bring six lambs a piece.

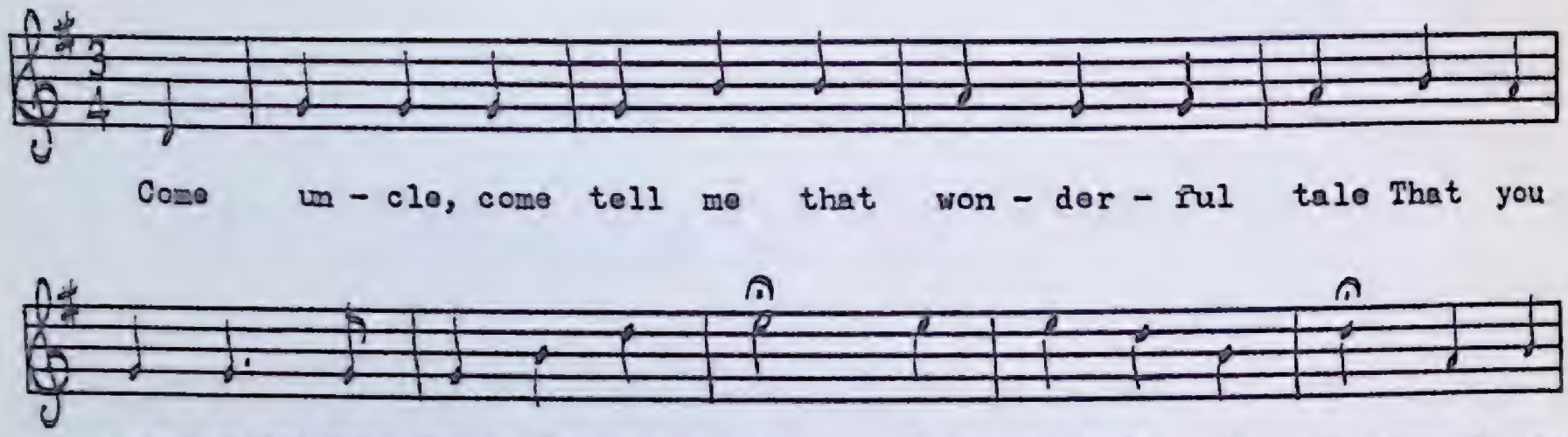
6. Then I bought myself a coal-black hen as you may plainly hear,
   I sot her on a mussel shell, she brought me forth a hare,
   She brought me forth a hare, my boys, 'bout eighteen lanyards high,
   And if I sing you another song I'll sing you a bigger lie.

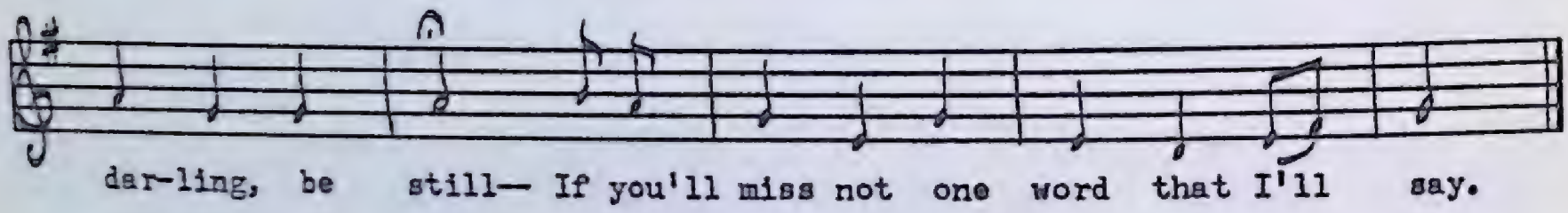
This nursery ballad is not often represented in collections, so it is all the more unusual to find three different variants from Newfoundland. A variant collected by A. P. Hudson may be found in *Folksongs of Mississippi.* In *Nursery Rhymes from Maine,* Newell quotes a text which he says was given to him by the American poet James Russell Lowell, who found it in Maine just before his death. It is generally supposed to be a rhymed version of *Jack the Giant Killer.*

The Three Lost Babes of Americay

PEA 113 No. 836
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderate





1. "Come uncle, come tell me that wonderful tale
   That you promised you would yesterday."
   "Yes, gladly I will—hush my darling, be still—
   If you'll miss not one word that I'll say."

2. An Englishman lived with his children and wife
   In a forest that spreads far and wide;
   Up a mountain so steep, in a valley so deep,
   All alone by a great riverside.

3. The names of those children were John, Frank, and Jane,
   The names of some darlings of mine
   Whom I love more than gold, Frank was scarce five years
   old,
   Jane she was seven, and John he was nine.

4. To help their dear parents those three children went,
   Went away in the forest so gloom,
   When sunset drew nigh, oh straight homeward did fly
   With their brush-wood for kindling and brooms.

5. The mother she gazed through the door when the sun
   It sank low in the red western sky,
   Saying, "Husband, I fear—oh why are they not here?—
   Our darlings are lost and will die."

6. The father he instantly mounted his steed,
   And away in the forest rod' he;
   Long and loud did he shout as he galloped about
   Over hills, through hedge thickets, and trees.

7. He rod' all around to the brow of the bay
Till the dark filled the forest with gloom;
In turning his steed he rod' home with all speed
To get help from his neighbors around.

8. His neighbors being willing and joined in the ranks,
All night in the forest to search;
Till day after day, till a week passed away,
But their searching it ended in none.

9. Loud weeped the sad mother and said in her grief,
"Our darlings will ne'er come again."
Till at length to Black Chief went the father in grief,
Many's a mile over mountains and plains.

10. Black Chief bid him welcome and heard his sad tale,
As the tears down the father's cheeks rolled.
"My best skill will be tried now," the Black Chief replied,
"But I want not your silver or gold.

11. "Yes white man and brother, I'll share in your care,
For I met the same fate long ago,
Our tribe were at war o'er the blue hills so far,
And my son in the fight did lay low.

12. "Yes I will take with me two youths of my tribe,
You follow after, take water and bread,
Not an eye will I close, or I'll take no repose,
Till I look on them living or dead.

13. "Yes I will take with me two youths of my tribe,
As swift as for travels on wing,
I can see when I pass by one glance of the glass
Where the foot of a white man has been."

14. They rod' on along till the father he said,
"We must hurry, it soon will be night."
They beheld up a way, and drew up in delay,
On the ground something flittering in white.

15. 'Twas down beneath the gum-tree those three children lay,
Johnny's arms around Frank did enclose;
While Frank did embrace his beloved sister's waist
And his head on her bosom reposed.

16. "Oh pappa," said Frankie, "why haven't you come
Down to Johnny and sister and me?"
While poor Janie sighed cold as the poor father's tears rolled,
Where he stood and he gazed at the three.

17. He said, "My dear children, this forest is wide,
And in which we may all go astray;
But if God be our guide, no, no ills will betide,
And for certain we won't lose our way."

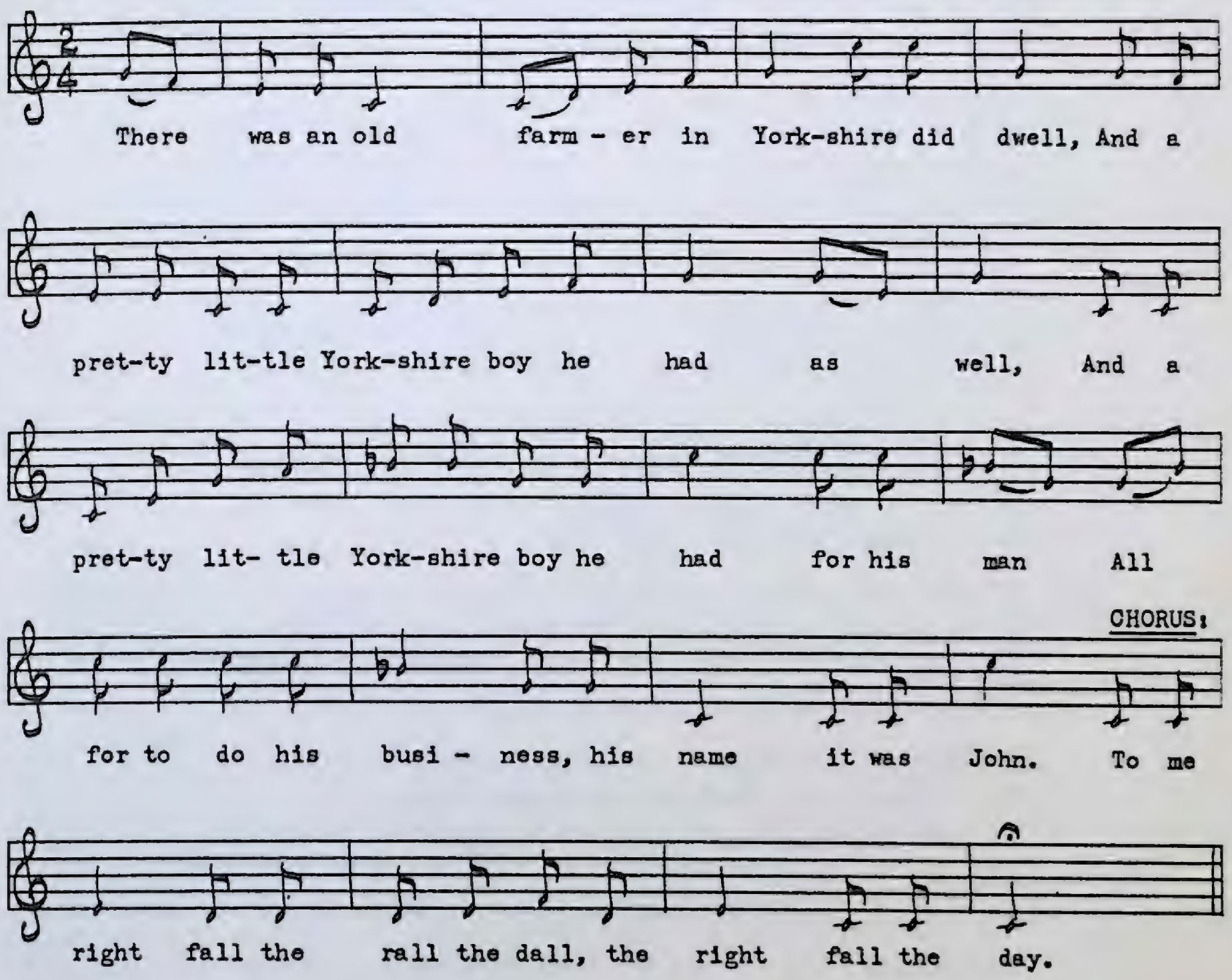
Most Newfoundland outports have hundreds of square miles of uninhabited barrens or forests at their back door where children may easily wander away and get lost. Many parents reinforce their daily admonishings not to wander, with bedtime entertainments like *The Three Lost Babes of Americay*. I have no information on the ballad's practical effect on children's behaviour, but I do know they love to hear it, either sung or told as a story. As a song it is a favourite with adult audiences as well. Its 'literary' origin is obvious.

The Yorkshire Boy

(Well Sold the Cow)

A

PEA 185 No. 1123 & MS
Leonard Hulan
Jeffrey's, July, 1960



1. There was an old farmer in Yorkshire did dwell,
   And a pretty little Yorkshire boy he had as well,
   And a pretty little Yorkshire boy he had for his man
   All for to do his business, his name it was John.
   To me right fall the rall the dall, the right fall the day.

2. One day he called unto his man John,
   And unto the farmer young John did come.
   "Here is an old cow, you will take her to the fair,
   She's in proper good order I vow and declare."

3. Jack went to the barn and he opened the door,
   He led out the cow with the rope on her horns.
   He had not been long gone when he met with three men,
   And he sold them the cow for six pounds ten.

4. The day being warm he stopped for to drink,
And to the landlord he payed down his jink,
And turning to the landlord this he did say:
"What shall I do with my money, I pray?"

5. "Sew it in the lining of your coat," said he,
"For fear on the highway it's robbed you might be."
Said a man to himself oh a-drinking up his wine,
Said he to himself, "That money will be mine."

6. Jack put the money in his coat so safe,
And he walked along till it was quite late.
Said the robber to himself, "There's plenty of time,
I'll just sit here and finish my wine."

7. Then he jumped on his horse and away did ride
Till four miles further young Jack he spied
Saying, "If you want to ride just jump up behind."
"Oh thank you," said Jack, "you are so very kind."

8. They rod' till they came to some dark lane,
Said the robber unto Jack, "I must tell you plain,
Deliver up your money without any strife
Or instantly I will take your life."

9. Without any dispute Jack did as he was told,
From the lining of his coat he took all the gold,
From the lining of his coat all the money he pulled out,
And among the long grass he scattered it about.

10. Oh the robber alighted down from his horse,
But little did he think it was to his loss,
And while he was gathering the money in his purse
The boy jumped on horse-back, rod' off with his horse.

11. The robber cried out, "Stop thief, stop!"
But Jack did not listen and away did hop.
It's home to his master he now did bring
Both bridle and saddle and many a fine thing.

12. Oh the girls they were standing in to the door,
They soon called the master all with a loud roar.
The master he came out with an oath and a curse,
"My old cow she has been turned into a horse!"

13. Said the boy to the master, "I must tell you plain,
It's robbed I was in some dark lane,
While the robber was gathering the money in his purse
For to make up the remainder I brought home his horse."

14. Said the master to the boy, "You are not very old,
And being but a boy you were very bold,
And as for the villain you served him just right,
And your name shall be known through Yorkshire bright."

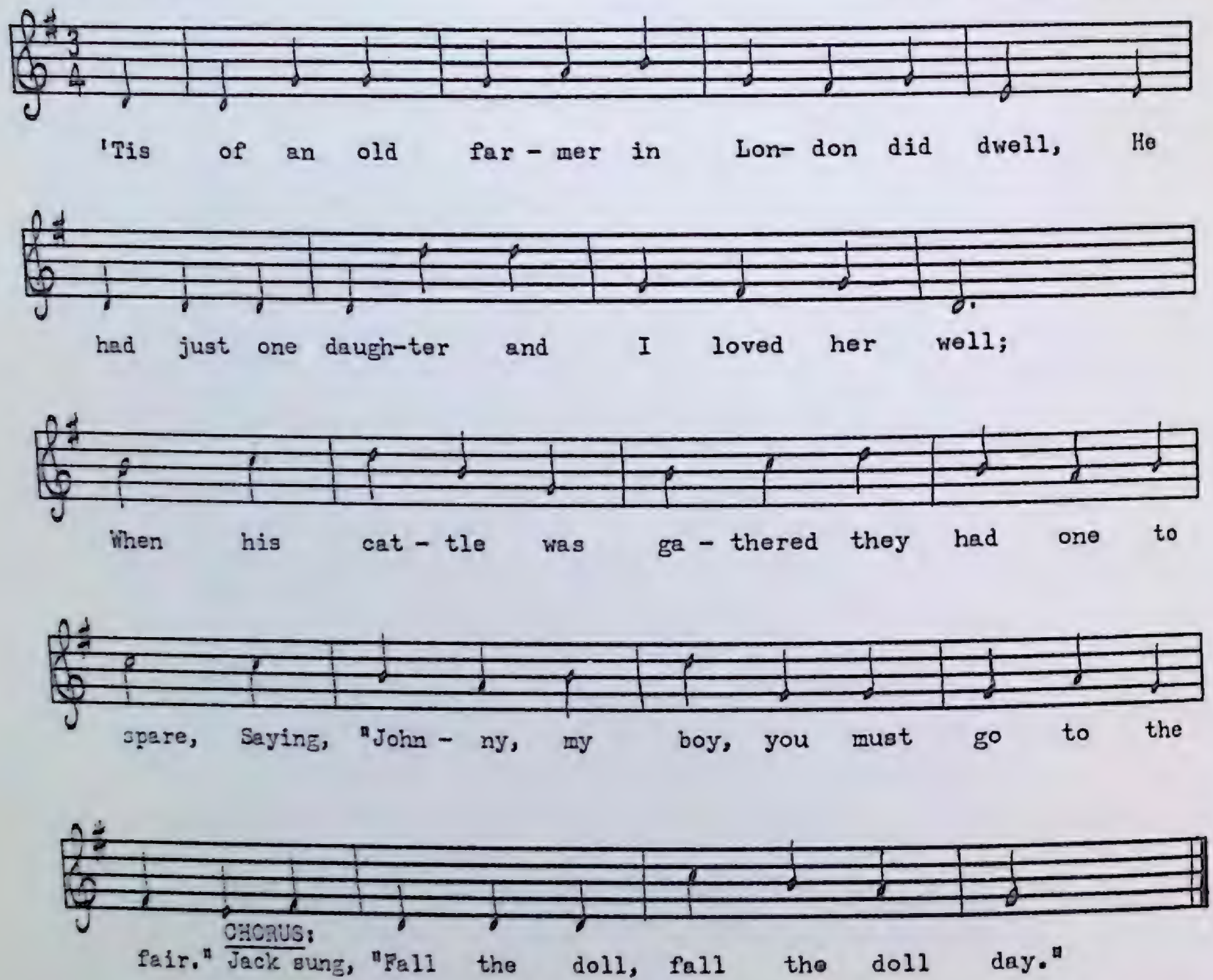
15. In the pocket of the saddle 'twas there to behold
Five thousand pounds in silver and gold,
A brace of pistols and jewels, I vow.
Said the master, "Young John, you have well sold the cow."

16. Said the master to young John, "I must tell you clear,
Three parts of that money you shall have for your share,
And as for the villain who lost all his store
Oh he can go and rob until he gets more!"

B

PEA 93 No. 745
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderately fast



1. 'Tis of an old farmer in London did dwell,
   He had just one daughter and I loved her well;
   When his cattle was gathered they had one to spare,
   Saying, "Johnny, my boy, you must go to the fair."
   Jack sung, "Fall the doll, fall the doll day."

2. He went to the barn and he opened the door,
   He led out the cow with the rope on her horns,
   And on his way going he met with three men,
   Jack sold them the cow for sixteen pounds ten.

3. He went to the landlord and this he did say,
   "Oh where shall I hide all my money away?"
   "You may sew it up in your coat-lining," said he,
   "For feared on the way some robbers you'd see."

4. As Jack was out going along his own way,
He met with three robbers and this they did say:
"Come deliver up your money without any strife,
Or else with this knife I'll take your damned life."

5. Wrapped up in his coat-lining the money pulled out,
'Twas there on the ground where it was scattered about;
As the robbers was picking it up in their purse,
Jack said not one word but he jumped on their horse.

6. The robbers roared out and they bid him to stay,
Jack said not one word but he rode on his way,
Straight up to his master and this he did bring:
Horse, bridle, and saddle, 'twas a very fine thing.

7. Wrapped up in the saddle and there did behold
A very large fortune of silver and gold,
Three braces of pistols, and jewels, I vow,
Saying, "Johnny, my boy, you've a-well sold the cow."

8. "Oh now for your bravery and courage today,
Now half of this money must go to your pay,
I will give you my daughter to make her your wife,
And you can crack on her all the rest of your life."

Much of the text of variant *A* is taken from a fourteen-verse variant by George Decker of Rocky Harbour. Changes and additions were also noted from Mr. Hulan subsequent to the recording. Most variants are of the shorter type like *B* and *C*. The last line of Mrs. Steven's eight-verse variant reads:

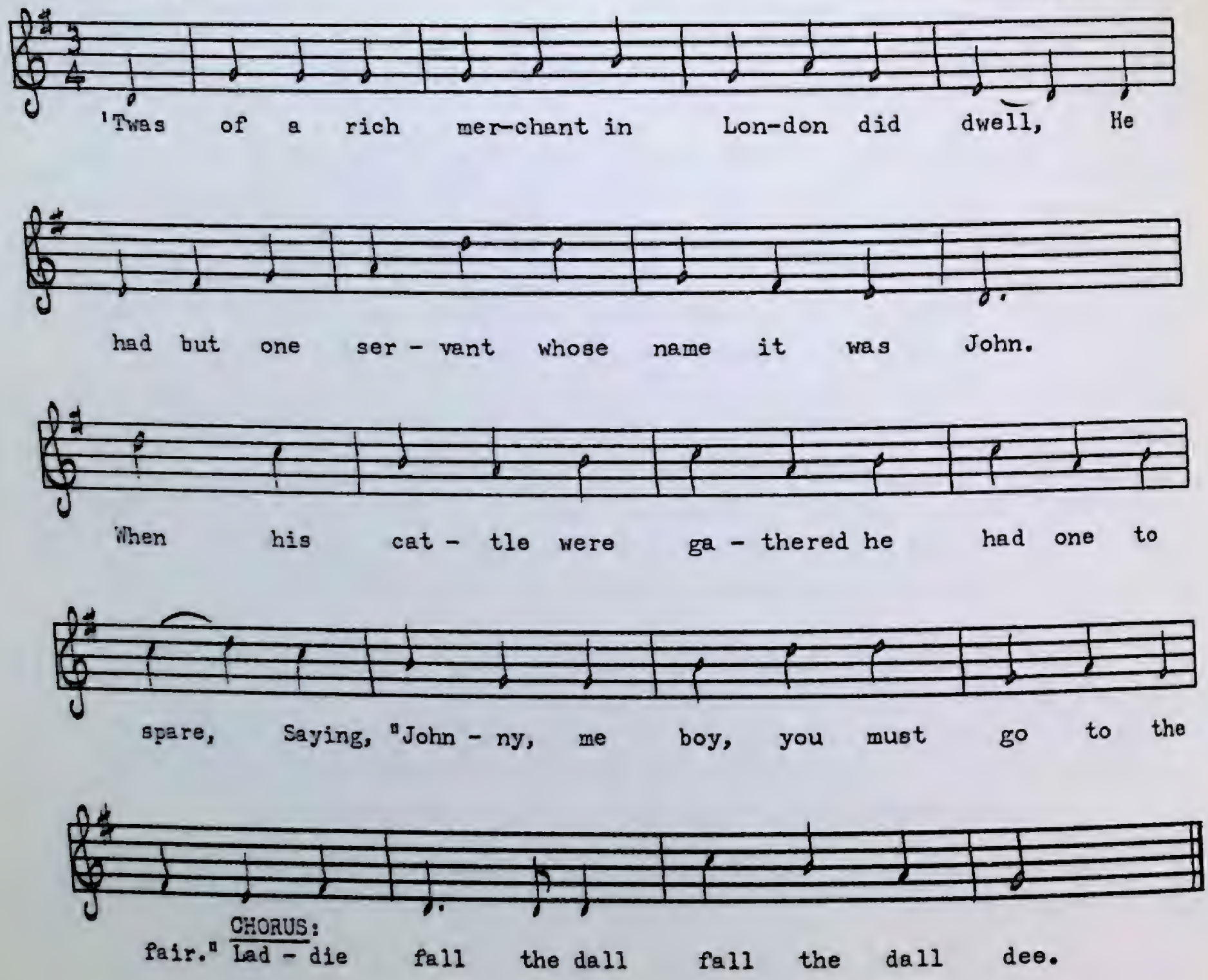
"And you can play hop-scotch all the rest of your life."

For a female version of the tale see *The Rich Merchant's Daughter*.

C

PEA 163 No. 1039
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959

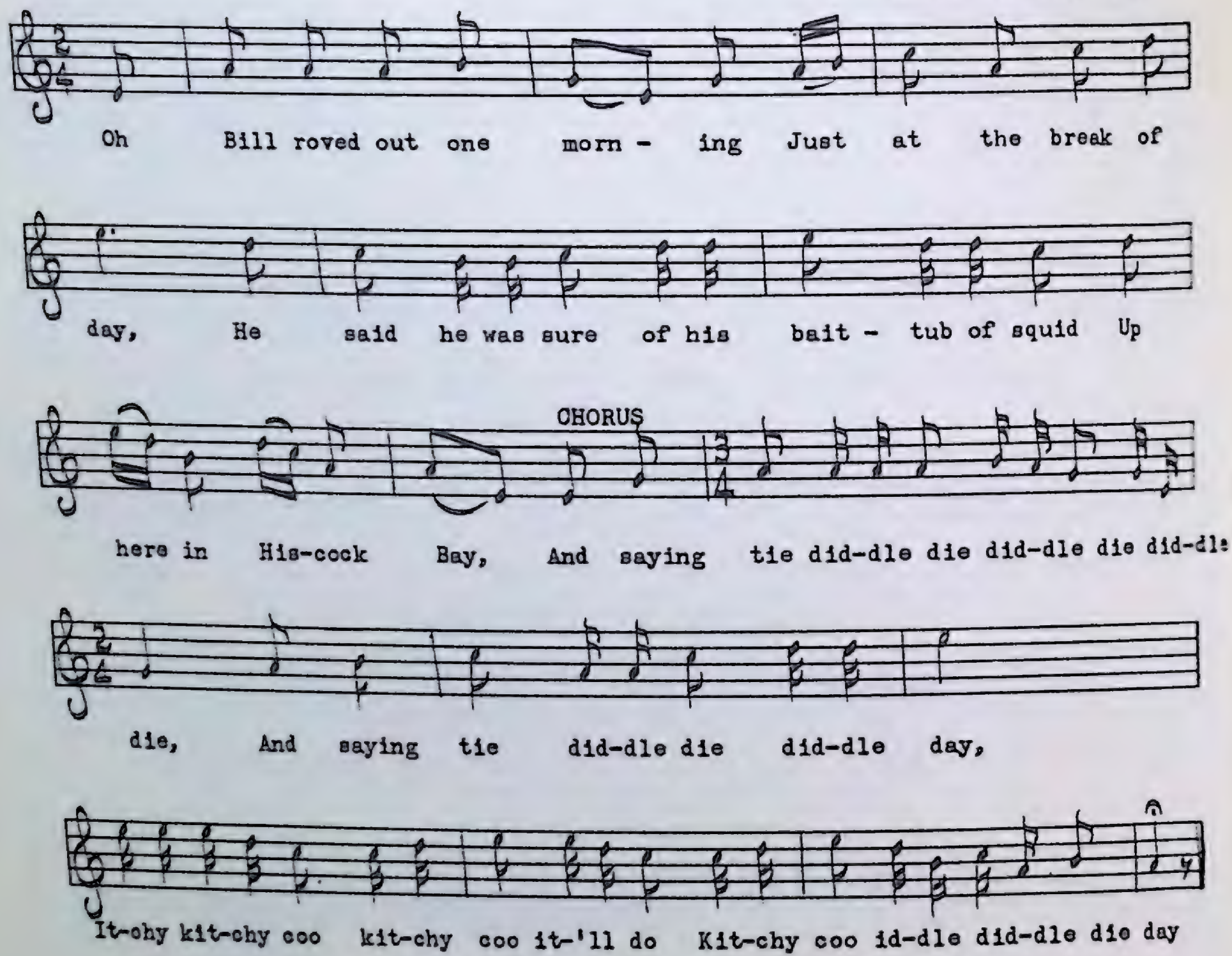
Moderately fast



Comic Ditties

Bill Wiseman

MS 10
James Heaney
Stock Cove, July, 1951



1. Oh Bill roved out one morning
   Just at the break of day,
   He said he was sure of his bait-tub of squid
   Up here in Hiscock Bay.
   And saying tie diddle die, diddle die, diddle die,
   And saying tie diddle die, diddle day,
   Itchy kitchy coo, kitchy coo, it'll do,
   Kitchy coo iddle diddle die day.

2. Bill rose up one morning
   He was so mighty large,
   He went up to George Pippy's door
   Saying, "Patience, where is Garge?"

3. Patience she jumped out of bed,
   She looked just like a hound,
   'Twas up to the gate both she and Bill
   All in her morning gown.

4. Oh George was comin' round the cliff
When he met Tom coming in.
The very first words Tom said to George,
"You don't know what I've seen."

5. George he got so mighty vexed
He didn't know what to take,
He went down on Bill Wiseman's room
And tore down his sand-flake.

6. Tom and Ethel heard the crash
And they went out for to see,
Tom hitched his toes in Ethel's nose
And over the hill go he.

7. Liza she was sick one morn,
She had a sore throat,
She went out to feed the hens
While Tom he milked the goat.

8. As Liza went up Rattle Hill
The wind blew mighty high,
It blew away her Advocate
Before Judge Pippy got nigh.

9. And now my song is ended,
I have no more to say,
It was all about Bill Wiseman
Jiggin' for squids on Hiscock Bay.

This native Newfoundland ditty proves that the older traditional songs do not have a monopoly on the use of sexual symbolism. While 'jigging for squids' in the literal sense is a time-honoured method for catching bait (and now a favourite tourist pastime), its metaphorical use in this song has more in common with 'jogging the time away' in *Lord Donald* (verses 16 and 17). And of course the use of fish as a sexual symbol is common to many folk cultures, including our own. Many will remember a jazz novelty song called *Hold Tight,* made popular several years ago by Fats Waller who leeringly declaimed at one point in the song "Want some seafood, momma,/Shrimpers and rice, they're very nice/Hold tight, etc." And more recently on the Broadway stage a female vocalist (I think it was Mary Martin) achieved widespread fame for her seductive rendition of *My Heart Belongs To Daddy,* from which I quote the following piscatorial verse, again from memory:

If I invite a man some night
To dine on my fine finnan-haddie
I just adore his asking for more,
But my heart belongs to daddy.

And elsewhere in this book a native song entitled *Hard Times* has the following verse which, in addition to its symbolism, contains a pun on the word 'cod.'

Poor fishermen we been out all the day,
Come in in the evening full sail up the bay,
Find Kate in the corner with a wink and a nod
Saying, "Jimmy and Johnny, have you got any cod?"

Returning to the symbolism of *Bill Wiseman,* most will find the beginning of verse 2 quite obvious. Those with a practised eye will immediately spot "sore throat" and "milked the goat" in verse 7. As for verse 8, I know it is significant, but so far I have been unable to decipher the symbolism. The referents are probably too localized for general appreciation. This brings us to the use of the symbol as a communication gimmick. Obviously, *Bill Wiseman* and the other songs quoted here could never appear in public in unsymbolized four-letter words, or even in a medical book or Biblical English, were that desirable. What the symbol does is enable us to communicate seriously (*She's Like the Swallow*) or jokingly (*Bill Wiseman*) about subjects that involve our deepest emotions and passions without offending the public morality. Those with the sensitivity and wit to appreciate the art of symbolic communication can do so without offending those who (fortunately) read the symbols literally. One of the great ironies of our times is the spectacle of special-interest minorities doing their utmost to have a few obscure novels banned because of alleged obscenities while the everyday world of advertising and the mass-media is saturated with a symbolic content of the most blatant sexuality. In verse 5 a 'room' is a shed by the shore where fish are cleaned and filleted, and a 'flake' is a platform where the fillets are spread to dry in the sun.

The Blueberry Ball

PEA 80 No. 695
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958

Moderate

On the tenth of De - cem-ber as you all may re - mem - ber I'll

sing you a short line or two; He stuck to the til-ler like a

girl loved a fel- ler, A - push-ing the 'Ju- bi-lee' through; We

went to Dan-iel's Har-bour, the truth I will tell, We was there on a

ratt-ling good time; We stayed there three days and we

lan- ded our freight, And I tell you that we drank the wine.

1. On the tenth of December as you all may remember
   I'll sing you a short line or two;
   He stuck to the tiller like a girl loved a feller
   A-pushing the *Jubilee* through.
   We went to Daniel's Harbour, the truth I will tell,
   We was there on a rattling good time,
   We stayed there three days and we landed our freight,
   And I tell you that we drank the wine.
2. There was old Mrs. Biggens to pour out the wine
   And Sam House to carry it 'round,
   Phil Decker was there collecting the money,
   Will Keough to pass it around.

We started a dance about half-a-past eight
And we never knocked off until four,
And many of those girls that danced there that night
Said they'd never dance there any more.

3. There was lots of strange faces that night on the floor
And some I can't never name at all,
Such a rattling racket I never beheld
As the night at the Blueberry Ball,
We started a scuff about half-a-past two
And every man stood to his share;
We danced till broad daylight and then went on board
And the sharemen went out to their gear.

4. Oh, now to conclude and to finish my song,
I hope I haven't said anything astray,
We'll haul up our anchors and reef our shank-painters,
Prepare for a time in the bay.

This native ditty was composed in Daniel's Harbour just above St. Paul's on Newfoundland's northwest coast. Mr. Bennett was not sure of the composer's name. One of the men mentioned in verse 2, Sam House, was a well-known composer in the area (see his *Old Jack*). The word 'shank-painters' in the last verse is a Middle English expression for the ropes used to tie a boat to a wharf or larger boat.

Le bonhomme tombe de l'arbre

PEA 143 No. 964
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1959

Très vif

C'é - tait un p'tit bon - hom - me qui s'appe-lait Guil-le - ri, C'é-

tait un p'tit bon - hom - me qui s'appe-lait Guil-le - ri, Il

al - lait à la chas - se, à la chasse aux per - drix,

Zim ba ra bou- me, ran tan plan, on i - ra chez ma tan - te,

Zim ba ra bou- me, ran tan plan, chez ma tante, on i - ra.

C'était un p'tit bonhomme qui s'appelait Guilleri, (*bis*)
Il allait à la chasse, à la chasse aux perdrix,
Zim ba ra boume; ran tan plan, on ira chez ma tante,
Zim ba ra boume, ran tan plan, chez ma tante, on ira.

Il allait à la chasse, à la chasse aux perdrix, (*bis*)
Il montait dans un arbre pour voir ses chiens courir,

La branche est cassée, et Guilleri tombé, (*bis*)
Tout, il s'est cassé la cuisse, il s'est cassé la cuisse.

Toutes les filles du village ont couru à ses cris (*bis*)
I' en a une qu' apporte d' la toile, et l'aut'e d' la charpie.

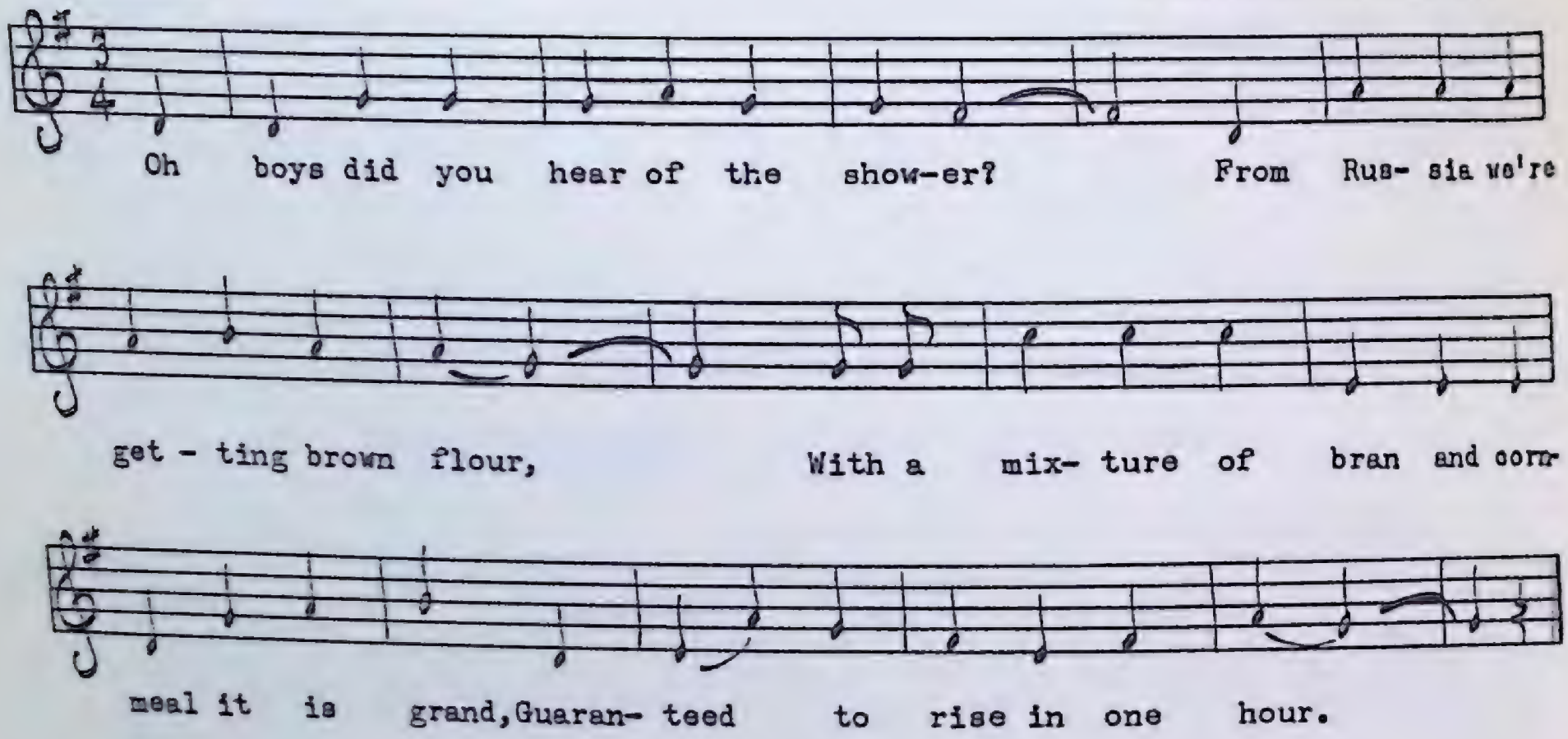
I' y en a une qu' apporte d' la toile, l'aut'e, c'est d' la charpie. (*bis*)
C'est pour panser la jambe, la jambe à Guilleri.

Brown Flour

MS 18

Chris Cobb (composer)
Barred Island, July, 1952

Moderately fast



1. Oh boys did you hear of the shower?
   From Russia we're getting brown flour,
   With a mixture of bran and corn-meal it is grand,
   Guaranteed to rise in one hour.

2. Some say for duff it has power,
   For more their bread turned out sour,
   If you want to get fat, and wear a quiff hat,
   Just try a sack of brown flour.

3. Eat one slice and be merry,
   You'll turn so red as a cherry,
   The doctors all claim out in Holland and Spain
   It kills and it cures beri-beri.

4. It's far before the Diana,
   It smells just like a banana,
   When you lie down to rest you'll wish you went west
   Killing buffaloes out in Montana.

5. Do what you will in the summer,
   In the winter you'll go like a bummer,
   Your merchant declares you're back in arrears,
   He'll send you away, he's a hummer.

6. In Fogo there is a big station,
   You have nine miles to walk for your ration,
   On the door at the back of the court-house you'll
   rap,
   Touch your cap and walk in, it's the fashion.

7. Be careful in answering questions,
   And don't make any suggestions,
   The bobby's not slack, he's right at your back,
   In his pocket there's handcuff connections.

8. The first is: "Your family and ages,
   Your accounts to show the list of your wages."
   Potatoes and grass we'll bring in at last,
   Are you living in houses or cages?

9. He will pass you a slip, here's your money,
   With everything on it but honey,
   Sugar and spice, canned milk and rice,
   Why to get this good food it is funny.

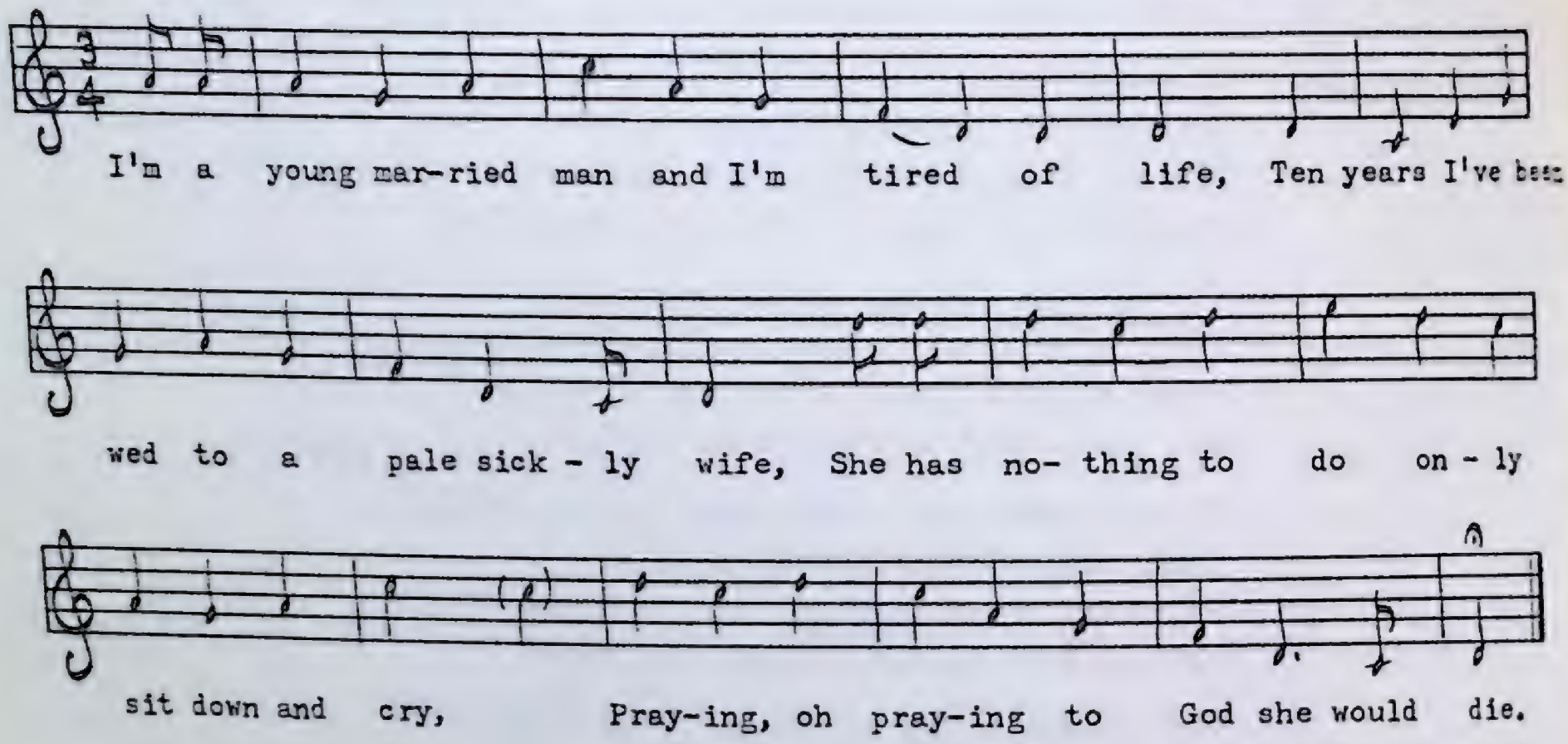
10. Now you've work to do for your ration,
    It's harder than doing dictation,
    You're a pauper you know and you must shovel
    snow,
    This will help 'em reduce the taxation.

Chris Cobb has composed so many songs that he sometimes has difficulty remembering the exact date of composition. At first he thought *Brown Flour* was composed in 1926, but later he changed it to the early thirties. At any rate, it obviously comes from a particularly depressed period in Newfoundland's recent history. Since the war, however, and especially since Confederation with Canada in 1949, these frequent periods of depression (and sometimes actual famine) are happily a thing of the past. A 'quiff' hat in verse 2 is a topper.

Cod-Liver Oil

MS 21
Michael Aylward
King's Cove, July, 1952

Moderate



1. I'm a young married man and I'm tired of life,
   Ten years I've been wed to a pale sickly wife,
   She has nothing to do only sit down and cry,
   Praying, oh praying to God she would die.

2. A friend of my own came to see me one day,
   He told me my wife she was pining away;
   He afterwards told me that she would get strong,
   If I'd get a bottle from dear Doctor John.

3. Oh Doctor, oh Doctor, oh dear Doctor John,
   Your cod-liver oil is so pure and so strong;
   I'm afraid of my life I'll go down in the soil,
   If my wife don't stop drinking your cod-liver oil.

4. I bought her a bottle just for to try,
   The way that she drank it I thought she would
   die,
   I bought her another, it vanished the same,
   And then she took cod-liver oil on the brain.

5. I bought her another she drank it no doubt,
   And then she began to get terrible stout,
   And when she got stout of course she got strong,
   And then I got jealous of dear Doctor John.

6. Oh Doctor, oh Doctor, oh dear Doctor John,
   Your cod-liver oil is so pure and so strong,
   I'm afraid of my life I'll go down in the soil,
   If my wife don't stop drinking your cod-liver oil.

7. Our house it resembled a big doctor's shop,
It was covered with bottles from bottom to top,
And early in the morning when the kettle do boil,
You'd swear it was singin' of cod-liver oil.

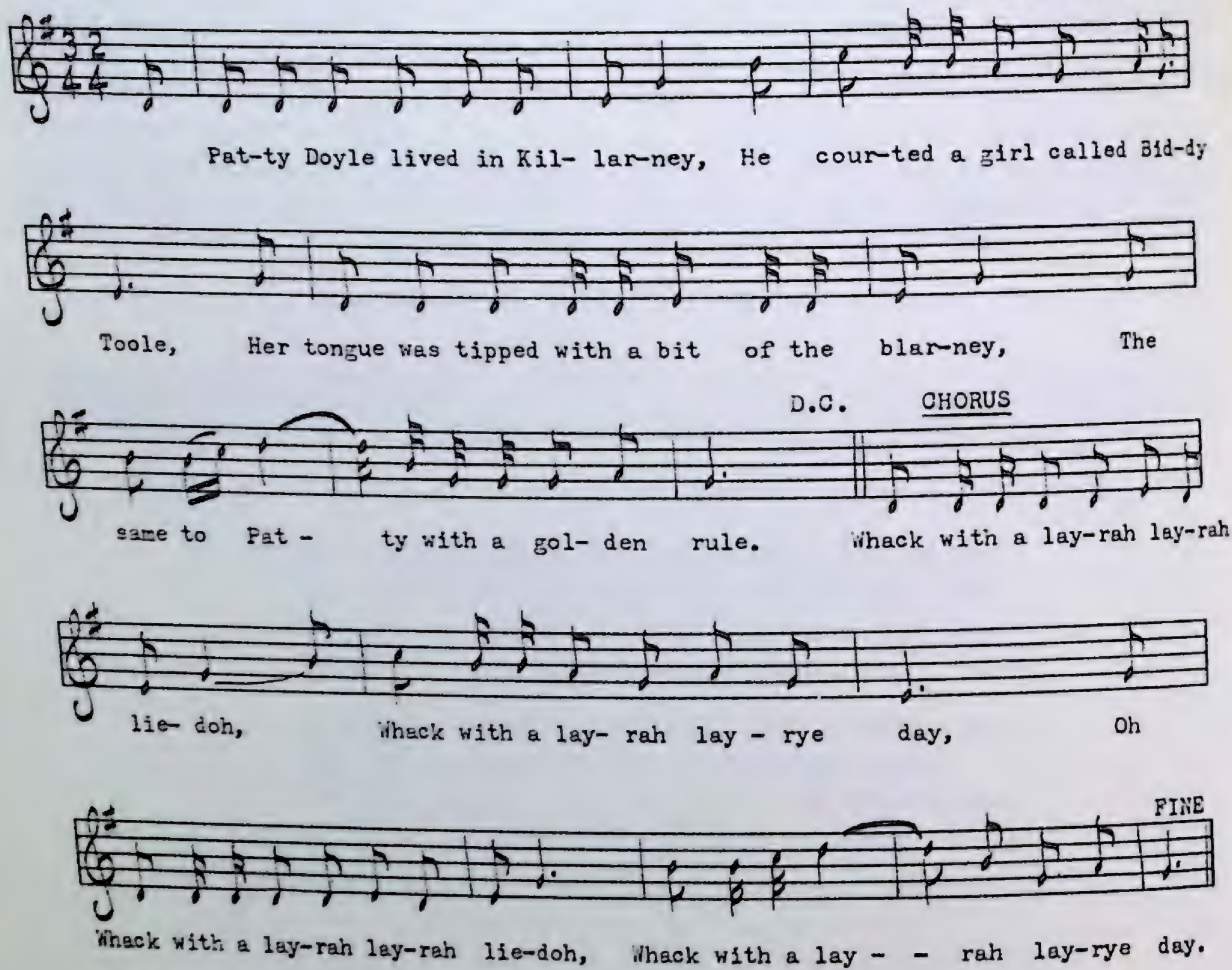
This Irish ditty was very popular in the latter part of the nineteenth century and was often heard on the stage. It appeared in several song books of the period including *James Larkins' Variety Songster, James O'Neil's Emerald Echoes,* and Peter J. Downey's *Let the Poor Go Down.* Its popularity in Newfoundland has led many to suppose that it originated there. It is, however, the sort of comical ditty that so many later Newfoundland ditties are patterned after.

Doran's Ass

(Patty Doyle)

MS 96

James Heaney
Stock Cove, July, 1951



1. Patty Doyle lived in Killarney,
   He courted a girl called Biddy Toole,
   Her tongue was tipped with a bit of the blarney,
   The same to Patty with a golden rule.

2. Both day and dawn she was his colleen,
   Unto himself he used to say:
   "What need I care when she's my darlin'
   Coming to meet me on the way?"

   CHORUS:
   Whack with a lay-rah lay-rah lie-doh,
   Whack with a lay-rah lay-rye day,
   Oh whack with a lay-rah lay-rah lie-doh,
   Whack with a lay-rah lay-rye day.

3. One heavenly night in November,
Pat went out to meet his love;
What night it was I don't remember,
But the moon shone brightly from above.

4. That day the boys they got some liquor
Which made our spirits light and gay,
Saying, "What's the use of me walkin' quicker?
For I know I'll meet her on the way."

CHORUS:

5. Fatigue and whisky overcome him,
So Pat lay down upon the sod;
And as the spirits wandered through him,
His heavy head began to nod.

6. He was not long without a comrade,
One whom I'm sure could kick up hay,
A big jackass soon smelt out Pat
And lay beside him on the way.

CHORUS:

7. He hugged and smugged the hairy messer,
He flung his hat with worldly care.
Says Pat, "She's mine, may heaven bless her,
But oh my soul, she's like a bear!"

8. He put his hand on the donkey's nose,
With that the ass began to bray,
Pat jumped up and roared out,
"Who sarved me in such a way?"

CHORUS:

9. Pat ran home as fast as he could,
At railway speed I'm sure;
He never stopped a leg or foot
Until he came to Biddy's door.

10. By that time it was getting morning,
Down on his knees he fell to pray,
Saying, "Let me in my Biddy darlin',
I'm killed, I'm murdered on the way."

CHORUS:

11. He told her his story mighty civil
For she prepared a whisky glass,
How he hugged and smugged a hairy messer.
"Go 'way," said she, "'twas Dooran's ass."

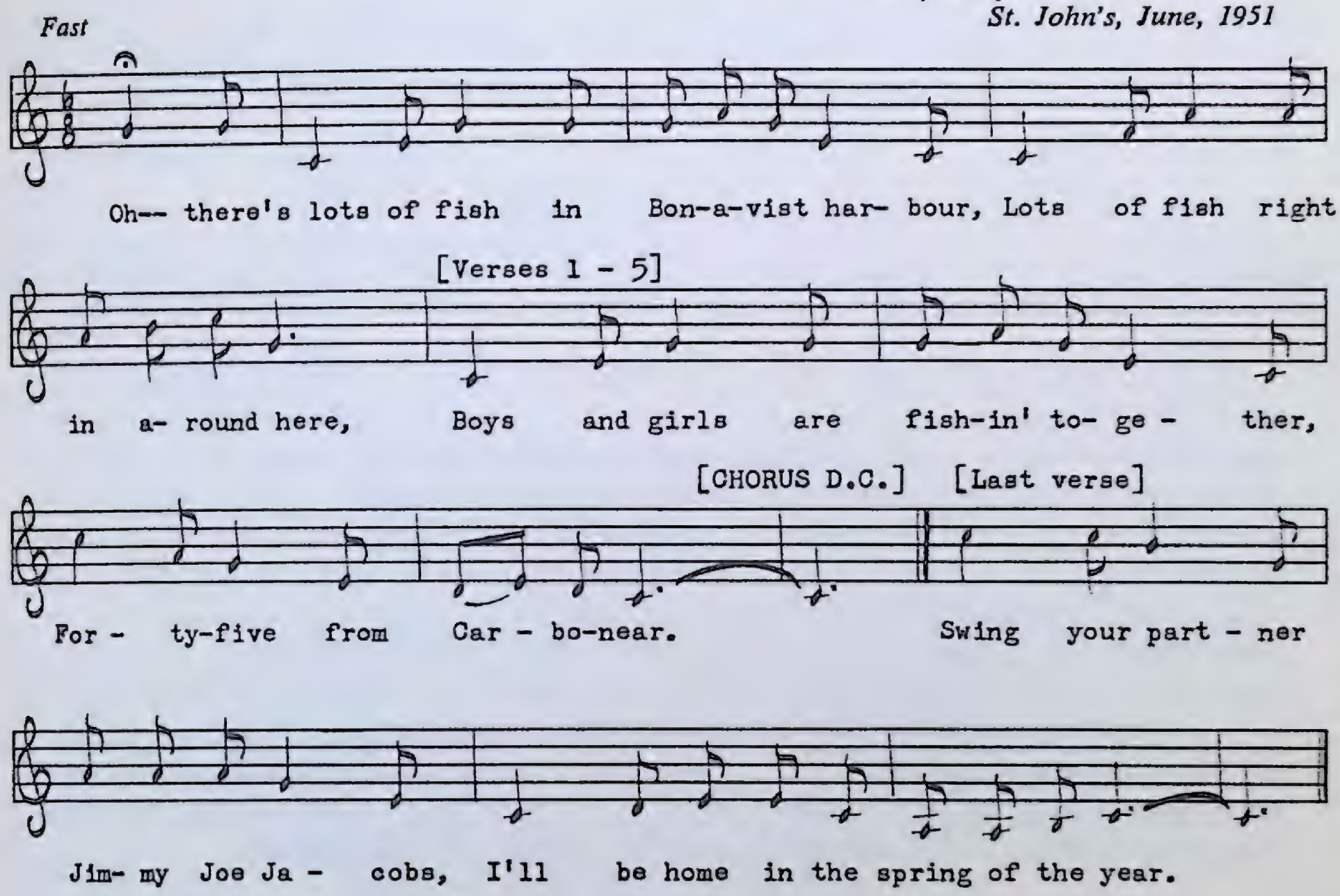
12. "I know it was my Biddy darlin'."
They both got married the next day.
He never got back the old straw hat
The jackass ate up on the way.
CHORUS:

A similar version of this Irish comic ditty appears in Manus O'Conor's *Irish Com-All-Ye's,* New York, 1901. Verse 8 was missing in the Newfoundland variant and was added from this printed version.

Feller From Fortune

(Lots of Fish in Bonavist' Harbour)

PEA 1 No. 2 & MS
Lloyd Soper and Bob McLeod
St. John's, June, 1951



1. Oh—there's lots of fish in Bonavist' harbour,
   Lots of fish right in around here,
   Boys and girls are fishin' together,
   Forty-five from Carbonear.

   Oh—catch a-hold this one, catch a-hold that one,
   Swing around this one, swing around she,
   Dance around this one, dance around that one,
   Diddle-dum this one, diddle-dum dee.

2. Oh—Sally is the pride of Cat Harbour,
   Ain't been swung since last year,
   Drinkin' rum and wine and cassis
   What the boys brought home from St. Pierre.

3. Oh—Sally goes to church every Sunday
   Not for to sing nor for to hear,
   But to see the feller from Fortune
   What was down here fishin' the year.

4. Oh—Sally got a bouncin' new baby,
Father said that he didn't care,
'Cause she got that from the feller from Fortune
What was down here fishin' the year.

5. Oh—Uncle George got up in the mornin',
He got up in an 'ell of a tear,
And he ripped the arse right out of his britches,
Now he's got ne'er pair to wear.

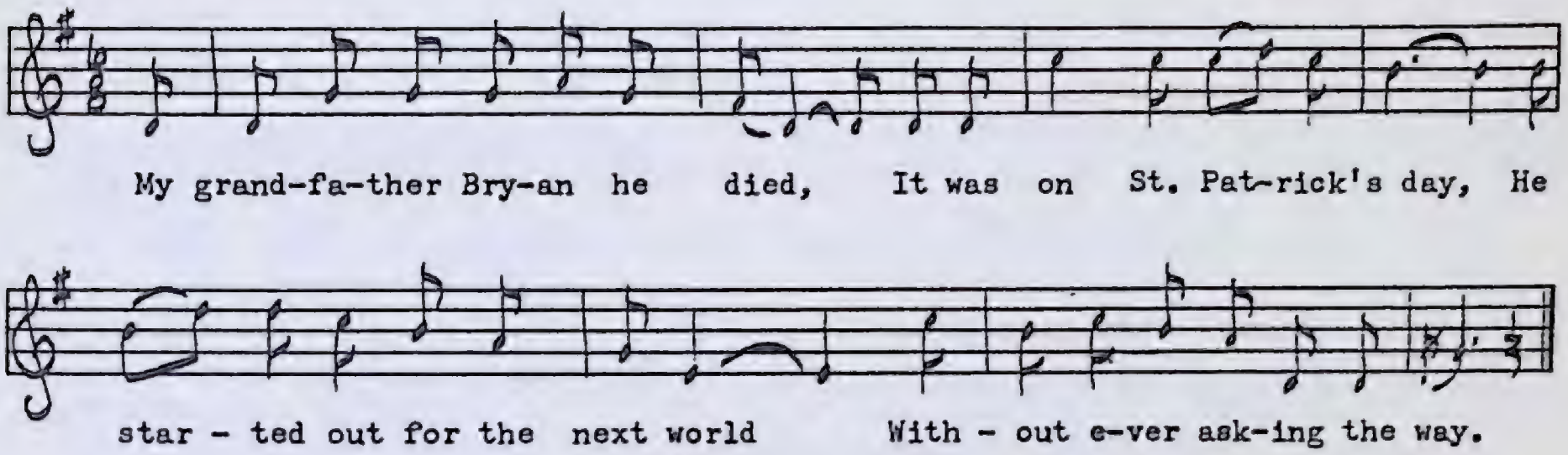
6. Oh—there's lots of fish in Bonavist' harbour,
Lots of fishermen in around here;
Swing your partner Jimmy Joe Jacobs,
I'll be home in the spring of the year.

This rollicking native ditty has achieved wide popularity since it was first collected ten years ago. It is one of several native songs from the National Museum's collection used by the late Gerald S. Doyle of St. John's in his 1955 booklet *Old-Time Songs of Newfoundland*. It has also been included in other anthologies and on several recordings. A week or so after I had collected it in St. John's, I was in Fortune and inquired about the 'feller.' No one had ever heard of him, but I did find a cowboy-type singer who sang a variant called *The Feller from Burgeo*. Unfortunately, the guitar drowns out most of the words on the recording, so it cannot be reproduced here. As a matter of fact, the words that are audible indicate that the variant would probably be unprintable anyway. For more information about the sort of winter 'fishing' that's going on in *The Feller from Fortune* see the note on *Bill Wiseman*. 'Cassis' in verse 2 is black currant brandy.

Grandfather Bryan

PEA 15 No. 82
Gordon Willis
St. John's, July, 1952

Moderately fast



1. My grandfather Bryan he died,
   It was on St. Patrick's Day,
   He started out for the next world
   Without ever asking the way.

2. Leaving me all of his riches,
   And a good deal of wealth do you see,
   And a pair of his cloth-leather britches,
   That buttoned up down to the knee.

3. He left me the whole two sides of a bacon,
   Only one half was just cut away,
   A broomstick with the head of a rake on,
   And a field full of straw to make hay.

4. A blanket made out of cloth patches,
   A breadbasket made out of tin ware,
   A window without any sashes,
   And a horse-collar made for a mare.

5. He left me a mighty great clock too,
   With brass wheels which were made out of wood,
   A key without ever a lock to,
   And a stool to set down where I stood.

6. His beaver to sport all the summer,
   His whiskers to wear in the fall,
   A bagful of guinea-pig's eyebrows,
   And a boxful of nothing at all.

7. He left me some whisky for drinking
   And a beautiful stick, look at that!
   And a fat Jersey heifer for milking,
   With a tail of B. John Thomas' cat.

8. A pair of bone studs made of leather,
A satchel of old wedding rings;
Two earrings to wear in wet weather,
With a bucket of horse-stinger's wings.

9. He left me, poor man, a great fortune,
And a puncheon of juniper tay,
Two shares in the Rock of Gibraltar,
And a mortgage on Robin Hood's Bay.

10. He left his trousers and waistcoat,
The tails of two shabby old coats;
A fortune to do me forever,
With a boxful of Union banknotes.

11. He left me some pastry for eating,
Oh the creature before he did die,
Two bluchers to put me poor feet in,
And a slice of bumble-bee pie.

12. A pair of wet cuffs for the winter,
A red nose to hang out for a sign,
So I'm fixed in grand style for the winter,
God bless you, old grandfather Bryan!

13. Then hurrah for old grandfather Bryan,
I wish he were living I'm sure;
And every day he'd be dying,
He'd leave me ten times as much more.

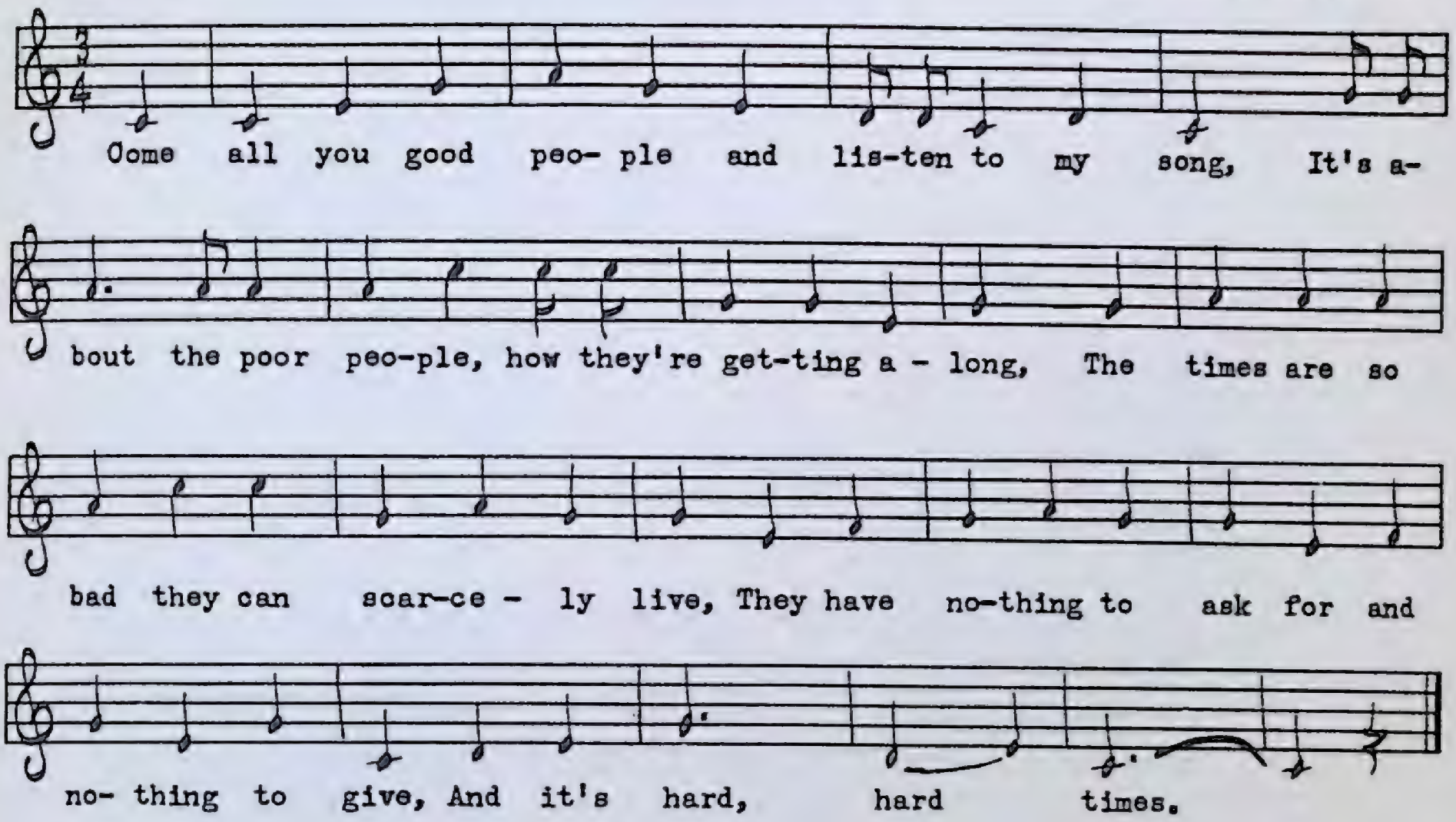
This type of zany Irish humour has been the inspiration for many locally-composed Newfoundland ditties of recent vintage.

Hard Times

A

PEA 16 No. 93
Gordon Willis
St. John's, July, 1952

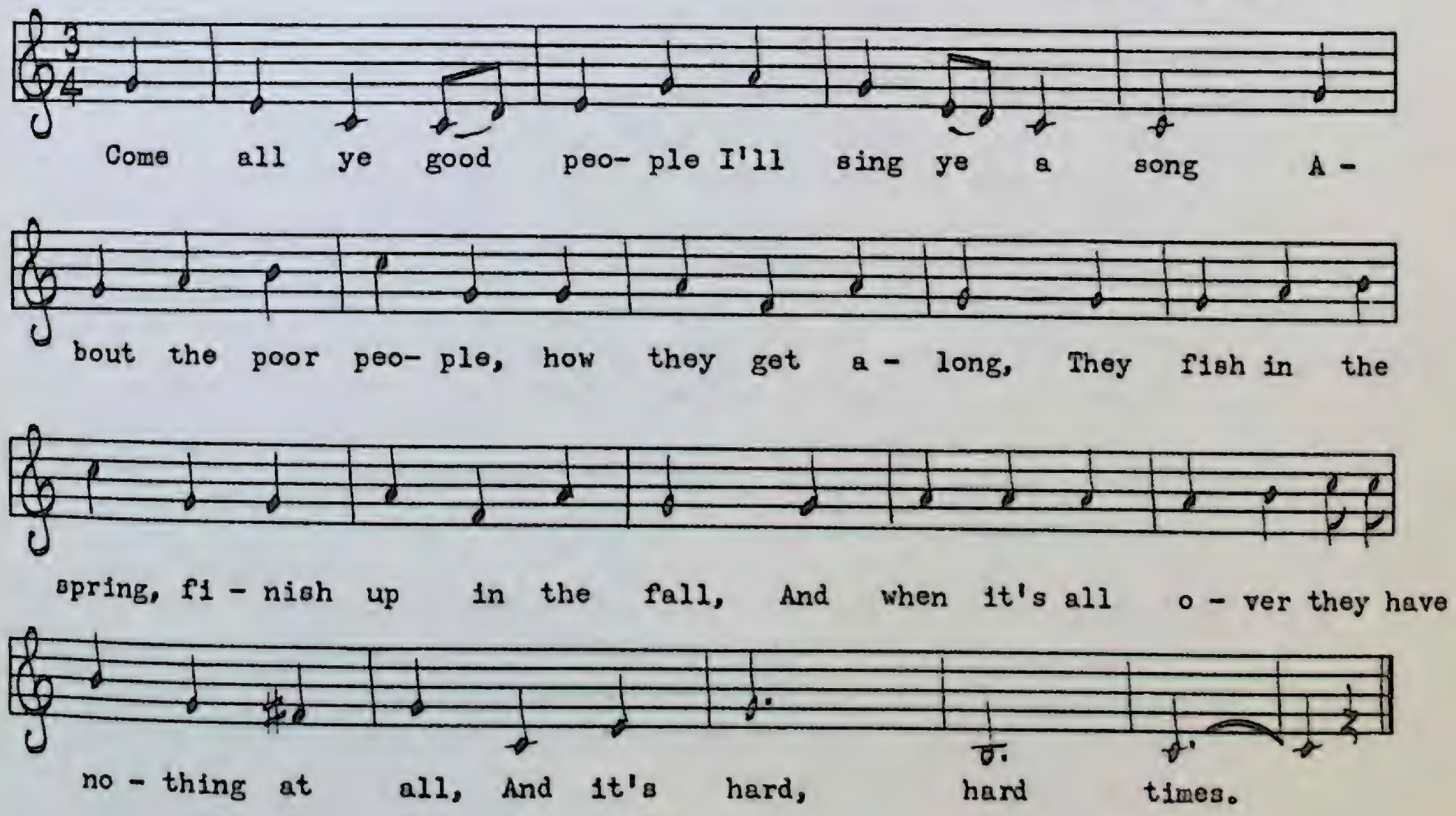
Moderate



B

PEA 8 No. 51
Ned Rice
Cape Broyle, July, 1951

Moderate



B

1. Come all ye good people I'll sing ye a song
About the poor people, how they get along,
They fish in the spring, finish up in the fall,
And when it's all over they have nothing at all,
And it's hard, hard times.

2. Go out in the morning, the wind it will sing,
It's over the side you will hear the line ring,
For out flow the jigger and freeze with the cold,
And as to for starting, all gone in the hole,
And it's hard, hard times.

3. Poor fishermen we been out all the day,
Come in in the evening full sail up the bay,
Find Kate in the corner with a wink and a nod
Saying, "Jimmy and Johnny, have you got any cod?"
And it's hard, hard times.

4. When you got some split and hung out for to dry
'Twill take all your time to brush off the flies,
To keep up with the maggots 'tis more than you'll do,
And out come the sun and it's all split in two,
And it's hard, hard times.

5. Oh now comes the merchant to see your supply:
"The fine side of fishing we'll have bye and bye,
Seven dollars for large and six-fifty for small."
Pick out your West Indie, you got nothing at all,
And it's hard, hard times.

6. The baker has loaves that get smaller each week,
He's as bad as the butcher that weighs up your meat,
The weights they fly up and the scales they whack down,
And he sings out its weight when it's short an half pound,
And it's hard, hard times.

7. Then next comes the carpenter to build you a house,
He claims it's so snug you will scarce find a mouse,
With holes in the roof where the rain it will pour,
The chimney will smoke and 'tis "Open the door!"
And it's hard, hard times.

8. The parson will tell you he'll save your poor soul,
If you stick to his books you will keep off the dole,
He'll give you his blessing or maybe a curse,
Put his hand in your pocket and walk out your purse,
And it's hard, hard times.

9. Then next comes the doctor the worst of them all
Saying: "What's been the matter with you all the fall?"
He says he will cure you of all your disease,
When your money he's got you can die if you please,
And it's hard, hard times.

10. The best thing to do is to work with a will,
For when it's all over you're hauled on the hill,
You're hauled on the hill and laid down in the cold,
And when it's all over you're still in the hole,
And it's hard, hard times.

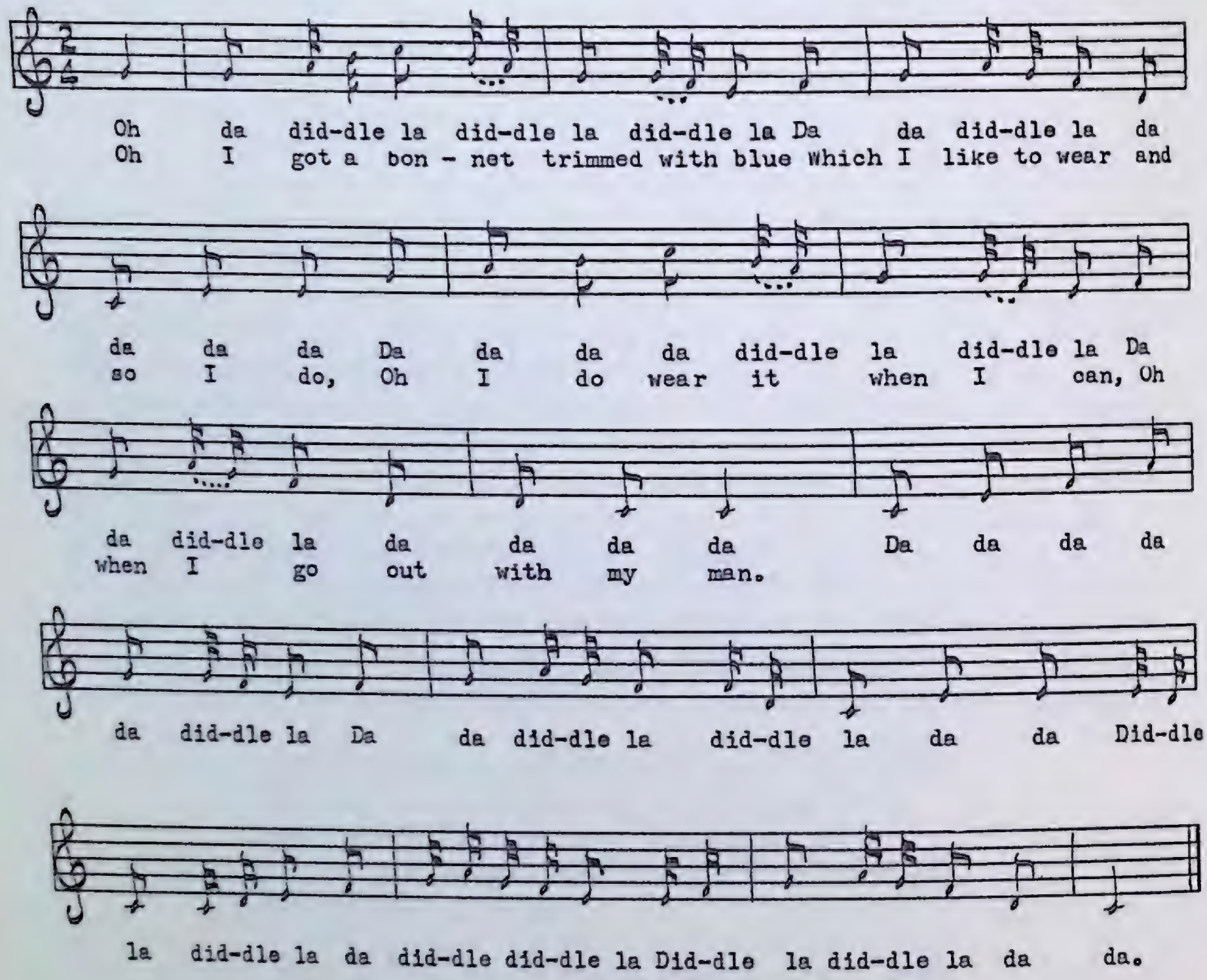
This native song is related to similar songs found in the United States and included in such collections as *Folk Songs of the South* (No. 183) by J. H. Cox, and *Folk Songs of Mississippi* (p. 215) by A. P. Hudson. The first four verses of this Newfoundland variant give a very good description of an average day in the life of an outport fisherman. As the song progresses, the humour becomes more and more sardonic, culminating in three quite memorable verses. The text is a collation of the two variants. Notice how Gordon Willis's first verse in *A* differs from the one given in the complete text. Ned Rice's seven-verse variant was one of several native songs from the National Museum's collection given to the late Gerald S. Doyle of St. John's for his 1955 booklet *Old-Time Songs of Newfoundland,* which was distributed free of charge throughout Newfoundland. Several of the songs have since become quite well known in Newfoundland and on the mainland and in recent years I have had to be careful not to re-collect them!

I Got a Bonnet Trimmed with Blue

(Chin Music)

PEA 167 No. 1056
Mrs. Nellie Musseau
Mouse Island, June, 1960

Very fast



Oh da diddle la diddle la diddle la
Da da diddle la da da da da
Da da da da diddle la diddle la
Da da diddle la da da da da.

Da da da da da diddle la
Da da diddle la diddle la da da
Diddle la diddle la da diddle diddle la
Diddle la diddle la da da.

Oh I got a bonnet trimmed with blue
Which I like to wear and so I do,
Oh I do wear it when I can,
Oh when I go out with my man.

Da da da da da diddle la
Da da diddle la diddle la da da
Diddle la diddle la da diddle diddle la
Diddle la diddle la da da.

'Chin' or 'mouth' music is a vocal imitation of instrumental music and is used for dancing when a fiddle or accordion is not handy. Some singers, like Mrs. Musseau, become so proficient that they are often called upon even when instruments are available. The fact that she occasionally interpolates a verse among her 'diddles,' sometimes a naughty one, adds to the fun. All the 'das' and 'diddles' of the text are approximations and need not be slavishly followed. Those familiar with jazz singing will realize that the art of instrumental vocalization is very much alive today. Singers like Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong are noted for their 'scat' choruses. The title verse appears in *Irish Country Songs* by Herbert Hughes, who says the song was imported into Kerry from England in the nineteenth century, and was a popular polka of the day.

Il faut voir que je me sauvais

PEA 143 No. 963
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1959

Vif

sais l'long d'un fau - cheur, Je pas-

Je pas - sais l'long d'un fau - cheur, Je pas-sais l'long d'un fau-

♭ (variable) (♮)

cheur, Le fau - cheur fau - chait, le fau- cheur fau -

chait, Il di - sait dans son lan - gage: "Quelle cha - leur, quelle cha-

leur!" Moi qui cro-yais qu'il di - sait: "V'là l' vo -leur, v'là l' vo-

leur!" Il faut voir que j'me sau - vais, Il faut voir.

Je passais l' long d'un faucheur, *(bis)*
Le faucheur fauchait, le faucheur fauchait,
Il disait dans son langage:
«Quelle chaleur, quelle chaleur!»
Moi qui croyais qu'il disait:
«V'là l' voleur, v'là l' voleur»,
Il faut voir que j' me sauvais,
Il faut voir.

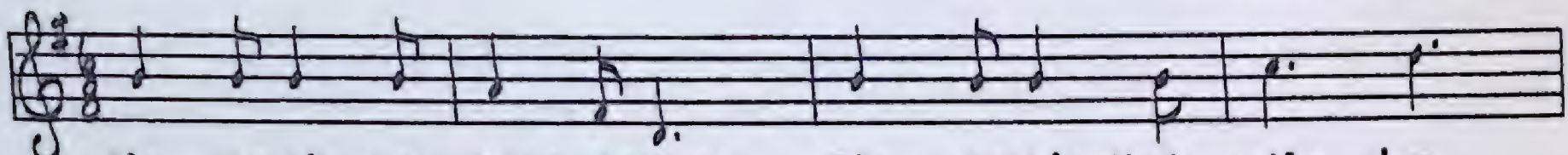
Je passais l' long d'un moulin, *(bis)*
Le moulin moulait, le moulin moulait,
Il disait dans son langage
«Tri que traque, tri que traque»,
Moi qui croyais qu'il disait:
«V'là qu' j'attrape, v'là qu' j'attrape»,
Il faut voir que j' me sauvais,
Il faut voir.

Je passais l' long d'une bâtisse, *(bis)*
Le curé qui était là
Il disait dans son langage:
«Dominus vobiscum, Dominus vobiscum»,
Et moi j' croyais qu'il disait:
«V'là l' bonhomme, v'là l' bonhomme»,
Il faut voir que j' me sauvais,
Il faut voir.

I's the B'y That Builds the Boat

PEA 1 No. 3 & MS
Lloyd Soper, Bob MacLeod
St. John's, June, 1951

Fast



1. I's the b'y that builds the boat,
   I's the b'y that sails 'er,
   I's the b'y that catches the fish
   And brings 'em home to Lizer.

   Hip yer partner Sally Tibbo,
   Hip yer partner Sally Brown,
   Fogo, Twillingate, Moreton's Harbour,
   All around the circle.

2. Sods and rinds to cover the flake,
   Tea and cakes for supper,
   Flatfish in the spring of the year
   Fried in maggoty butter.

3. I don't want yer maggoty fish,
   That's no good fer winter,
   I could buy as good as that
   Down in Bonavista.

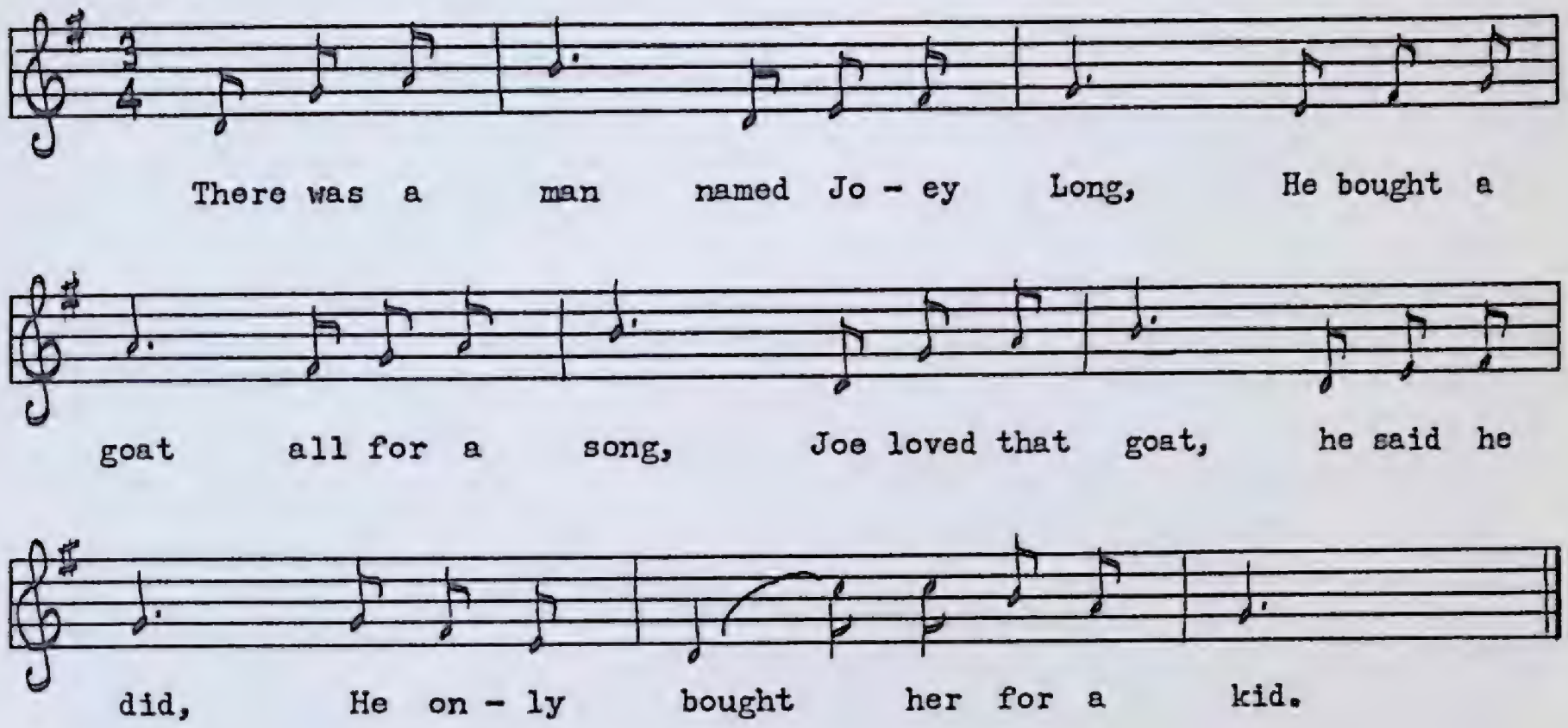
4. I took Lizer to a dance,
   Faith, but she could travel,
   Fer every step that she did take
   She was up to 'er knees in gravel!

5. Susan White she's out of sight
   Fixin' 'er petticoat border,
   Sammy Oliver in the dark
   He kissed 'er in the corner.

This rollicking native ditty has become well known since it first appeared in the late Gerald S. Doyle's 1955 booklet *Old-Time Songs of Newfoundland,* which he distributed free of charge throughout the island and to interested musicians on the mainland. In verse 2 the 'flake' is a platform covered with pieces of bark (rinds) on which the filleted cod are spread to dry out (*see* photographs).

Joey Long's Goat

PEA 176 No. 1092
Joshua Osborne
Seal Cove, White Bay, June, 1960



1. There was a man named Joey Long,
   He bought a goat all for a song,
   Joe loved that goat, he said he did,
   He only bought her for a kid.

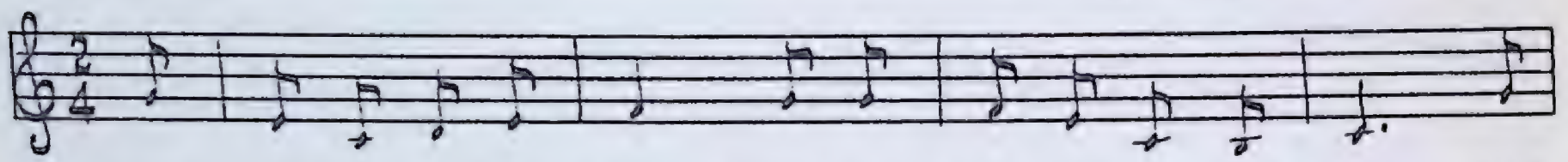
2. One day this goat so very fine
   Ate six big shirts all off the line,
   Joe caught her by the woolly back,
   He tied her to the railroad track.

3. And when the whistle it did blow
   He thought on days long long ago,
   The goat she screamed, 'twas not in vain,
   Coughed up the shirts and flagged the train.

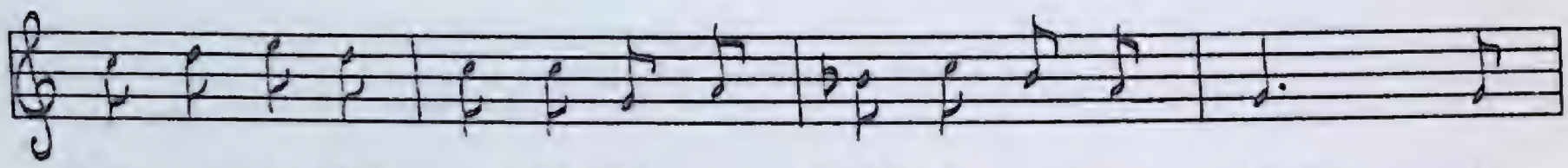
The Jubilee Guild

PEA 170 No. 1072
Arthur Keeping (composer)
Burnt Islands, June, 1960

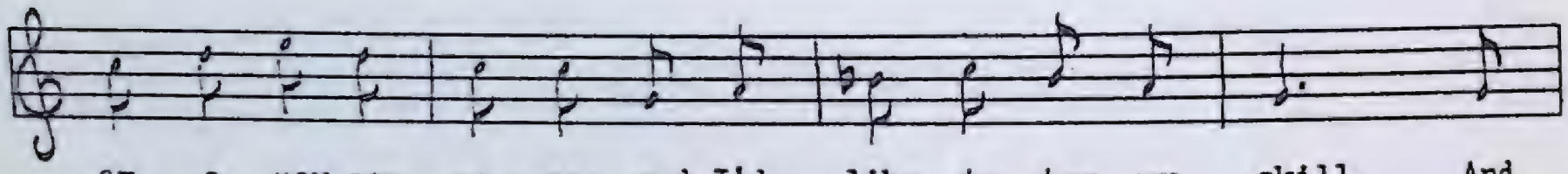
Moderately fast



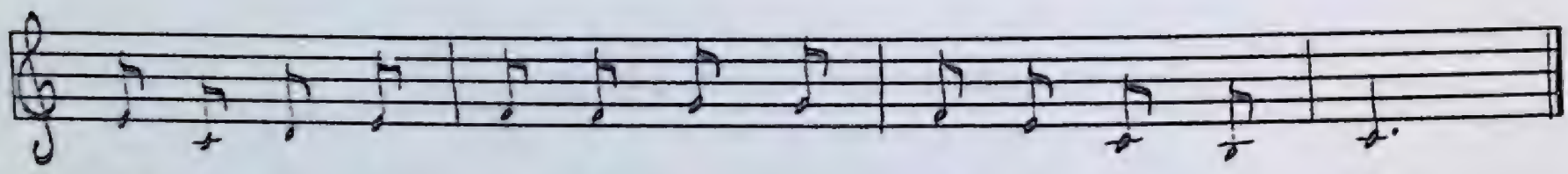
Come all you New-found-lan - ders I'll sing for you this song, It's



on - ly a few ver-ses and it won't de - lay you long, I



am a new com - po - ser and I'd like to try my skill, And



what I mean to speak of, boys, it is our Jubi- lee Guild.

1. Come all you Newfoundlanders I'll sing for you this song,
   It's only a few verses and it won't delay you long,
   I am a new composer and I'd like to try my skill,
   And what I mean to speak of, boys, it is our Jubilee Guild.

2. A girl came down from Canada, McLellan was her name,
   She was a clever young girl, no need to be ashamed,
   And two more girls from St. John's town they joined her with a will,
   To go out to Burnt Islands and start our Jubilee Guild.

3. When they came to Burnt Islands 'twas welcome and good cheer,
   The people came both young and old to know what they might hear,
   They elected in the members belonging to this place,
   And the women sot with eager minds and smiles upon their face.

4. The first to be a president, a secretary likewise,
   The next to be a treasurer, a woman who tells no lies,
   It took two hours to find one, an honest woman too,
   Someone to count the money and to know right what to do.

5. When they had it completed, boys, then each one took her place,
   "Come fetch along some old felt hats, house slippers we will make."
   They never had no gale-house nor no place to put their loom
   So the girls packed up all in despair and went up to Chaffey's room.

6. Then the women all got together and a tea they did prepare,
   They served it in the Island school where each might get her share,
   They said the boys were welcome up to their tea-and-chat
   But all the boys got frightened case they'd have to weave a mat.

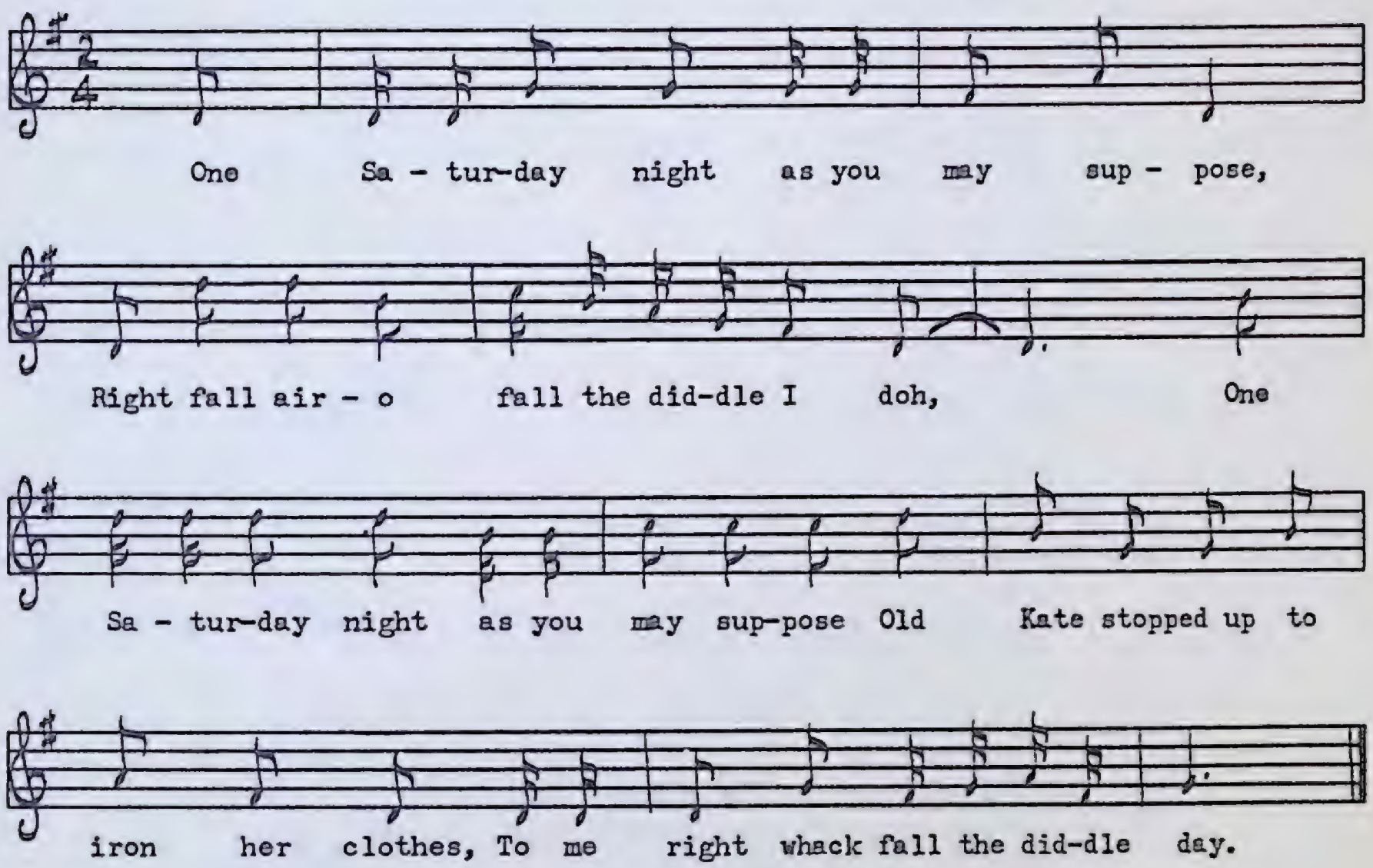
7. So now my song is ended, I'll have no more to say,
   But I could write a report, boys, to reach from Spaniard's Bay,
   But that would take some paper and a time for me to write,
   So wash your face and comb your hair there's a meeting on tonight.

This is Arthur Keeping's one and only effort as a composer, and quite a creditable job it is. The Jubilee Guild is a women's organization in St. John's, formed in 1935 as a service club to give instruction in handicrafts, domestic science, home nursing, and so forth, to women of the outports. The 'arty-crafty' types who often find emotional outlets in such organizations are good subjects for satire especially in the alien environment of an outport, but on the whole I think Mr. Keeping has been very kind. Actually, the organization has helped enormously in bringing economic and social benefits to the outports. At the very worst, it always provides entertainment for the male population. A 'room' (verse 5) is a shack where fish are usually processed (*see* photographs). The population of Burnt Islands is divided between the mainland and a nearby island (verse 6) where a school is situated. The water between is usually buzzing with boats, both manned and motored.

George Decker, Rocky Harbour

Kate's Big Shirt

PEA 146 No. 973
George Decker
Rocky Harbour, July, 1959



1. One Saturday night as you may suppose,
   Right fall air-o, fall the diddle I doh,
   One Saturday night as you may suppose
   Old Kate stopped up to iron her clothes,
   To me right whack fall the diddle day.

2. For fear that lonesome she may be
   Right fall air-o, fall the diddle I doh,
   For fear that lonesome she may be
   Old Tom stopped up for company,
   To me right whack fall the diddle day.

3. Oh off he strung both kind and true,
   Right fall air-o, fall the diddle I doh,
   Oh off he strung both kind and true,
   "Kate, does that big shirt belong to you?"
   To me right whack fall the diddle day.

4. "Oh yes," says Kate both kind and free,
   Right fall air-o, fall the diddle I doh,
   "Oh yes," says Kate both kind and free,
   "Oh that big shirt belongs to me."
   To me right whack fall the diddle day.

5. They both stripped off in their bare skin,
Right fall air-o, fall the diddle I doh,
They both stripped off in their bare skin,
And into the big shirt they got in,
To me right whack fall the diddle day.

6. So now they're in, they're in a fix,
Right fall air-o, fall the diddle I doh,
So now they're in, they're in a fix,
For to get out it is a nix,
To me right whack fall the diddle day.

7. They hooked the big shirt by the sleeves,
Right fall air-o, fall the diddle I doh,
They hooked the big shirt by the sleeves
For to slack them out with a little bit of grease,
To me right whack fall the diddle day.

8. The old man jumped up in a hell of a fright,
Right fall air-o, fall the diddle I doh,
The old man jumped up in a hell of a fright,
Bawled out to Kate for a candle light,
To me right whack fall the diddle day.

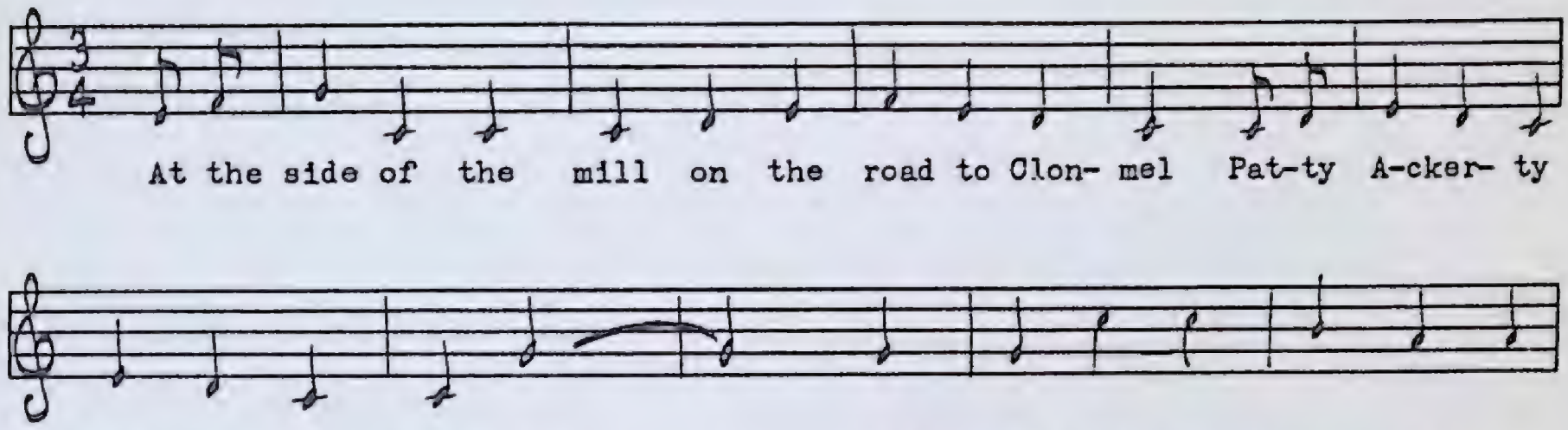
9. When he got up to his surprise,
Right fall air-o, fall the diddle I doh,
When he got up to his surprise
There was Kate's fat legs to the top of his eyes,
To me right whack fall the diddle day.

Mr. Decker learned this native ditty from someone who said it was composed in Fortune many years ago. It has the same tune as another native song *A Great Big Sea Hove in Long Beach* (*see* the Gerald S. Doyle booklets of 1940 and 1955).

Leather Britches

PEA 15 No. 89
Gordon Willis
St. John's, July, 1952

Fast



1. At the side of the mill on the road to Clonmel,
   Patty Ackerty kept many sheep in;
   Sold pig's meat and bread, kept a nice lodging bed
   They liked 'round the country he lived in.

2. Oh him and his wife both struggled through life,
   In the week Patty mended the ditches;
   And on Sunday he dressed in a coat of his best,
   But his pride was his old leather britches.

3. For twenty-one years it so do appears,
   Those britches his father had runned in;
   On the day that he died he to his bedside,
   Called Patty his dutiful son in.

4. And advice then he gave ere he went to the grave,
   He bid him take care of his riches;
   He said, "It's no use to step into my shoes,
   But I wish you'd pop into my britches."

5. Last winter the snow lay provisions so low,
   When Patty was eat out completely;
   The snow coming down, he could not go to town,
   But the hunger so bothered him greatly.

6. One night as he lay a-dreaming away,
   At the prill-dogs, their frills, and the witches;
   He heard an uproar just outside the door,
   And he crept to steal on his old britches.

7. Says Barry McGurke with a voice like a Turk
"Come Patty, come get us some eating."
Say big Andy More, "We'll burst open the door,
For this is no night to be waiting!"

8. Oh scarce had he spoke when in the door broke,
They gathered 'round Patty like leeches.
"By the good martial grog if you don't give us prog,
We'll eat you clean out of your britches!"

9. Oh Patty went red, he slipped into the bed,
That held Judy, his darling wife in;
'Twas there he agreed to get them a feed,
He slipped out and brought a big knife in.

10. He took up the waist of his britches with haste,
He cut out the buttons and stitches;
And he cut them in stripes, right away they were tripes,
And he boiled them his old leather britches.

11. And when they were stewed, on a dish they were threwed,
The boys they cried out, "Lord he thankèd!"
And Ackerty's wife was afraid of her life,
She thought it high time for to shank it.

12. Oh how they smiled when they thought Pat had boiled
Some beef and some mutton of the richest;
But little they knew it was leather burgoo
Was made out of Patty's old britches!

13. They walloped the stuff, says Andy, "It's tough!"
Says Patty, "You're no judge of mutton."
When Barry McGurke on the point of his fork,
He lift up a big ivory button.

14. Says Derby, "What's that?—sure, I thought it was fat."
Barry leaps to his feet and he screeches:
"By the good martial grog I was trying to shove
Me teeth through the flap of his britches!"

15. 'Twas well then for Pat he had gone out at that,
He fled when he found them all risin';
Says Barry, "Make haste, and go for the priest,
By the holy St. Jackstone, I'm poisoned!"

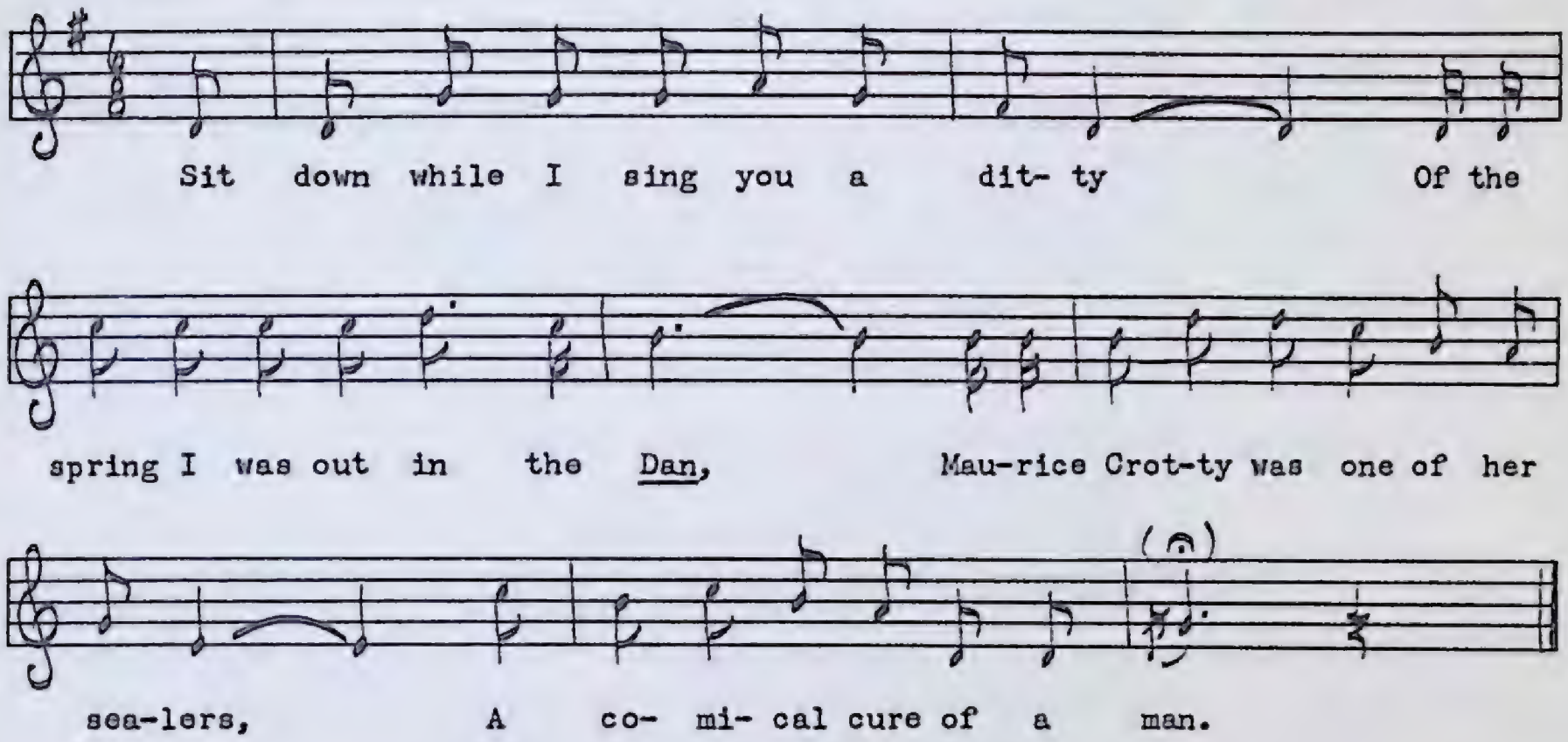
16. For Patty's big joke they got up and broke
The table, the bowls and the dishes;
And from that very night they'd knock out your daylight,
If they caught you in old leather britches.

This is one of the most amusing Irish comic ballads found in Newfoundland. Many locally-composed ditties have used this type of humour to good effect too. A version of the ballad appears in Manus O'Conor's *Irish Com-All-Ye's,* New York, 1901.

Maurice Crotty

PEA 16 No. 92
Gordon Willis
St. John's, July, 1952

Moderately fast



1. Sit down while I sing you a ditty,
   Of the spring I was out in the *Dan;*
   Maurice Crotty was one of her sealers,
   A comical cure of a man.

2. He could spin out a yarn by the hour,
   And lies he could tell by the score,
   And when Maurice came down in the ballroom,
   All hands in 'er body would roar.

3. It was his first spring at ice hunting,
   Not a rope in the ship did he know,
   Not even to fold up a bunting,
   And awkward to lace up a tow.

4. Then the captain sang out one fine morning,
   "Come Crotty, your trick at the wheel."
   He shook like a mouse in a skillet,
   So timid and nervous did feel.

5. We passed by some steamers lights blazing,
   And Maurice he whispered to me,
   "Ain't that a fine sight Mr. Daly?
   Apothecaries' shops on the sea!"

6. "Does a swordfish go in for hop bitters?"
   Says Maurice to me with a frown,
   "Is there no one laid up with the measles?
   For it's strange to see drug stores leave town!"

7. We struck the white-coats the next morning,
And over 'er side every man,
With his gaff and his bat on his shoulder,
As we copied over each pan.

8. And Maurice a half mile behind us,
Was catching all kinds of queer frills,
He was bowing and scraping on tip-toe,
Like a man in a set of quadrilles.

9. We missed him all day till the evening,
I mind I had four young harps laced,
We were over three miles from the steamer,
A long road before us to face.

10. McCarthy had six, he was stronger,
And Mullins could only haul two.
I said it myself, "Oh yes Crotty
Was the only slack man in the crew."

11. Coming home 'bout a mile from the steamer,
We saw Maurice stripped off for a bout,
And a big old do-hood with his flippers,
Was stretching him out every clout.

12. "I challenged him fair," said poor Maurice,
"For a fight he before me does stand;
But he took a mean dirty advantage,
And he hit me with rocks in his hand!"

13. We backed him in turn to the steamer,
And tucked him up snugly in bed;
Next morning he came to his senses,
He called me aside and he said:

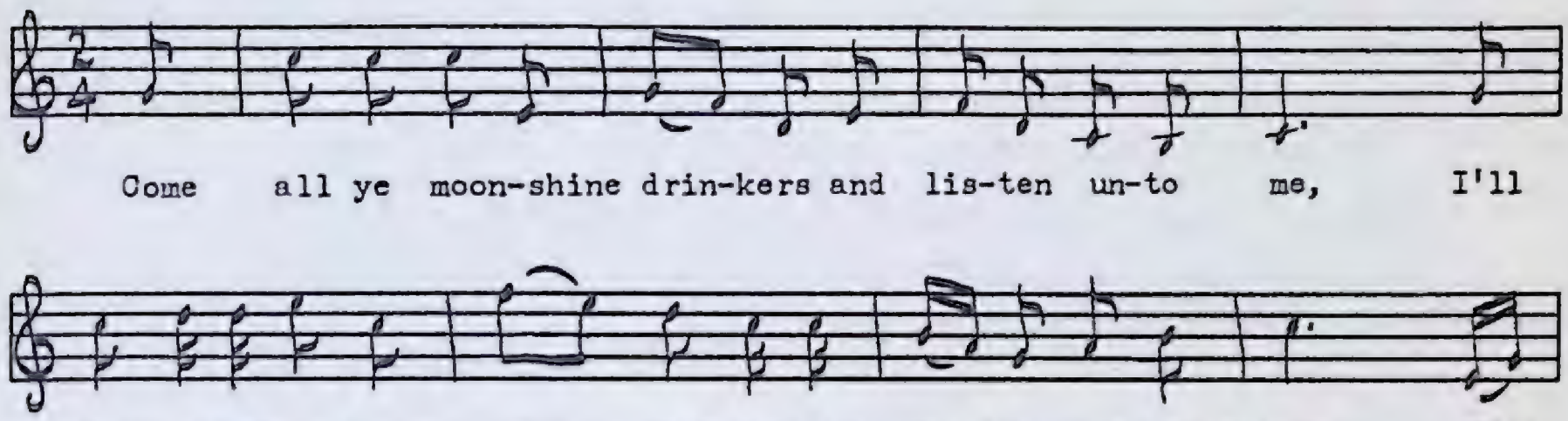
14. He must have got drunk from the liquor,
Or with that he would beat me to death,
For I'm certain he had a nice jag on,
I got the smell of 'Old Tom' from his breath.

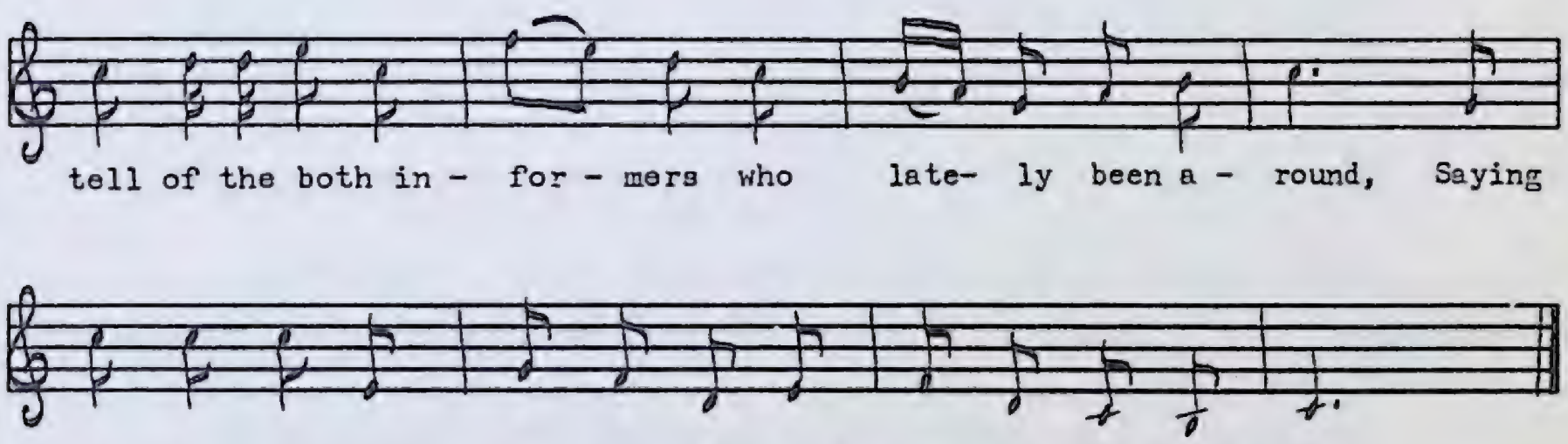
The text and the tune of this native sealer's ditty sound Irish enough to have been composed in Ireland, or in New York City in the nineteenth century at the height of the Irish influence. Mr. Willis has taken the tune from the Irish comic ditty *Grandfather Bryan,* reproduced elsewhere in this section.

The Moonshine Can

PEA 124 No. 880
Kenneth Pink
Rose Blanche, June, 1959

Fast





PEA 171 No. 1076
Joshua Osborne
Seal Cove, White Bay, June, 1960

1. Come all my friends and comrades, come listen unto me,
   Beware of those informers, you see how they served me,
   Beware of those informers good people all around,
   For jealousy could not agree, they put our whisky down.

2. On Easter Sunday morning as you may plainly see
   Just as soon as Mickey got the news he did come down to me,
   He did come down to me, my boys, and put me on a stand
   Saying, "Pat there is a big kick up about your moonshine can."

3. The next that brought us all the news it was one of our rank,
   I suppose you all do know his name, his name it is young Frank,
   His name it is young Frank, my boys, as you may understand,
   He is one of our lively chaps belong to Newfoundland.

4. The next misfortune came on me sure I was forced to go,
   To travel 'cross the lonely plain up to my knees in snow,
   To travel 'cross the lonely plain it was against the grain
   As I marched up to the court-house before a crowd of men.

5. As I marched up to the bar as you may plainly see.
"What did you make it out of?" the judge to me did say,
"What did you make it out of?" the judge to me did say,
"Of yeast cake and molasses, sure that's the proper way."

6. "Of yeast cake and molasses?—sure that's a curious plan."
The next misfortune came on me I had to lose my can,
I had to give it up you see and that with no delay,
When up comes Mister Parsons my can to take away.

7. Sure I went in and brought it out and that with no delay,
I stood just like a monument with not one word to say,
To hear those pipes a-rattling it grieved my heart full sore
And when he put them in the bay it grieved me ten times more.

8. And now our whisky is put down it does seem rather queer,
Never mind, my darling boys, they won't stick us on the beer,
We'll go into a neighbor's house and drink a health all round,
But no health to those informers who put our whisky down.

9. Here's luck to Doctor Grenfell, that kind and gentle man,
He need not have been so hard on me for I was a poor man,
I wish him health and happiness all on the Judgment Day,
And a crown of glory be his bed when he shall pass away.

10. Here's luck to our good magistrate, may the Lord look down on him,
And when he leaves this world behind, goes on the other end,
'Tis there he'll meet Saint Peter the man who keeps the key,
The man who keeps the key, my boys, the door he will unlock,
Saying, "Walk right in good magistrate, make one among the flock."

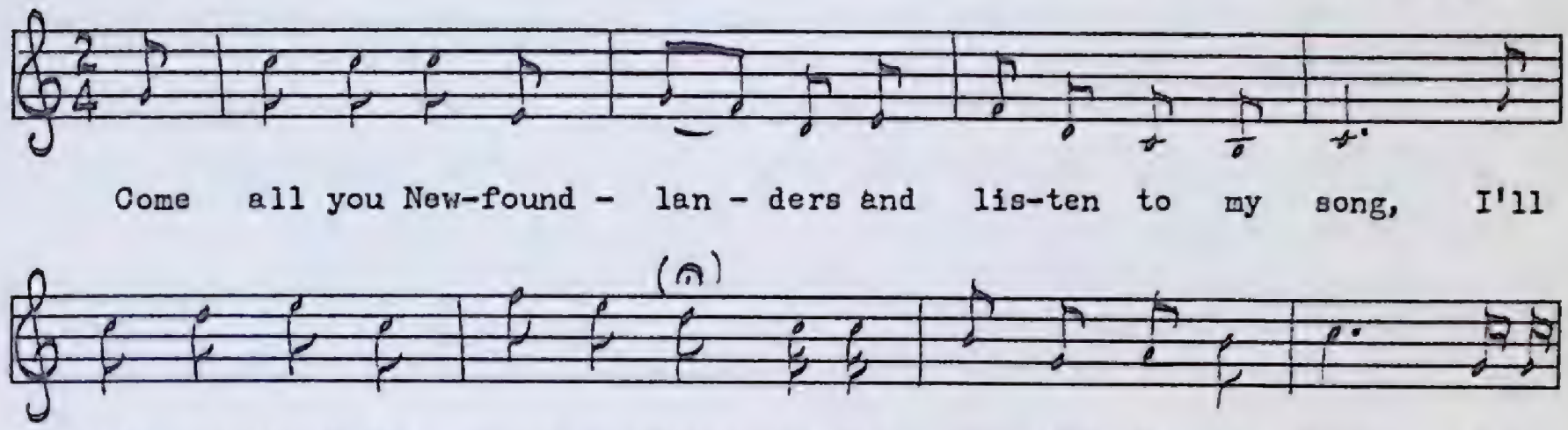
11. The man who made this song, sir, I'm sure he told no lie,
And if you want to know his name, his name it is Pat Roy,
His name it is Pat Roy, my boys, to Goose Cove do belong,
And when the whisky comes again we'll make a better song.

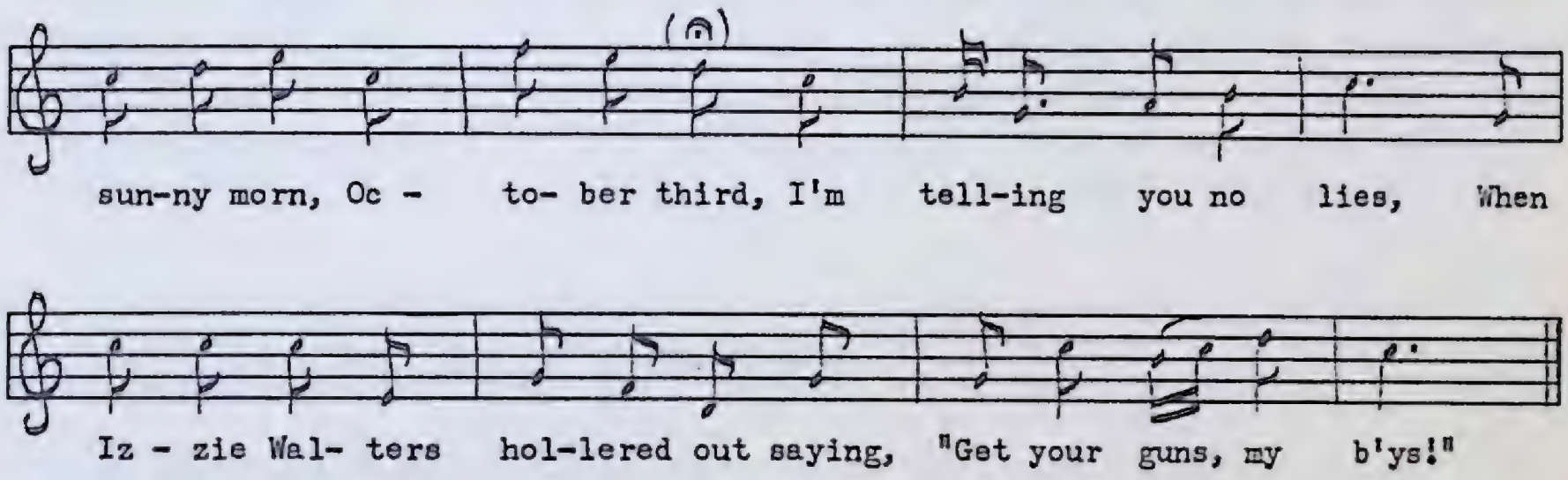
Most outport grocery stores sell home-brew kits of malt extract, hops, and yeast to make beer, a perfectly legal practice. Those with a taste for something stronger, however, must go to one of the few government liquor stores (some Newfoundlanders are more than 200 miles from the nearest), or run the risk of distilling their own moonshine from home-brew. I am told that many have chosen this latter course, and like the hero of *The Moonshine Can,* have been caught with their pipes showing. Others have been more fortunate and have even gone into local commercial production with great success. An acquaintance of mine, in fact, ran such a slick operation that the Mounties could never figure it out. He had a completely sealed small room in the middle of his house which could be entered only from underneath the house via a tunnel from an outhouse. If anyone called for a bottle of the 'finest,' Mr. X simply filled one of his wife's preserving jars from an inconspicuous 'water' tap in the kitchen, piped in from the invisible room. Mr. X is now retired, by the way.

The Moose Song

PEA 169 No. 1071
George Croucher (composer)
Burnt Islands, June, 1960

Moderately fast





1. Come all you Newfoundlanders and listen to my song,
   I'll tell you 'bout the moose we killed and the man that did us wrong,
   On a sunny morn, October third, I'm telling you no lies,
   When Izzie Walters hollered out saying, "Get your guns, my b'ys!"

2. "There is a moose down in the reach, he's coming up the lane,
   Jim Keeping's got him rounded up, I think he must be tame."
   Our guns and ammunition we got without delay,
   Lou Lemmon had the first shot I'm very sure to say.

3. George Croucher had the second shot if you want to know his name,
   Bill Munden had the third shot which brought him to his end.
   There were men, women, and children all gathered round the hill
   All looking for a piece of meat their appetite to fill.

4. But just before we got him cleaned a voice from the crowd did say:
   "I guess we're all going to be hung, the squealer's on his way."
   He came up 'long side of us and he unto us did say:
   "I'm sorry b'ys to inform on you," and turned and walked away.

5. We took the moose and chopped him up and gave it all around,
   It looked just like a meat market that day on Dewey's Ground.
   The men that killed the moose, my b'ys, they would not hurt a chick,
   To let that squealer inform on us we should have broke his neck.

6. But let's think of the Bible, b'ys, and with it we'll abide,
When they slap you on the left check hold up the other side.
The magistrate he came around, unto the laws he went
To try to soak us poor b'ys who never had a cent.

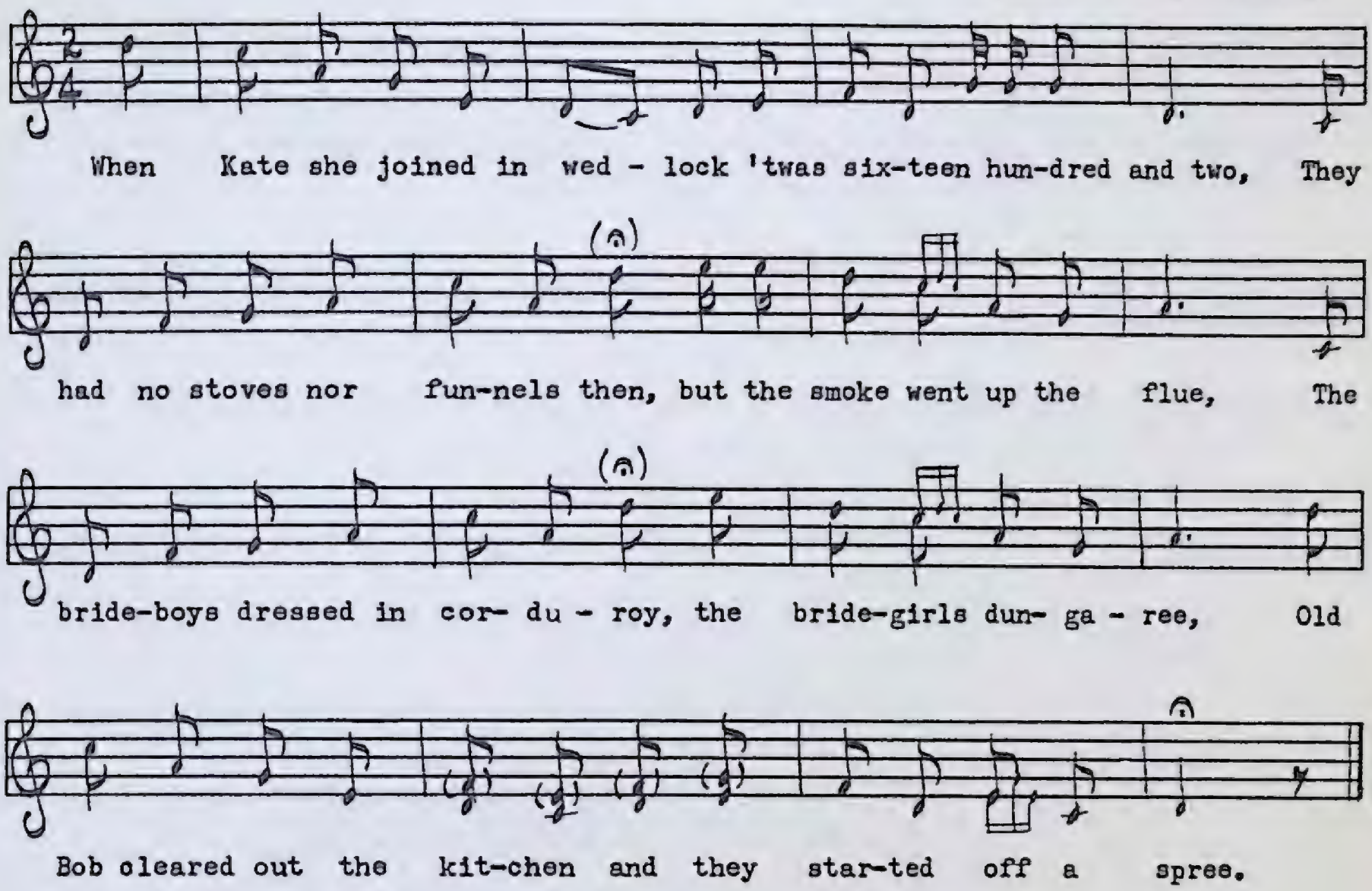
7. He said, "You broke the law, my b'ys, and did you understand
Two hundred dollars is the fine but I'll do the best I can."
If he had all to do with it he would not soak us men,
To see the grief lie on his face, his heart was touched within.

8. Our statement was all given in, everything went very well,
He said, "Five dollars is the fine or fourteen days in jail."
And now my song is ending I'm going to propose
It's going to pay the squealer b'y to keep his big mouth closed.

This is another example of a song, written by a one-song composer, which has turned out rather successfully. In western and southern Newfoundland it is quite common to find moose wandering around an outport at night, but in broad daylight it is something of a rarity. No wonder the men got trigger happy. For Jim Keeping (verse 2) in a more cultural mood see *The Unquiet Grave*.

Olden Days

MS 88
Chris Cobb (composer)
Barred Island, July, 1952



1. When Kate she joined in wedlock 'twas sixteen hundred and two,
   They had no stoves nor funnels then, but the smoke went up the flue,
   The bride-boys dressed in corduroy, the bride-girls dungaree,
   Old Bob cleared out the kitchen and they started off a spree.
2. Uncle Ruben held the fiddle, it was up and down the floor,
   Swing around Jemina, but don't knock down my door!
   Swing to your partner, Nell Bell Flemont, dance to your partner
   now John Twine,
   Right and left, me darlin' creature, now fair lady toe the line!
3. Saul took down the flint and steel, we all shook hands with the bride,
   Aunt Viner went to get some cake and her costume came untied,
   We seated around the open fire when Jezz began to spin,
   He took a chew of 'T and B' when the juice ran down his chin.
4. When the dance was finished it was fill your old T.D.'s,
   Bill crawled under the table and tickled Bessie's knees,
   Saul brought in a stock of rum from a Frenchman in the bay,
   He placed the jar on the table—come on, boys, drink away!
5. Jim Hickman made some baskets, all of us bought one,
   We tied them to the bride's frock tail, now didn't we have fun,
   Nick had killed a great big owl and Lude had a job,
   She dished the soup on table, they called it northern slob.

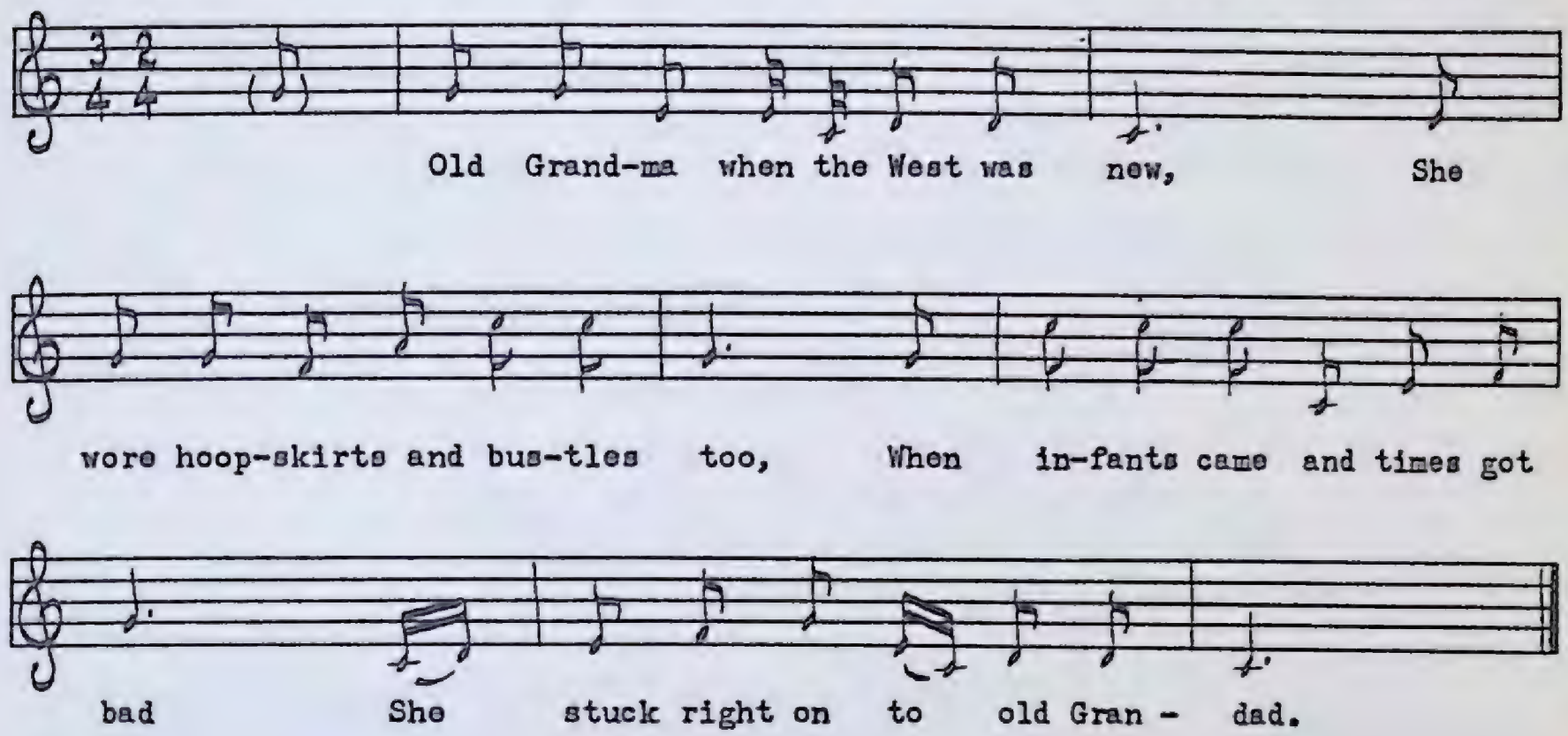
6. Uncle Joshua raised an argument, he called young Clem a liar,
He made a crack at Nattie's back, then his whisker caught on fire,
Sal she rushed for water and nearly drowned us all,
We all ran home and jumped in bunk and this cleared up the ball.

Chris Cobb is, of course, kidding about the date '1602.' The wedding party actually took place in Barred Islands, and Chris composed this song to commemorate the event and to entertain the people who had been there. The modal tune is particularly well suited to the words.

Old Grandma

PEA 6 No. 38
Mrs. Rossiter
Cape Broyle, July, 1591

Moderately fast



1. Old Grandma when the West was new,
   She wore hoop-skirts and bustles too,
   When infants came and times got bad
   She stuck right on to old Grandad.

2. She worked hard seven days of the week
   To keep Grandad well-fed and sleek,
   Twenty-one children came to bless
   Their happy home in the wilderness.

3. Twenty-one boys, oh how they grew
   Big and strong on bacon too,
   They slept on the floor with the sheep and the goats,
   And they hunted in the woods in their oil-skin coats.

4. Great Grandad was a busy old man,
   He washed his face in the frying pan,
   Shaved his beard with a hunting-knife,
   And he wore the one suit all his life.

5. Twenty-one necks Grandma would scrub,
   Twenty-one shirts in the old wash-tub,
   Twenty-one meals three times a day,
   It's no wonder Grandma's hair turned gray!

6. She knit socks and sixty pair,
   Twenty-one suits of underwear,
   She sat outside ten times a day,
   She smoked her pipe and she drank her tea.

7. She cooked and scrubbed, hung out a wash,
She could take her likker too, by gosh!
Great Grandad once skinned a goat,
And Old Grandma made a new fur coat.

8. Great Grandma had a broody hen,
She got it from her cousin Ben,
In a pair of pants she made a nest,
And the hen hatched out a coat and vest.

9. She could make good mountain brew,
Home-baked beans and Irish stew,
Grandma she could read and write,
She was deaf but she had good sight.

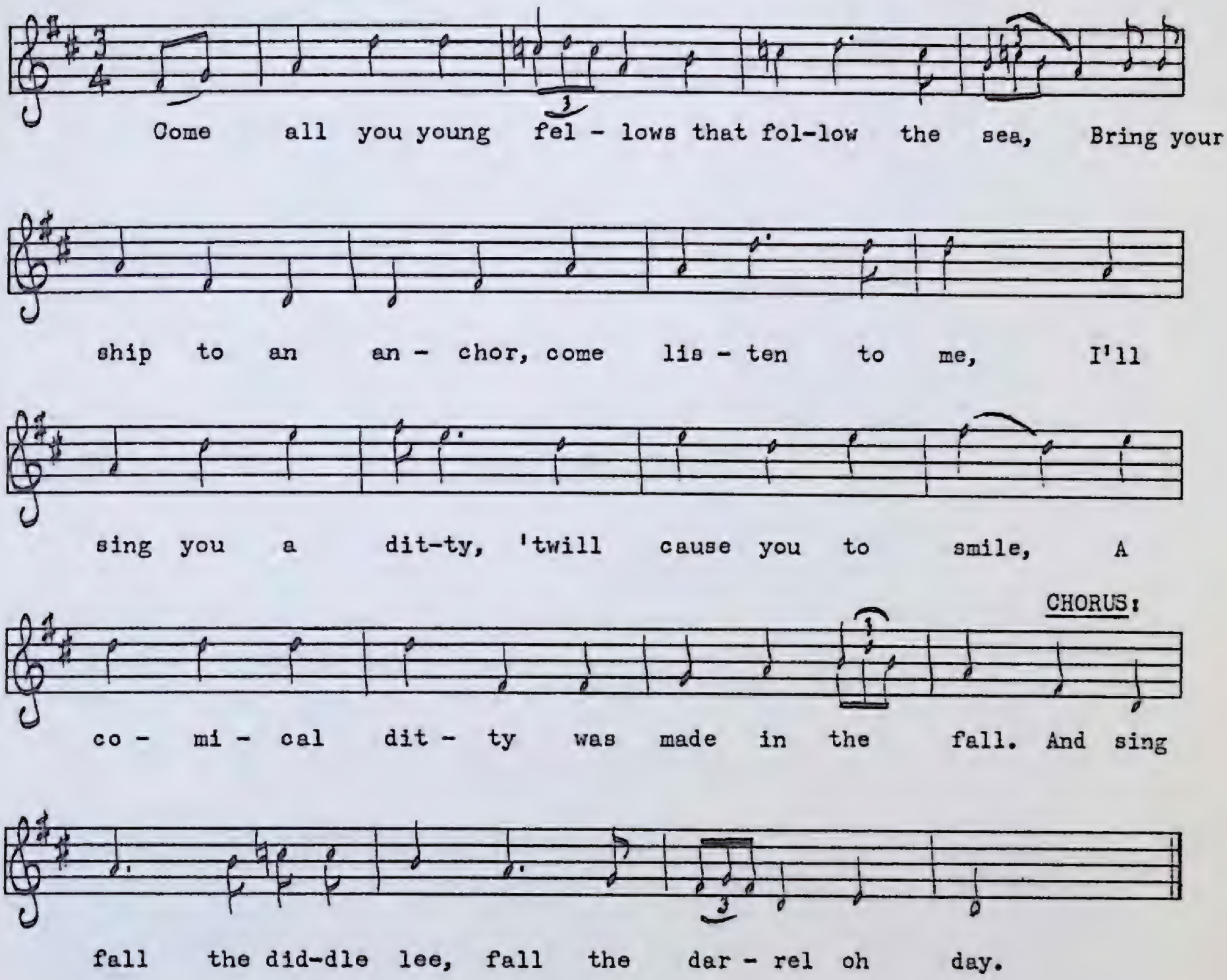
10. And what she did was quite all right,
She worked all day and she slept all night,
But the young girls now are the other way,
They're up all night and sleep all day.

A similar, and probably related, song called *Great Grandad* appeared in frontier American newspapers in the nineteenth century. Like *Old Grandma* it concentrated on the humourous aspects of pioneer life. As far as I know, this Newfoundland variant is the best and most complete version to be collected from oral tradition.

Old Grandma Hones

PEA 208 No. 1184
Patrick Rossiter
Fermeuse, October, 1961

Moderate, steady time



1. Come all you young fellows that follow the sea,
   Bring your ship to an anchor, come listen to me,
   I'll sing you a ditty 'twill cause you to smile,
   A comical ditty was made in the fall.
   And sing fall the diddle lee, fall the darrel oh day.

2. Our captain came on deck and the word was: "Make sail!"
   The wind from the nor'ward it blew a smart gale.
   We quickly weighed anchors and outward did stand,
   Soon lost sight of Sydney, our own native land.

3. About one o'clock when the wind it did howl
   Around Scatarie the old *Liza* did crawl,
   We jibed o'er our main boom and ran by the wind,
   We passed Main-à-Dieu and we didn't call in. (*pronounced Man-a-Doo*)

4. We went up Louisburg Harbour, ashore we did go,
Plenty girls was there but a few did we know.
But now we're in Halifax, smoke, steam, and starm,
We'll go to Missus Hone's and think it no harm.

5. There's old Grandad Hones in the doorway do stand,
He tells us long tales about Newfoundland,
He tells us long tales about the wild shore,
And the money he made down on the Labrador.

6. The girls they come in with a laugh and a smile,
Their hair all in ringlets, dressed up in great style.
"You're welcome home sailors, you're welcome on shore,
For we found the time long since we saw ye before."

7. There's old Grandma Hones with a pain in her leg,
A cramp 'cross her stomach, goin' off to her bed.
She leaves us all night with her daughters to sport,
And it's on her old sofa good Lord didn't we court!

8. When early the next morning the long wharf we'll spy,
The long wharf we'll spy where the old *Liza* do lie.
We'll jump on the deck with a laugh and surprise,
And the captain'll say, "Damn ye! who's making that n'ise?"

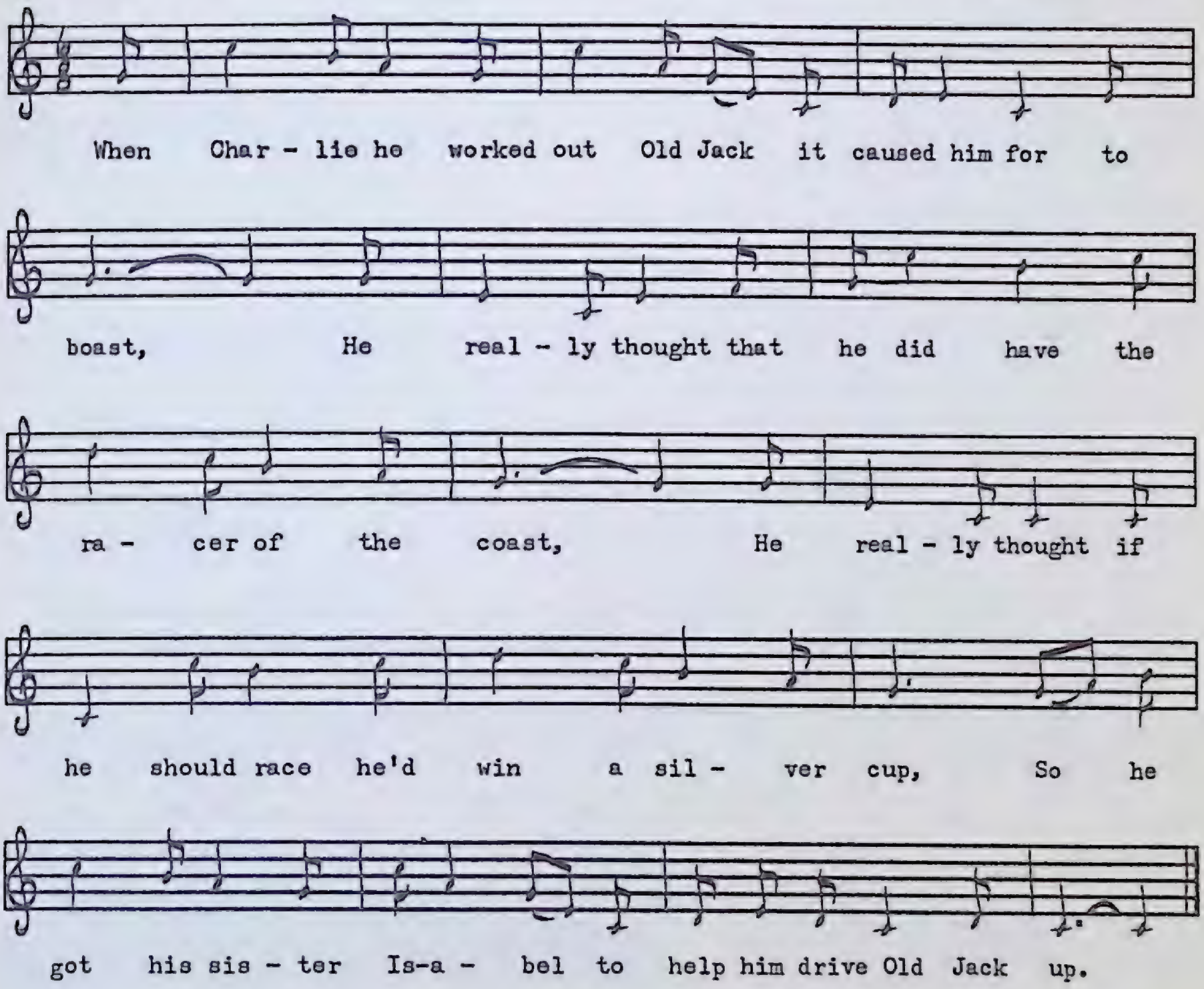
9. So now it's the fall we'll go look for our pipes,
Fresh beef and cold mutton to blow out our tripes.
We have a good skipper, we are very proud,
God bless the old *Liza* and Captain McLeod!

The lusty innocence of the sailors in the Hones household is strongly reminiscent of the tavern scenes in Benjamin Britten's opera *Peter Grimes,* in which the tavern-keeper Auntie and her two 'nieces' dispense food and fun to the male villagers and 'think it no harm.' Scatarie, Main-à-Dieu, and Louisburg are all on the east coast of Cape Breton. Although probably composed by Cape Bretoners many decades ago, the song has not been noted in Nova Scotia. Mr. Rossiter learned it forty-five years ago while working in the sealing fishery. Many Newfoundlanders visit and work in Cape Breton, and the exchange of songs goes on to this day.

Old Jack

PEA 161 No. 1034
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959

Moderately fast



1. When Charlie he worked out Old Jack it caused him for to boast,
   He really thought that he did have the racer of the coast,
   He really thought if he should race he'd win a silver cup,
   So he got his sister Isabel to help him drive Old Jack up.

2. When Charlie he drove Old Jack home he tied him to the fence,
   The poor beast had been hungry and to eat he did commence,
   He ate Dan Pelley's moccasins, chewed off a garden rail,
   And was making for Jim's whiskers when Charlie caught him by
   the tail.

3. Charlie's a handsome fellow, he is proper, tall, and thin,
   Aunt Pelley is his proper aunt, his father's name is Jim,
   For howling and for fighting he's an awful lad to boast,
   But you will not find a smarter lad than Charlie up the coast.

4. Old Jack's body is like a match-box a-standing on four pegs,
Jack's ribs are long and wiry and he's got four hairy legs,
Jack's tail is just as frizzy as a sweet forget-me-not,
And his face is just the color of a darn old rusty pot.

5. And now to tell the teamster's name to bring it all in rhyme,
Young Jim sits on and takes the whip and old Jim sits on behind,
They'll let him trot and walk along till he gets up on their back,
Then as hard as the Lord can give them strength they'll have to pull Jack back.

6. Oh Alec in the race with Charlie gave to him no slack,
Until he saw it was no use for him to chase Old Jack,
To chase him any farther Alec saw it was no use,
And the next one he is going to race it will be Simon Bruce.

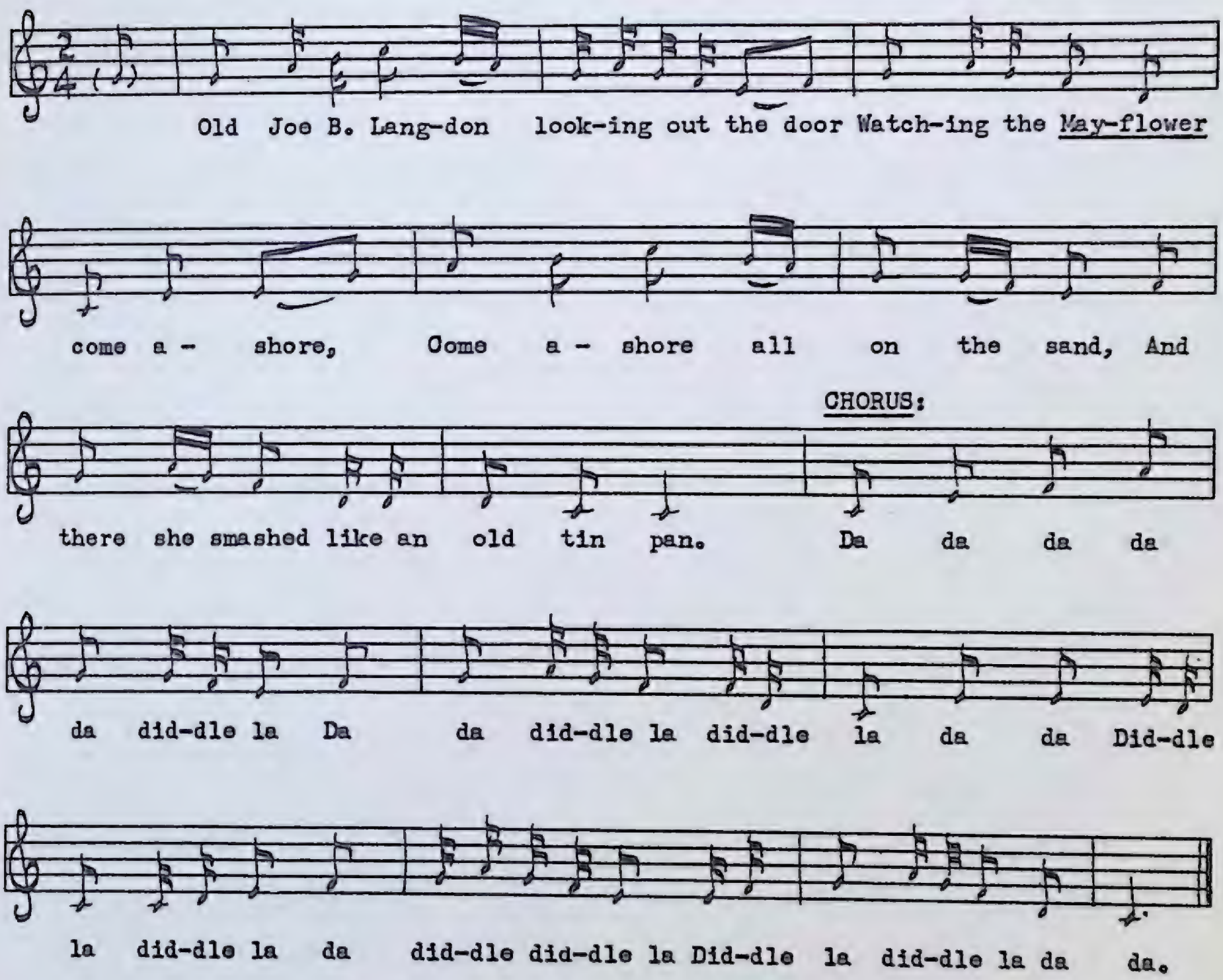
7. Old Jim is a smart old chap he never shaves his rails,
But his whiskers they are all knocked off by the wind from Old Jack's heels,
Since old Jim lost his whiskers it's true so I have heard,
All up and down the road, my boys, you'll pick up tufts of fur.

This native ditty about a horse was composed by Sam House who lives on Newfoundland's northwest coast. Fences are often made from small spruce stakes nailed upright to cross boards. The sharp tips are sometimes left unsawed like Old Jim's in verse 7 ("never shaves his rails").

The Old "Mayflower"

(Chin Music)

PEA 167 No. 1058
Mrs. Nellie Musseau
Mouse Island, June, 1960



1. Old Joe B. Langdon looking out the door
   Watching the *Mayflower* come ashore,
   Come ashore all on the sand,
   And there she smashed like an old tin pan.

   Da da da da da diddle la
   Da da diddle la diddle la da da
   Diddle la diddle la da diddle diddle la
   Diddle la diddle la da da.

2. Oh out with the cargo, dry fish and ale,
   Old Don Mills he stole the pail,
   Nellie Peckham quick like a whistle
   Grabbed some jars and stole the kettle.

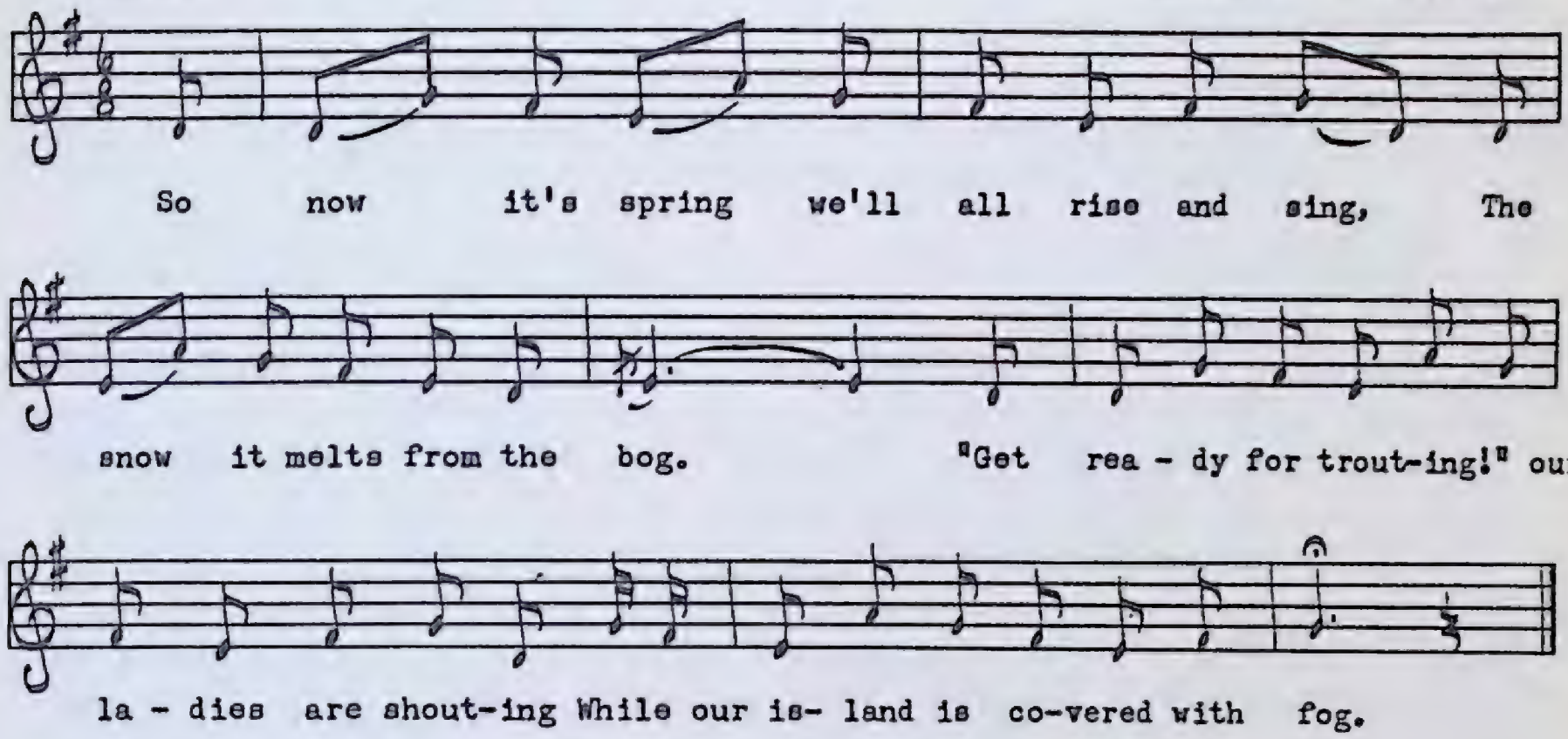
3. Cookie Gillis, the second man,
Carried the wood across Cape Sand,
He piled it up like an old church tower
And that was the end of the old *Mayflower*.

The author of this native ditty is unknown. For a note on 'chin' music see *I Got A Bonnet Trimmed With Blue,* also sung by Mrs. Musseau. For hundreds of years vessels both large and small have been running aground on Newfoundland's treacherous coast. Once it has been established that the boat is abandoned or crewless, its cargo and fittings are considered fair game by the local inhabitants. In the old days of French and English conflict over the island, many fine pieces of furniture found their way into outport homes from wrecked vessels. In fact, I have heard tales that the local settlers (who had not even achieved the status of pawns in the struggle) would deliberately set beacons in unaccustomed places to lure vessels onto a shoal or reef. Since they had always been left to fend for themselves, they did not much care what nationality the ships were.

Our Island Is Covered with Fog

MS 92
Chris Cobb (composer)
Barred Island, July, 1952

Moderate



1. So now it's spring, we'll all rise and sing,
   The snow it melts from the bog.
   "Get ready for trouting!" our ladies are shouting,
   While our island is covered with fog.

2. Some are out gunning, the rivers are running,
   And uncle is towing a log
   More are scoffing, while others are coughing,
   Our island is covered with fog.

3. Some are wood chopping, others are scoffing,
   Around to the store they do jog,
   With jars on a string we know it is spring,
   But our island is covered with fog.

4. The young lambs are bleating, this is our spring's greeting,
   One man to the water did sog,
   He's offended with Rachel, she lost her new satchel,
   Our island is covered with fog.

5. Old Mrs. Bussey, she seems rather fussy,
   Been searching all day for her dog,
   She phoned to the station and told her relation,
   Our island is covered with fog.

6. To the church they are flocking, the doors are unlocking,
   With buckets they are feeding their hog,
   Like birds of the feather, they all flock together,
   Our island is covered with fog.

7. Uncle Bill Cleary, he feels rather weary,
   Wishes he had a good grog,
   States his condition, and swears by pro'bition,
   While our island is covered with fog.

8. Poor old Aunt Viner, she is an old-timer,
   For the weather to change she do sob,
   Her grandchildren assemble and say she's quite nimble,
   Though our island is covered with fog.

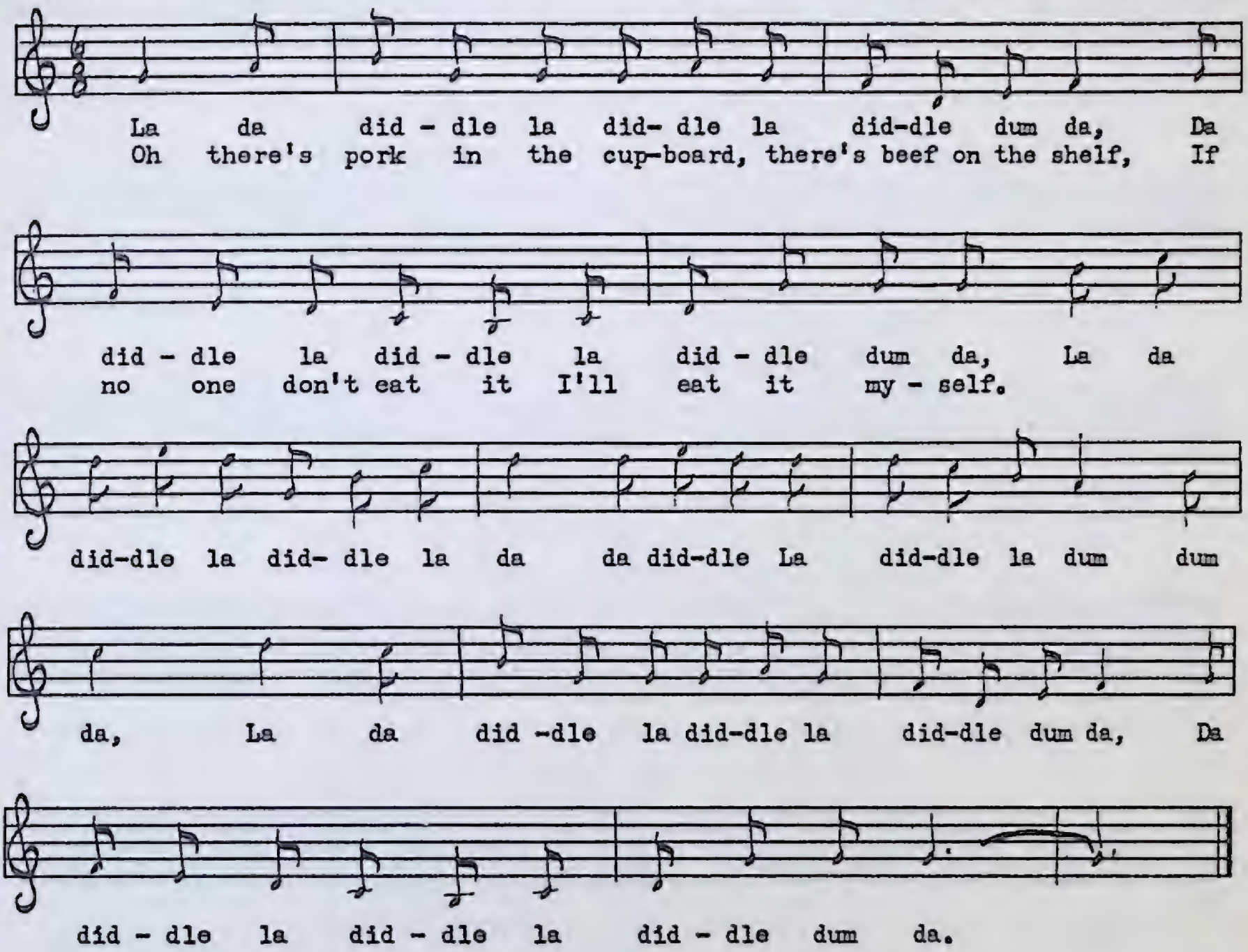
Barred Islands is a small settlement a mile or so over a ridge of land from Joe Batt's Arm. The island referred to in the song is Fogo Island off Newfoundland's northeast coast where both outports are situated. Outsiders unfamiliar with Newfoundland's geography will probably want to simplify things by imagining the foggy island as Newfoundland itself. And from what I am told of the soupy spring weather they would not be far wrong. Trouting (verse 1) refers to recreational fishing in the freshwater ponds and streams. It has always been a mystery to me how fishermen can work from dawn until dark on the sea for six days of the week and then spend Sunday fishing for trout as a relaxation. *Our Island Is Covered With Fog* is one of Chris Cobb's best-known songs in the northeast coast area.

Pork in the Cupboard

(Chin Music)

PEA 167 No. 1059
Mrs. Nellie Musseau
Mouse Island, June, 1960

Very fast



La da diddle la diddle la diddle dum da,
Da diddle la diddle la diddle dum da,
La da diddle la diddle la da da diddle
La diddle la dum dum da,
La da diddle la diddle dum da,
Da diddle la diddle la diddle dum da.

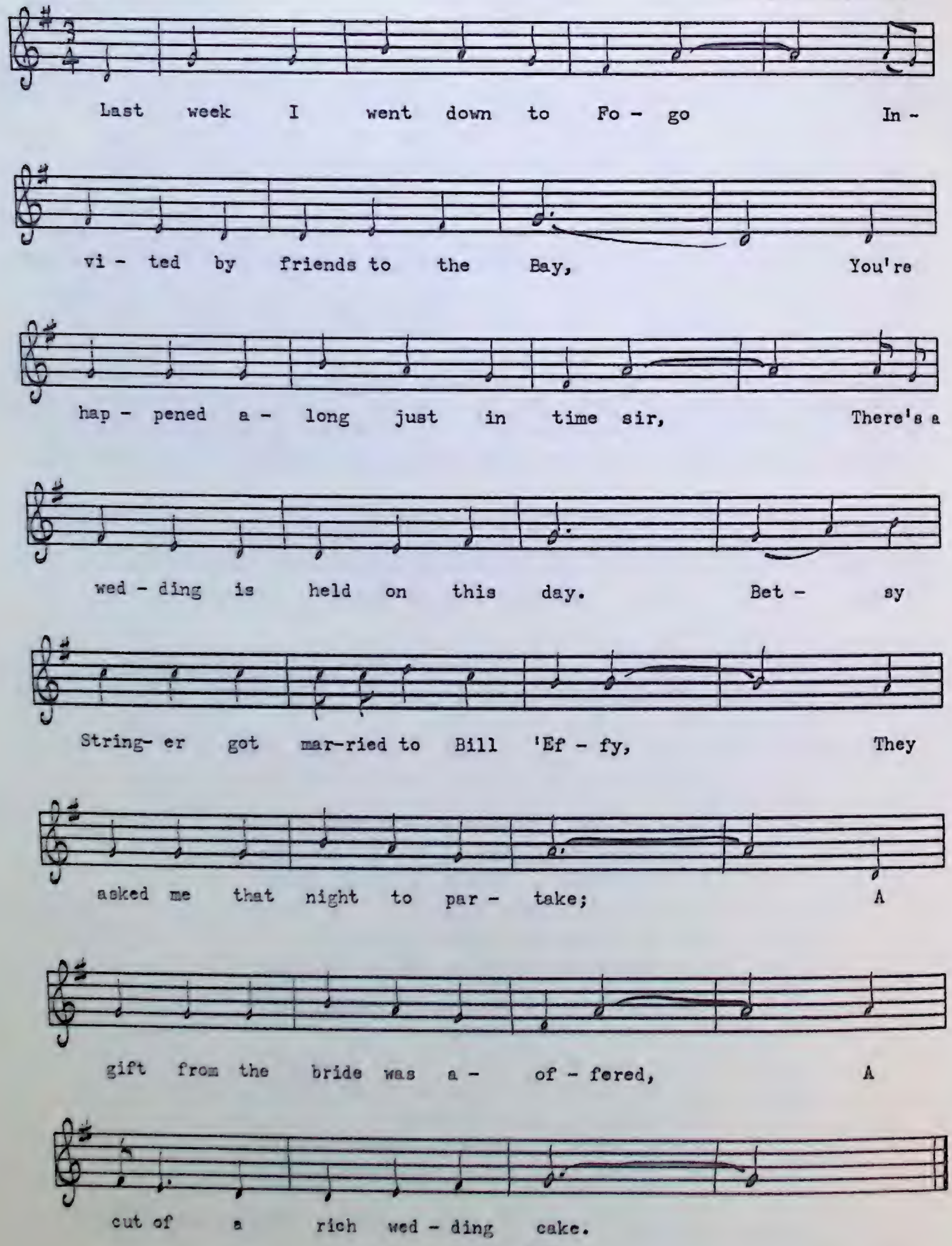
Oh there's pork in the cupboard, there's
beef on the shelf,
If no one don't eat it I'll eat it myself.
La da diddle la diddle la da da diddle
La diddle la dum dum da,
La da diddle la diddle la diddle dum da,
Da diddle la diddle la diddle dum da.

For information on the use of 'chin' music for dancing, see the note on *I Got a Bonnet Trimmed With Blue.*

The Rich Wedding Cake

PEA 78 No. 686
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958

Moderate



1. Last week I went down to Fogo
Invited by friends to the Bay,
You're happened along just in time, sir,
There's a wedding is held on this day;
Betsy Stringer got married to Bill 'Effy,
They asked me that night to partake;
A gift from the bride was a-offered,
A cut of rich wedding cake.

2. There was insides of old concertinas,
And keys of second-hand flutes,
Trout hooks and bladders of putty,
And frosters and sealer's skin boots;
There was taxes and tails of tom-cods,
Herring and six bullocks' tongues;
You was forced to sing the sky-rocket
If a mouthful get caught on your lungs.

3. Every one in the house tried to cut it,
At last married men and their wives,
Till the legs fell from under the table,
And the handles fell off of their knives;
They brought in an old rusty cross-cut,
Two men got onto the saw,
Not a budge could they get from the pastry,
Till a man took a cramp in his jaw.

4. The b'ys got 'round it with crow-bars,
For to stir it the most of them tried,
They loaded an old rusty canon
For to blow a spot off of the side;
I rushed like a tiger to eat it,
Myself being so raw for a taste,
My tooth crumbled off on a button
Of a trouser rolled up on the waist.

This native comic ditty is a good illustration of how a type of Irish humour has influenced local composition. See also *Leather Britches* and *Grandfather Bryan* for Irish examples.

3. On Saturday evenin' you can see
A couple of gallons they came to we,
We took 'em down without bein' seen
As far as Georgie Wall, sir.

4. Now Saturday evenin' after tea
A few o' the girls they came to we,
And an elegant time was had by all
Till earlye in the marning.

5. A little disturbance then arose
When everyone was pickin' their beaux,
When everyone had picked his own
John Burke he had ne'er a one.

6. Jack Burke goes up to Jim McGee:
"Now what's ye doin' along wi' she?
She used to go along wi' me,
And she'il do the same this marnin'."

7. So Jack and Jim get into a clinch,
And ne'er o' them would budge an inch,
And when the clinch broke up
They found the lady she'd a-gone, sir.

8. Now all young men take lesson o' this,
And never go fightin' about a miss,
'Cause all as you'll do is start a big laugh,
And the lady she'll be gone, sir.

Tom Morry learned this fine native song from a man on the south coast, though he thinks it might have originated on the northeast coast where nearly every spring the seals are brought close to shore on the ice-floes. The ice is often packed so close to shore that no boat is needed to hunt them. Whatever method was used by the men in this song, they made enough money (plus a dollar for carrying the pelts up to the store) to buy two gallons of rum from James Baird & Company in St. John's. The word 'swiles' is Newfoundland dialect for 'seals.' To 'pelt a puppy swile' means to 'skin a young seal.' Mr. Morry indicated one of the local dialects occasionally in such words as 'ab'ard' and 'marnin.' Other vowels are also tightened. 'Vessel' becomes 'vissil,' and 'much' becomes 'meuch.'

The Sealers' Ball

(Be Ye Much of a Hand Aboard a Vessel)

PEA 210 No. 1188

Tom Morry, formerly of Ferryland, Nfld.
Ottawa, April, 1962

Fast

CHORUS:

Be ye much of a hand a - b'ard a ves-sel, A - b'ard a ves-sel, a -

b'ard a ves-sel, Be ye much of a hand a - b'ard a ves-sel A-

[FINE]

pelt-in' the pup-py swiles, sir. Sure when we took 'em

to the wharf We got six dol - lars and a half, And

D.C.

when we took 'em to the store We got a dol - lar more, sir.

Be ye much of a hand ab'ard a vessel,
Ab'ard a vessel, ab'ard a vessel,
Be ye much of a hand ab'ard a vessel
A-peltin' the puppy swiles, sir.

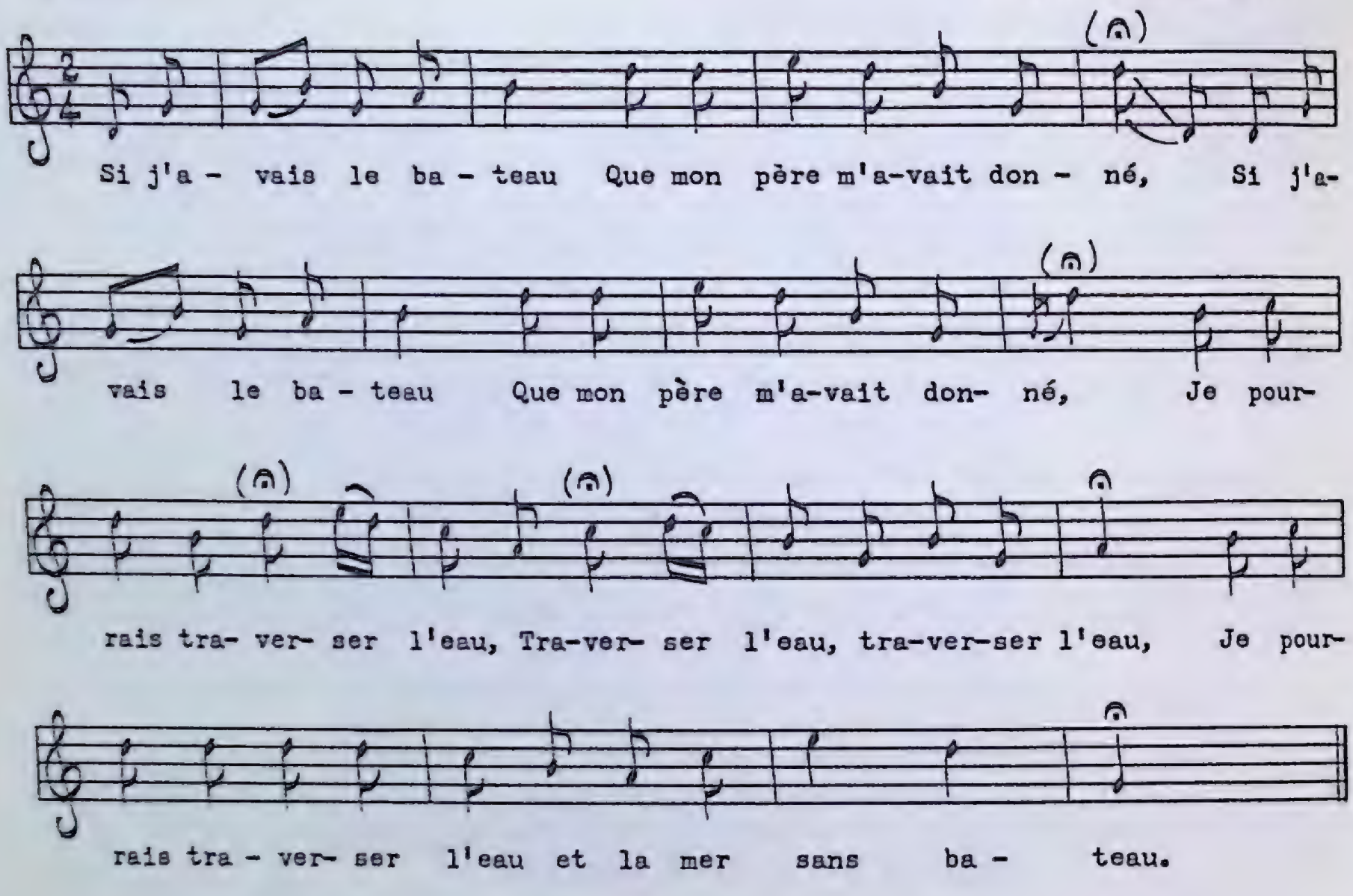
1. Sure when we took 'em to the wharf
We got six dollars and a half,
And when we took 'em to the store
We got a dollar more, sir.

2. We wrote a letter the next day,
And we posted it without delay,
And we sent it off to Jimmy Baird
For a couple of gallons o' rum, sir.

Si j'avais le bateau

PEA 198 No. 1160
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, septembre 1961

Assez vif



Si j'avais le bateau
Que mon père m'avait donné, } (*bis*)
Je pourrais traverser l'eau,
Traverser l'eau, traverser l'eau,
Je pourrais traverser l'eau
Et la mer sans bateau.

A l'honneur du patron
Faisons sauter le bouchon. } (*bis*)
Je boirons à la santé,
A la santé, à la santé,
Je boirons à la santé
D'une aimable société.

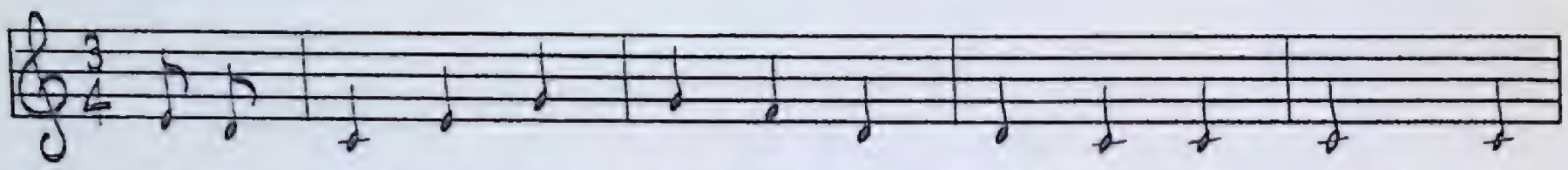
Si j'avais des enfants
Qui m'appell'raient pas maman. } (*bis*)
Oh! je prierais Dieu souvent,
Oh! Dieu souvent, oh! Dieu souvent.
Oh! je prierais Dieu souvent,
Qu'ils mouririont subitement.

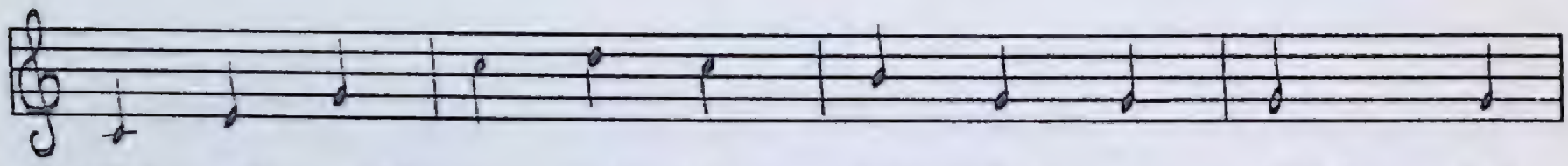
The every-day use of wines for convivial and ceremonial occasions has given French folkmusic a large repertoire of drinking songs virtually lacking in English folksong. And the English ones I am familiar with may be more aptly described as 'drunken songs.' The pause signs in brackets were greatly exaggerated by Mme Costard, especially those in line three of the melody.

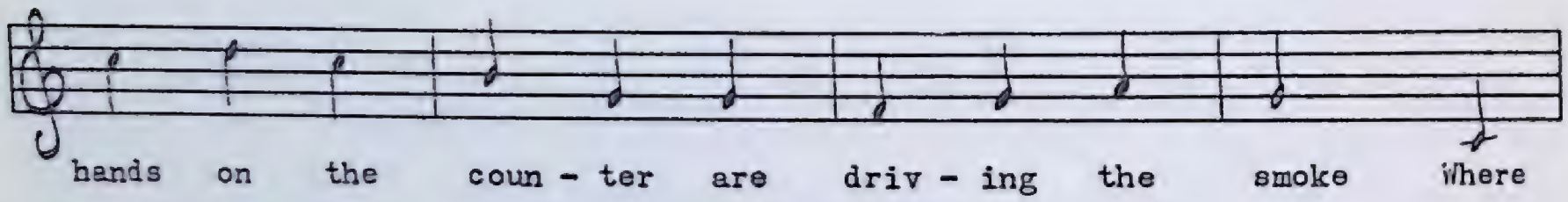
Squarin'-Up Time

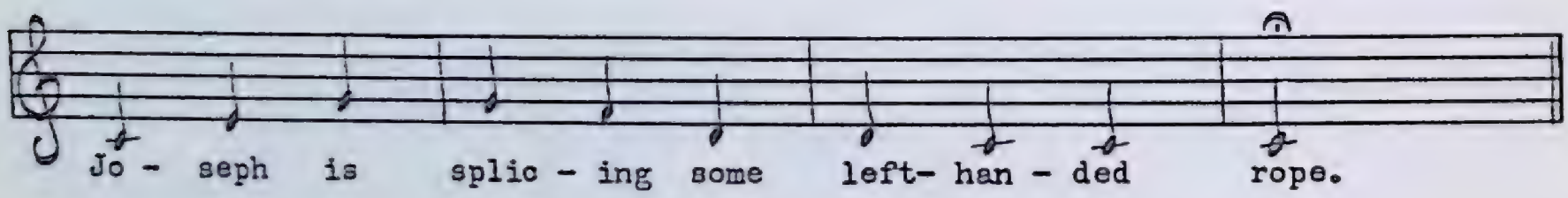
MS 110
Gerard Mahoney
Stock Cove, July, 1952

Moderately fast









1. Oh the fish are all caught and the squids are all jigged,
   The traps are caught up and the schooner's unrigged,
   All hands on the counter are driving the smoke,
   Where Jacob is splicing some left-handed rope.

2. Squarin'-up time beside the big shop,
   The clerks are kept busy and write on the top.
   "Look sharp now then sonny, attend to my needs,
   A pack of those raisins without any seeds."

3. Skipper John Wilson strolled into the line
   If his credit was good for a few slips of twine,
   He got such a fright when they gave him a ram,
   That he bought a bologna for Aunt Mary Ann.

4. Skipper Harry his brother was next to stroll in
   With the 'baccy juice dribbling down o'er his chin,
   And when he went home he was all in a charm
   With a box of Black Jumbo tucked under each arm.

5. Uncle Nick Nicholas he squared up his bill,
   He took up the ballast in Joe Rootan's pail,
   Got a loan of a pipe from young Tommy Hayes,
   He smoked till his whiskers went in a blue blaze.

6. When he found out his merchant had no Gillette Lye
Which his woman had to ask Grandpa Maurice to buy,
The way that old codger took on was a sin;
Just at that moment the parson walked in.

7. All hands they were laughing at grandfather's prank,
Were quiet as mice when they saw Parson Bank,
And Billy O'Toole he was frightened so bad
That he swallowed the last chew of 'baccy he had.

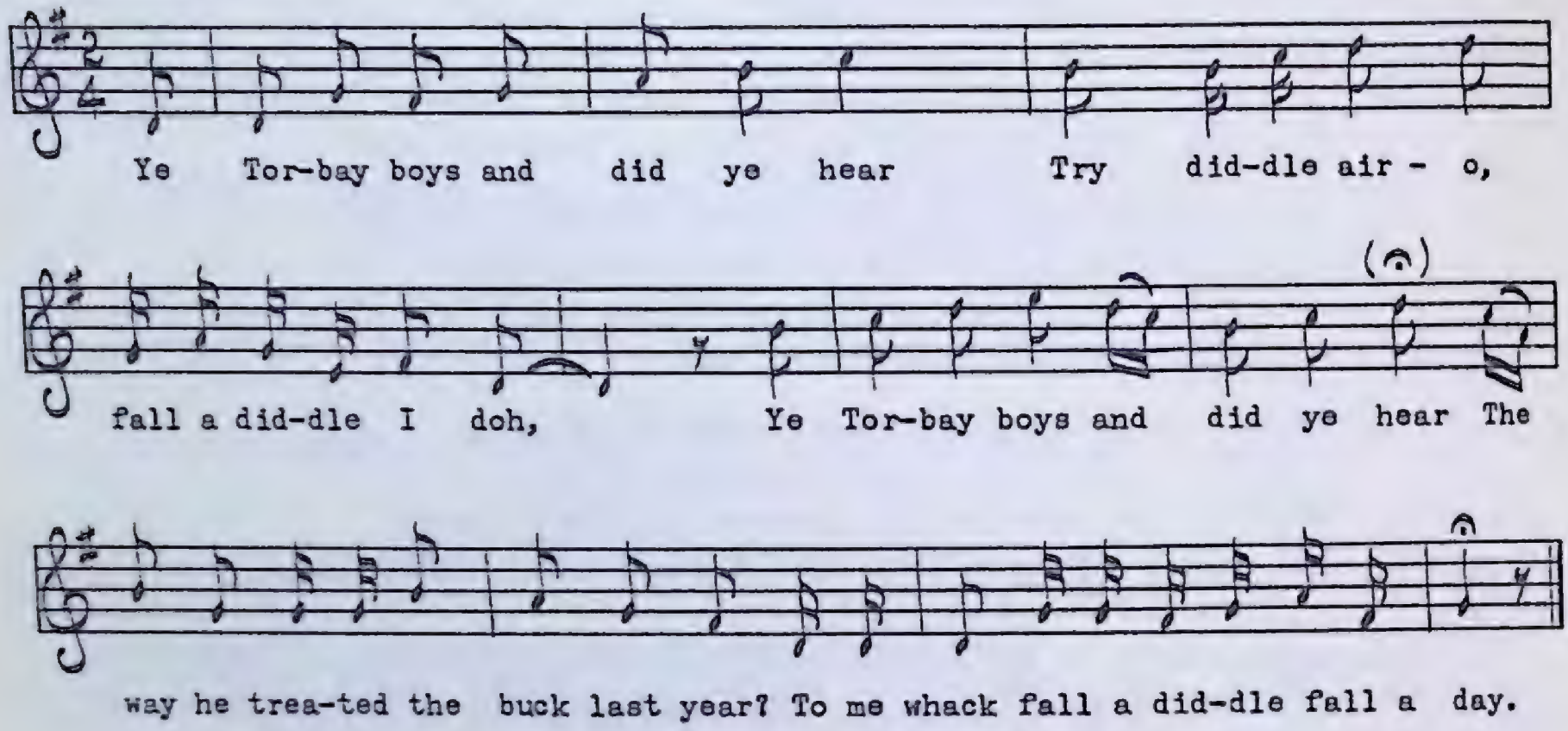
8. The parson said grandpa looked sheepish enough,
I guess I'll think you were cutting up rough;
And Billy O'Toole had the tooth-ache all day,
And Big Eye was trying to charm it away.

9. There's five dollars coming to you Mr. Knee,
I don't want it sit, that's no good to me,
Share it up between the parson and Dr. Carrew
Because I want to keep on the good side of them too.

This native ditty is an almost perfect re-creation of the atmosphere of a traditional outport general store. The fishing season is over, and all the men gather to square up their debts and accounts.

Terry Toole's Cabbage

PEA 3 No. 16
Ned Rice
Cape Broyle, July, 1591



1. Ye Torbay boys and did ye hear
   Try diddle air-o, fall a diddle I doh,
   Ye Torbay boys and did ye hear
   The way he treated the buck last year?
   To me whack fall a diddle fall a day.

2. The buck got into Terry Toole's cabbage,
   And Terry came out like a roarin' savage.

3. Terry went in and a knife he got,
   And when he came out he had the poor buck caught.

4. Richie Reilly standing by,
   He said, "Now b'ys, we'll do it on the sly."

5. Tommy Gosse held on the buck
   While Jim pinned on the dirty work.

6. Tommy Gosse put out for a port,
   And old Mrs. Williams took it into the court.

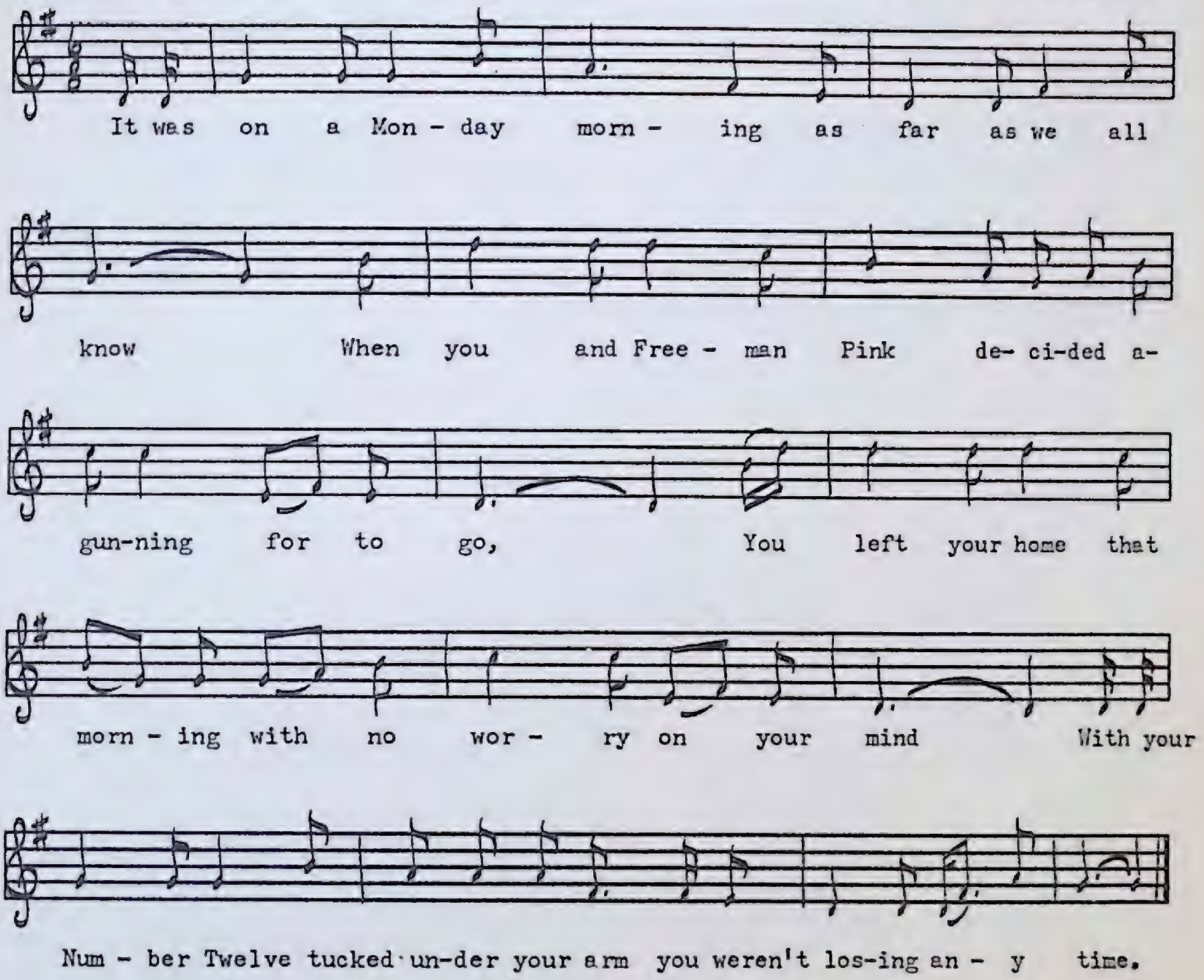
7. Three dollars and fifty was the fee,
   They all paid it down on the young Tommy.

Although the author of this native ditty is unknown, I think it would be safe to assume he lived in Torbay several decades ago. Torbay is a few miles north of St. John's. The animal in the song is a goat.

Tom Bird's Dog

PEA 125 No. 884
Kenneth Pink
Rose Blanche, June, 1959

Moderately fast



1. It was on a Monday morning as far as we all know
   When you and Freeman Pink decided a-gunning for to go,
   You left your home that morning with no worry on your mind,
   With your Number Twelve tucked under your arm you weren't losing any time.

2. They say that you were slightly rigged with your barbel hanging slack,
   They say you were making good headway but the dog he drove you back,
   I have seen a-lots of frightened men but I think you take the bun,
   When Tom Bird's dog got after you and you were forced to run.

3. The news was quickly spread around saying that you were in a jam,
   You said you could not find your shells, you was a finished man,
   I know if you had found your shells you would have fired for sure,
   When Mister Bird next morning would have found Fido dead in his gore.

4. And when poor Evelyn heard of this she could hardly speak a word.
   She said, "Don't leave me Tom, my dear, I'll do without my bird."
   But you being kind of stubborn didn't want to stir no stink,
   If you had favoured Evelyn you would have 'ffronted Freeman Pink.

5. So when you started out again you took a different route,
   And when you got down 'board of your boat your tongue was hanging out,
   I don't know how many birds you got, your neighbours never said,
   I wish the devil had the turs and Tom Bird's dog was dead.

A 'barbel' (verse 2) is a sort of apron originally made of sheepskin and used when cleaning fish. A 'tur' (verse 5) is a sea-bird. This native ditty comes from the south coast of Newfoundland.

Fishing Songs

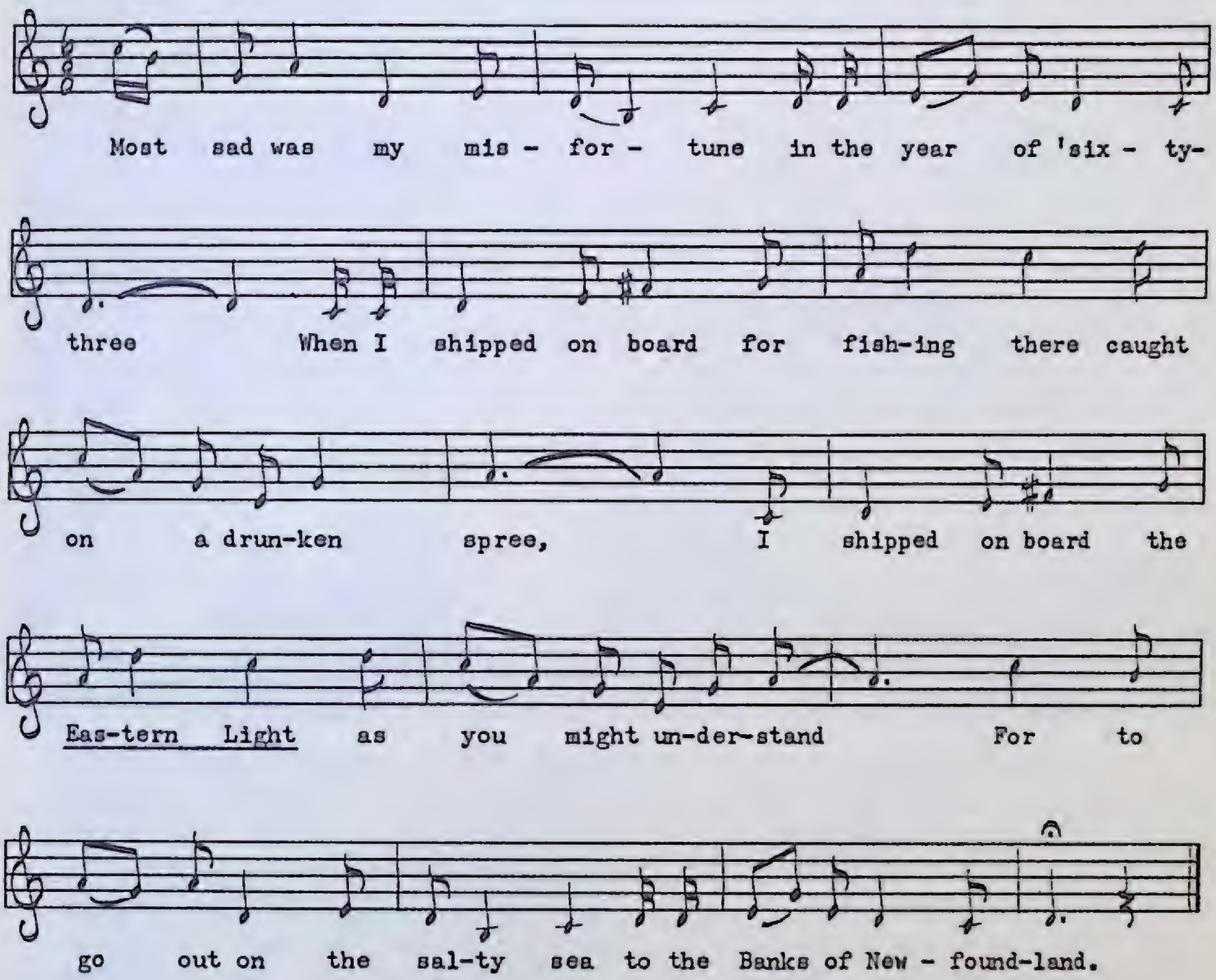
Fishing 'rooms' where the cod is hauled up and processed

The Banks of Newfoundland

(American)

PEA 2 No. 12
Jim Rice
Cape Broyle, July, 1951

Moderate, free time



1. Most sad was my misfortune in the year of 'sixty-three
   When I shipped on board for fishing there caught on a drunken spree,
   I shipped on board the *Eastern Light* as you might understand
   For to go out on the salty sea to the Banks of Newfoundland.

2. Mike Clowie being our skipper's name, a hero stout and bold,
   We had twelve other souls on board besides myself alone,
   We hoist up all our canvas when we left Gloucester port,
   And the girls they wove their handkerchiefs as we sailed out at port.

3. We brought a jar of rum on board which mustered all our crew,
   We drank a health to the Gloucester girls in bidding them adieu,
   'Twas east-be-south we steered, me b'ys, the Grand Banks for to find,
   To prosecute the fishing there we all felt well-inclined.

4. We ranged around those foggy banks for the space of eighteen days,
We bowled a couple of Frenchmen but no brandy could we raise.
My curse on rum and brandy too as I ofttimes said before,
Sure I might have lived the sober life, I might be still on shore.

5. It's early every morning our cook all up and bawls:
"Get up and eat your breakfast, b'ys, and then go haul your trawls."
We scarce get time to light our pipes when over our dories go,
We've got to make three sets a day let the wind blow high or low.

6. And if you lose a mooring, a buoy-line or a knife,
Indeed you will be charged with it and you might bet your life,
And if you come to stand night watch be sure and stand a bet,
And if anything is missin' there you'll find it on your check.

7. On the eighteenth of October I heard our captain shout:
"Come hoist aboard your dories, b'ys, and break your anchors out,
Our provisions are getting kind of scarce, we can no longer stay,
So give her great big mainsail, b'ys, and get her in under way."

8. Next day our anchor's on our bow, our ship is homeward bound,
And when we next reach Gloucester port we'll hand the glasses 'round,
We'll go down to Johnny the Lover's and 'tis there we'll spend one night,
And we'll drink a health to the Gloucester girls, likewise to the *Eastern Light*.

This appears to be an American ballad of New England origin, though the composer could have been a Newfoundlander or Maritimer 'caught on a drunken spree' in Gloucester. Fishermen and seamen of the eastern seaboard are often more familiar with ports hundreds of miles away than they are with places near their own home port. Helen Creighton has collected the ballad in Nova Scotia as *The Gloucester Fishermen,* and a fragment called *Song About the Fishing Banks* appears in *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland* by Greenleaf and Mansfield. The fine old tune of this Newfoundland variant is a good illustration of the Mixolydian mode.

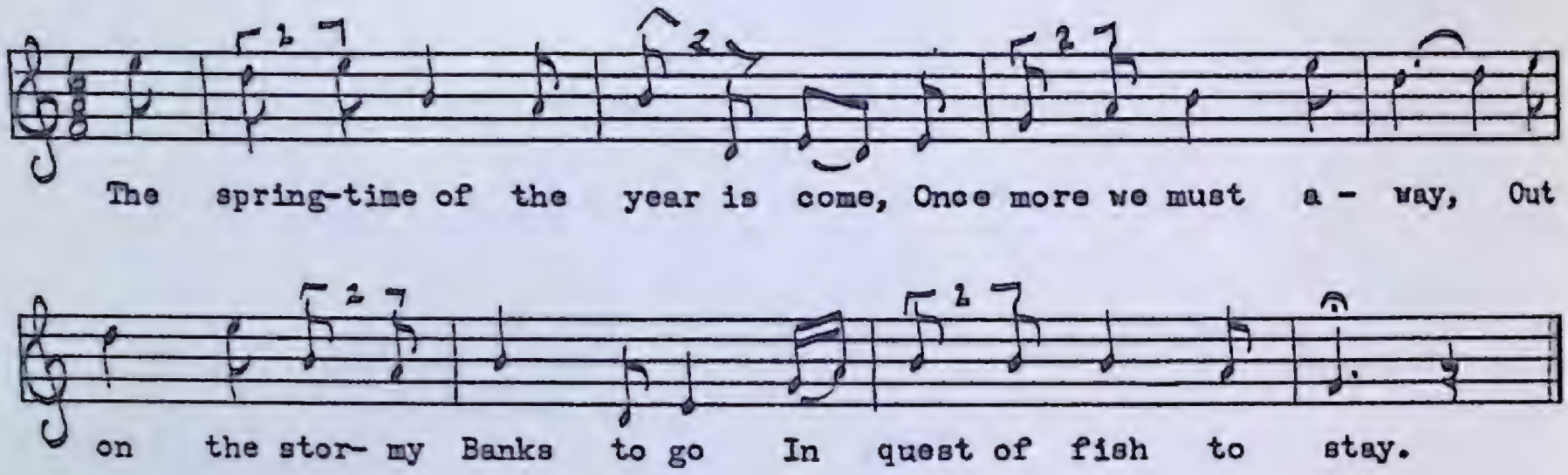
View from under a fish-flake at Moreton's Harbour

The Banks of Newfoundland

(*Canadian*)

PEA 16 No. 98
Jim Rice
Cape Broyle, July, 1952

Moderate, free time



1. The springtime of the year is come,
   Once more we must away,
   Out on the stormy Banks to go
   In quest of fish to stay

2. Where seas do roll tremendously
   Like mountain peaks so high,
   And the wild sea-birds around us
   In their mad career go by.

3. Out there we spend our summer months
   Midst heavy fog and wind,
   And often do our thoughts go back
   To the dear ones left behind.

4. From where the wild sea billows foam,
   There by cold breezes fanned,
   Out on the stormy billows
   On the Banks of Newfoundland.

5. At midnight when the sky is dark
   And heavy clouds do frown,
   It's then we stand great danger
   Of our craft being soon run down

6. By some large greyhound of the deep
   That rushes madly by.
   It's then we trust our lives
   To kind Providence on high.

7. It's when those summer toils are o'er
   We return with spirits light
   To see our sweethearts and our wives
   Who helped us in the fight.

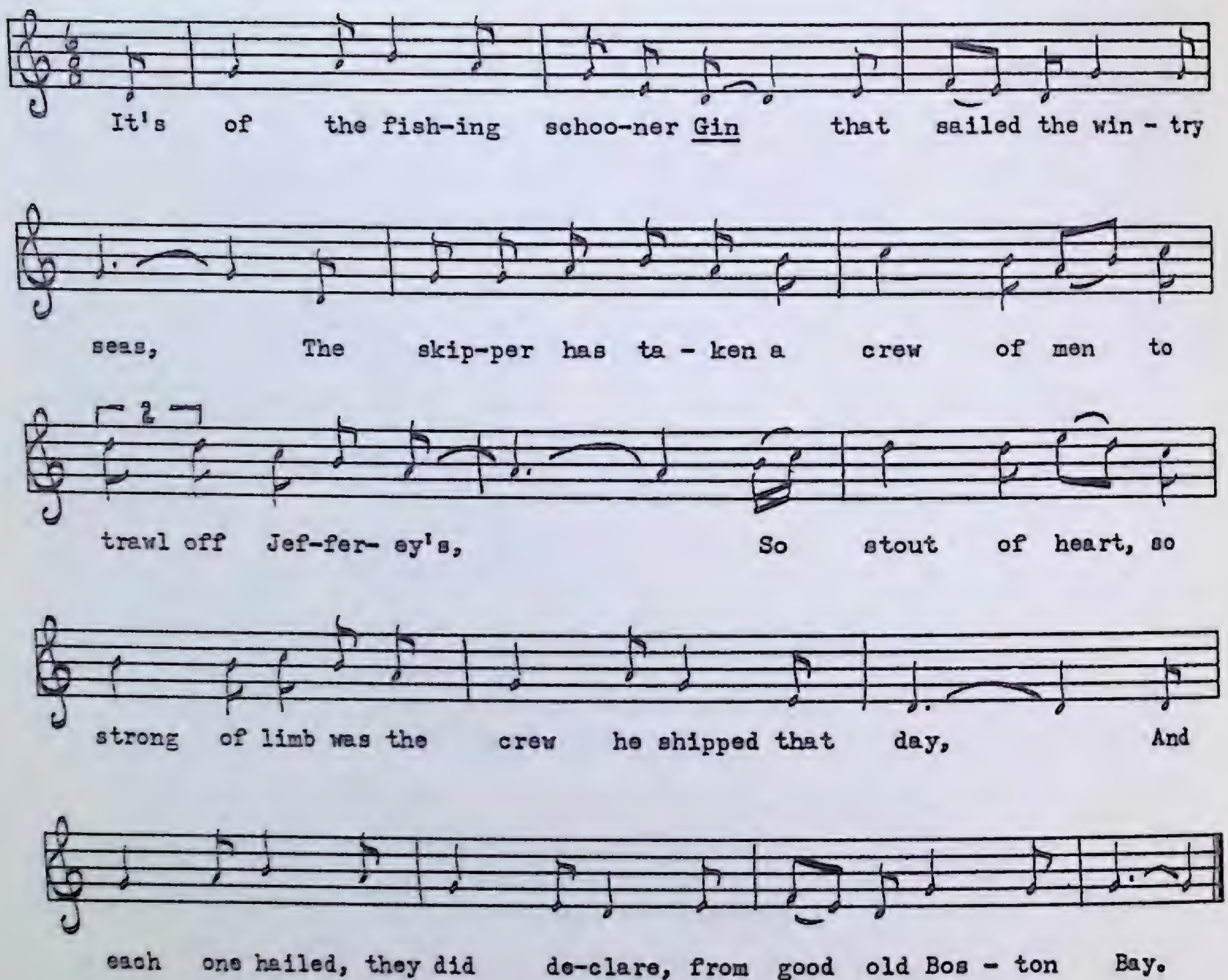
8. From where the wild sea billows foam,
There by cold breezes fanned,
Out on the stormy billows
On the Banks of Newfoundland.

This is the most lyrical of all the songs and ballads under this title. As far as I know, it has never been collected elsewhere, so I am temporarily claiming it as a native Newfoundland song. The lovely tune is still another example of a pure pentatonic melody uncluttered by auxiliary and passing notes. For other examples see *Early Spring* and *Oh Write Me Down, Ye Powers Above* by Mrs. Decker, whose free style of singing, by the way, is similar to Mr. Rice's.

The Crew from Boston Bay

PEA 169 No. 1066
Jim Smurridge
Burnt Islands, June, 1960

Moderate, free time



1. It's of the fishing schooner *Gin* that sailed the wintry seas,
   The skipper has taken a crew of men to trawl off Jefferey's,
   So stout of heart, so strong of limb was the crew he shipped that day,
   And each one hailed, they did declare, from good old Boston Bay.

2. The trips to the Banks were quickly made, they all fell in a week,
   Until the fog it settled down, they could not see to speak,
   Our captain he lost his reckoning, what he never had done before,
   He smashed his compass in a rage saying, "Let 'er drift ashore!"

3. The vessel drifted for two long days with ever-increasing fog,
   The men they feared for plenty of food, they were starved for the want of grog,
   Then old Bill Jones in the rigging stood as he mournfully gazed away.
   "What's the matter Bill?" the skipper said, and Bill these words did say:

4. "Oh captain I smell a familiar smell, this time I can hear it plain,
It smells like a Boston Saturday night out here on the raging main."
Our captain he took another sniff and a smile on his face o'erspread,
"It is Boston, boys, I can smell the beans, we are drifted home," he said.

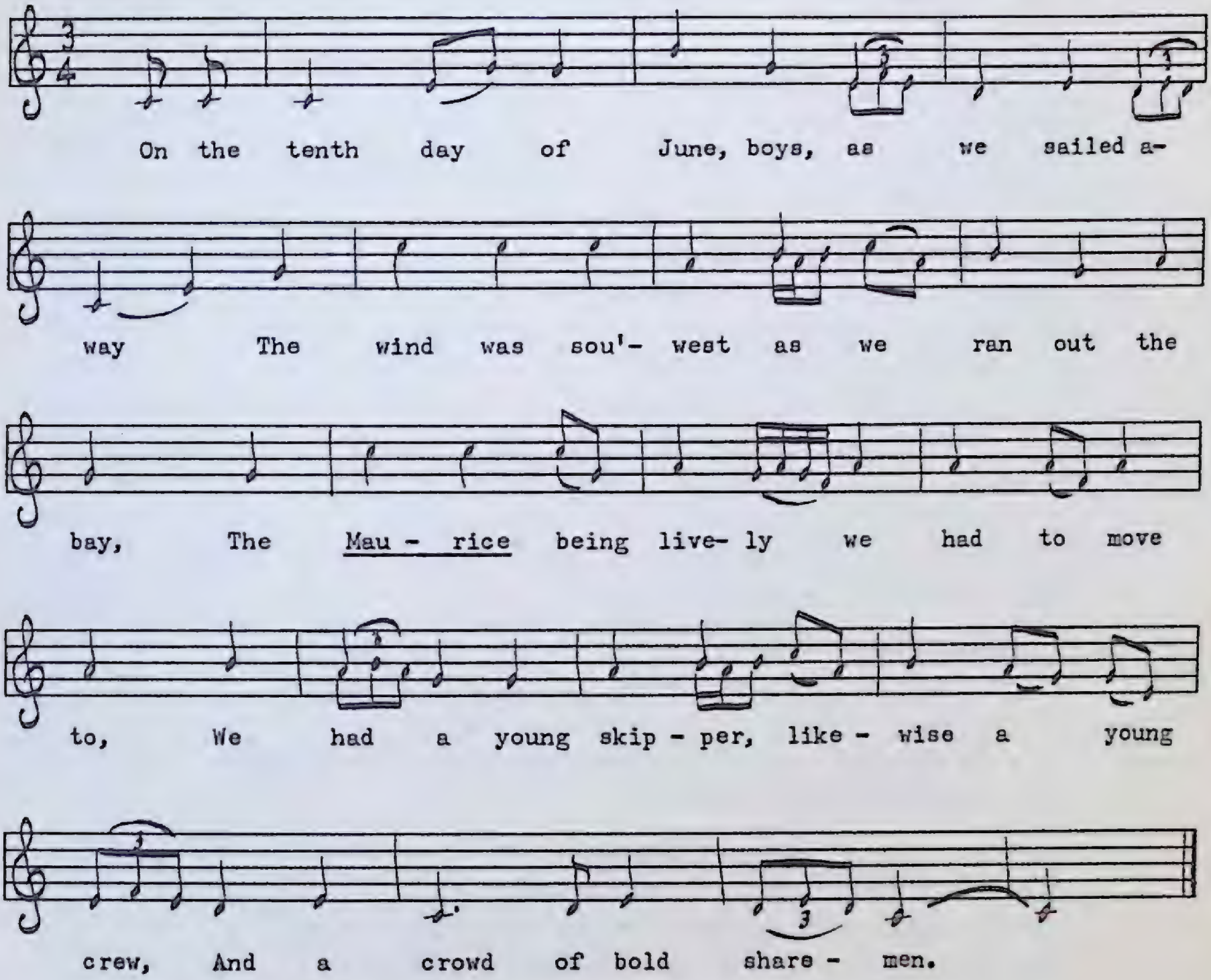
5. We dropped our anchors then and there and we swallowed the rest of our grog,
And we were guided along by the sinful smell as we walked ashore on the fog.

Young fishermen from Cape Broyle

A Crowd of Bold Sharemen

PEA 205 No. 1179
Patrick Rossiter
Fermeuse, October, 1961

Moderate



1. On the tenth day of June, boys, as we sailed away
   The wind was sou'west as we ran out the bay,
   The *Maurice* being lively we had to move to,
   We had a young skipper, likewise a young crew,
   And a crowd of bold sharemen.

2. The first day we sailed we got jammed in the ice,
   Three days we were there and things didn't look nice,
   For we were going fishing in the Straits of Belle Isle,
   Our skipper wouldn't give us one darn sop of oil,
   To a crowd of bold sharemen.

3. We said to our skipper when we 'rived in Quirpon:
   (*pronounced 'Carpoon'*)
   "There's seven big puncheons you never will full,
   For we mean to throw all the liver away."
   And these were the words that our skipper did say:
   "We'll go home again boys."

4. "You'll go home again, sir, but that's not the thing,
There's seven of our boys you brought down here this spring,
You said you were going fishing in the Straits of Belle Isle,
And if you don't do it we'll have you on trial."
And a crowd of bold sharemen.

5. The eighteenth of June, boys, as we left Quirpon,
The *Maurice* being lively for the berths we were bound,
Our skipper he carried the mainsail too long,
And rounding Cape Charles bang goes our main boom.
And a crowd of bold sharemen.

6. We took in our mainsail and then bore away,
'Twas in L'Anse au Loup where we anchored that day,
The day it being Sunday we all went below,
The wind from the westward a gale it did blow.
And a crowd of bold sharemen.

7. We all went ashore for to get some pitch pine,
To fix up our main boom we were well-inclined.
"And now" said our skipper, "ye'd better begin,
For when the fog lightens we'll try 'er again."
And a crowd of bold sharemen.

8. The twentieth of June as we left L'Anse au Loup
'Twas out through the tickle the *Maurice* she flew.
On Saturday evening our anchors went down,
And on Monday morning the prime berths were found
By a crowd of bold sharemen.

9. As we were a-fishing on Shecateco
We said to our header, "The liver must go."
And up speaks our skipper, "What d'ye mean to do?"
But the answer we made him I think we told you.
And a crowd of bold sharemen.

10. Then up speaks our skipper in a sort of a way:
"If ye don't pick liver it's for each ye'll pay."
And there we told him that we were aware
Before we'd pick liver we'd spend our two year
As a crowd of bold sharemen.

11. A crowd of bold sharemen, but one he backed out,
To pick out the liver he thought it was right,
And there we told him to choose his own mind,
And he could pick liver if he felt inclined.
And a crowd of bold sharemen.

12. We said to our skipper, "What do you expect,
For us to go fulling all the puncheons on deck,
Go home in the fall, hoist 'em out on your wharf,
And then you will tell us we can't claim our part
As a crowd of bold sharemen."

13. "You struck the wrong crew, sir, I'll tell you in time,
For we don't intend to do nothing of the kind,
We won't touch a puncheon or liver at all,
And you'll have to hoist 'em yourself in the fall!"
And a crowd of bold sharemen.

With the increasing centralization of the Newfoundland fishing industry, more and more fishermen are working for wages for a large company rather than sharing the work and profits of a small operation. However, the traditional life as a 'shareman' has the built-in advantages of independence and comradeship that many Newfoundlanders still prefer to the anonymity of earning wages. The great problem, as always, is finding a good price for your catch when the operation is finished. It is becoming increasingly difficult to compete with the efficiency and marketing techniques of the big operators. The controversy in this ballad is the result of the captain's refusal to share the profits of the cod liver oil ("Our skipper wouldn't give us one darn sop of oil"). When the fish are cleaned, the livers are thrown in large barrels and allowed to ferment for several weeks. The crude oil is skimmed off and sold through fishing merchants to pharmaceutical houses where it is refined to the familiar product we buy in drug stores. It is through simple ballads like *A Crowd of Bold Sharemen* that cold economic and social statistics can be appreciated in human dimensions.

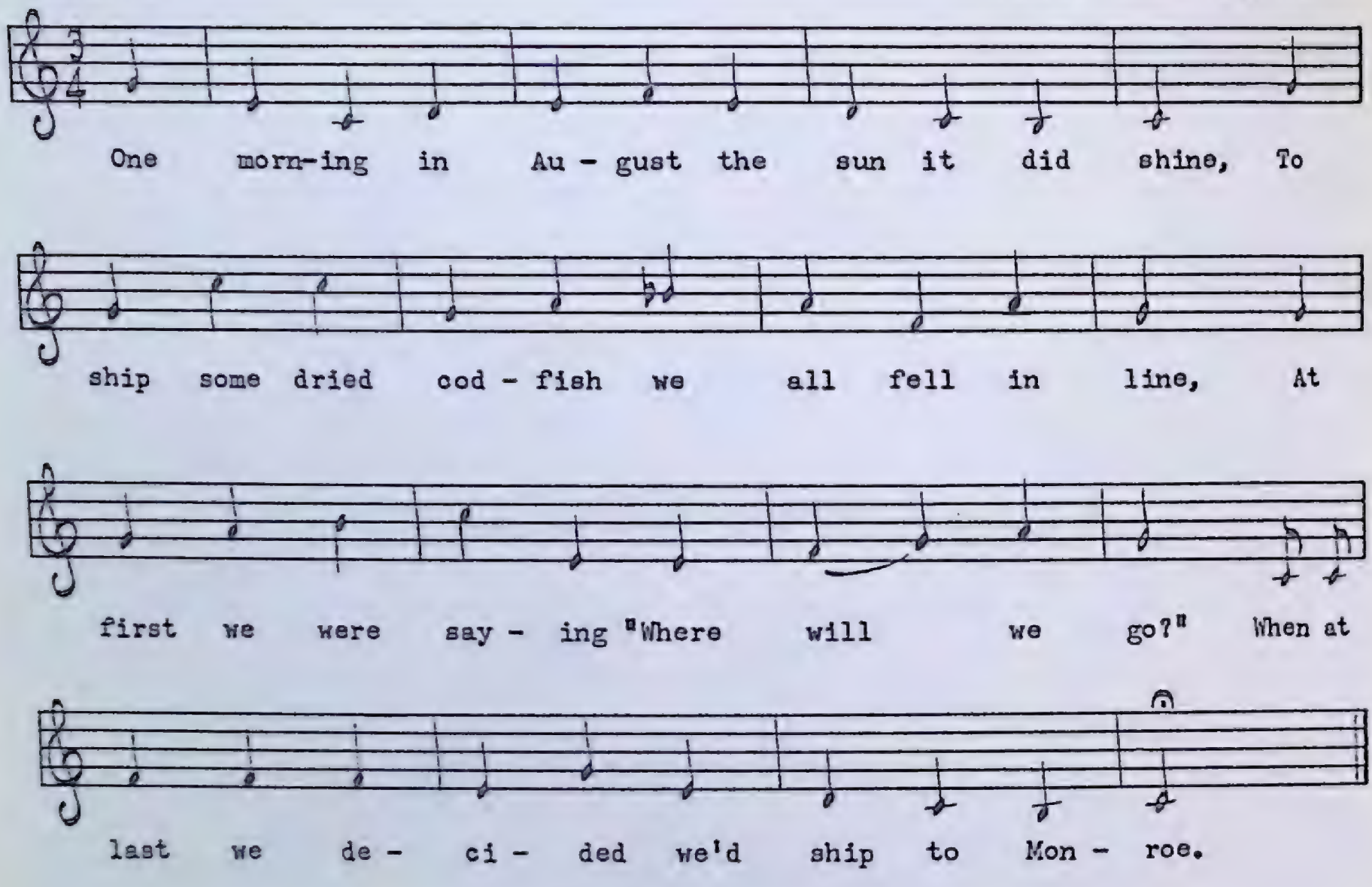
Spreading cod fillets to dry in Ferryland

A fish-flake in Ferryland

Culling Fish

MS 23
Chris Cobb (composer)
Barred Island, July, 1952

Moderate

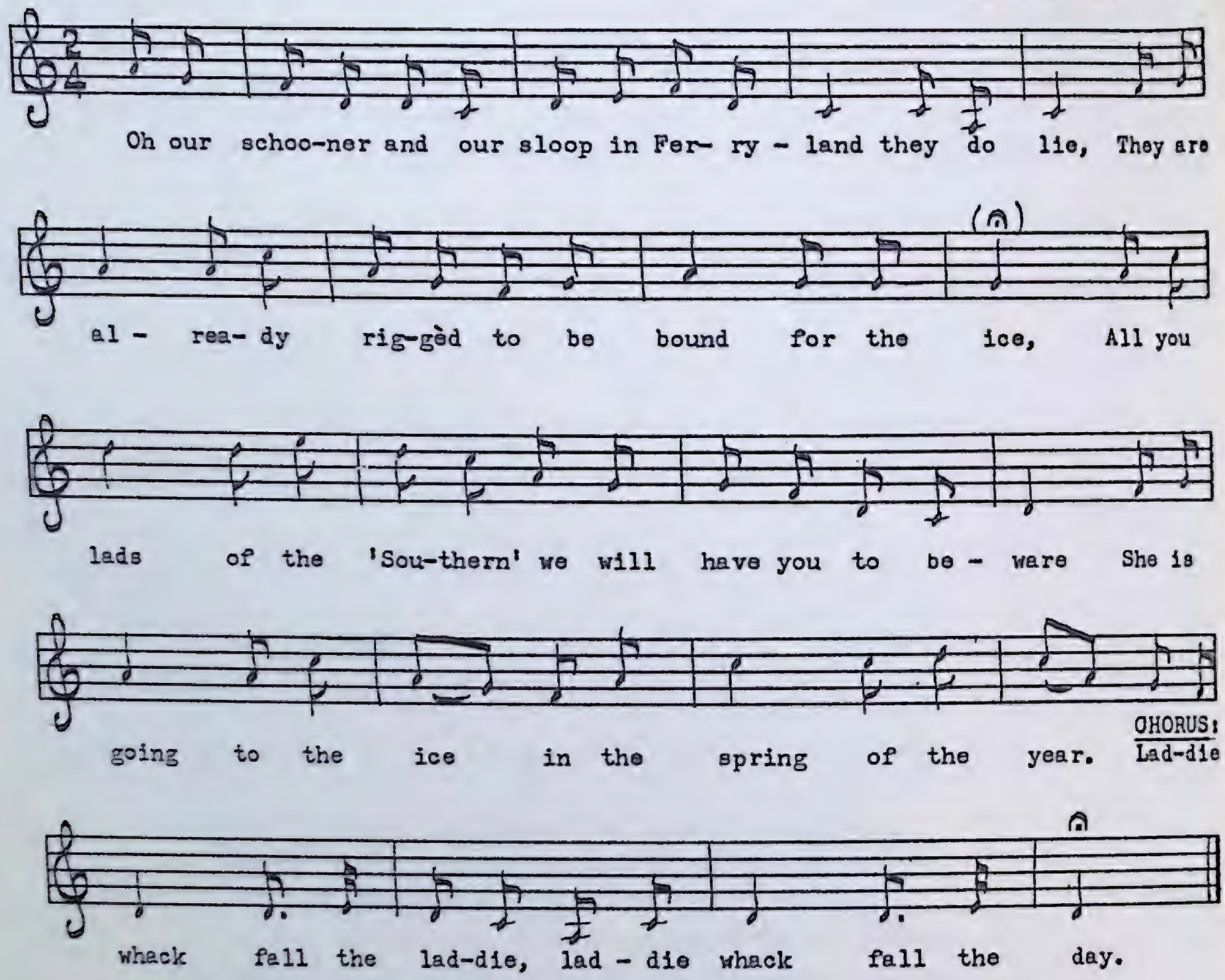


1. One morning in August the sun it did shine,
   To ship some dried cod-fish we all fell in line,
   At first we were saying "Where will we go?"
   When at last we decided we'd ship to Monroe.
2. We took in twelve quintals, for the plant we did steer,
   It was rather surprising when we arrived there,
   We tied up to the pier when the weather changed dull,
   There were men standing idle and no one to cull.
3. We went to the super when arrangements were made,
   To send for the culler to test out the grade,
   We got the bars ready, the board and the stand,
   When Alfred appeared, a sworn-in man.
4. He stood to his post like a soldier on guard,
   While Stewart kept saying it's dried fine and hard,
   "Oh yes" he replied, pressing finger and thumb,
   "In Jim Rose's day this would pass 'number one'."
5. But the cull now is stricter and the Portuguese claim
   There is one grade of codfish that's bad for the brain,
   So according to instructions and the outline in view,
   There's no 'number one' so must go 'number two.'
   If you happen to find 'one' you can place it in a frame,
   But don't tell the cullers or you'll give away the game.

This is one of the many songs Chris Cobb has dashed off for the amusement and education of his friends and neighbours. It offers outsiders an intimate glimpse into one of the many vicissitudes encountered by a cod fish before it arrives at the supermarket. A culler is the man who decides under oath ('a sworn-in man,' verse 3) what grade the dried fish is. Apparently the Portuguese had been complaining about the poor quality (verse 5) so the grading regulations had to be tightened; so much so, in fact, that a grade A 'number one' fish is rare enough to be worth framing (verse 5). A quintal (pronounced 'kentle') is a hundred-weight (112 pounds).

Ferryland Sealer

PEA 184 No. 1118
Leonard Hulan
Jeffrey's, July, 1960



1. Oh our schooner and our sloop in Ferryland they do lie,
   They are already riggèd to be bound for the ice,
   All you lads of the Southern we will have you to beware
   She is going to the ice in the spring of the year.
   Laddie whack fall the laddie, laddie whack fall the day.

2. We had vittles for to last more than two months at the least,
   And plenty of good rum, boys, stowed away in our chest,
   We will give her a rally for to praise all our fancy,
   All our seals will be collected by the *William* and the *Nancy*.

3. Our course be east-north-east for two days and two nights,
   Our captain he cried out, "Boys, look ahead for the ice!"
   And we hove her about standing in for the land,
   And 'twas in a few hours we were firm in the jam.

4. Oh our captain he cried out, "Come on, boys, and bear a hand!"
Our cook he gets the breakfast and each man takes a dram,
With their bats in their hands it was earlye to go,
Every man showed his action 'thout the missing of a blow.

5. Some were killing, some were scalping, some were hauling on board,
And some more they were firing and a-missing of their loads.
In the dusk of the evening all hands in from the cold,
And we counted nine hundred fine scalps in the hold.

6. Oh now we are loaded and our schooner she is sound,
And the ice it is open and to Ferryland we're bound,
We all gave her a rally for to praise all our fancy,
Our seals they were collected by the *William* and the *Nancy*.

7. We are now off Cape Spear and in sight of Cape Broyle,
We will dance, sing, carouse, my boys, in just a little while,
We will soon enjoy the charms of our sweethearts and friends
For it will not be long before we're down to the bend.

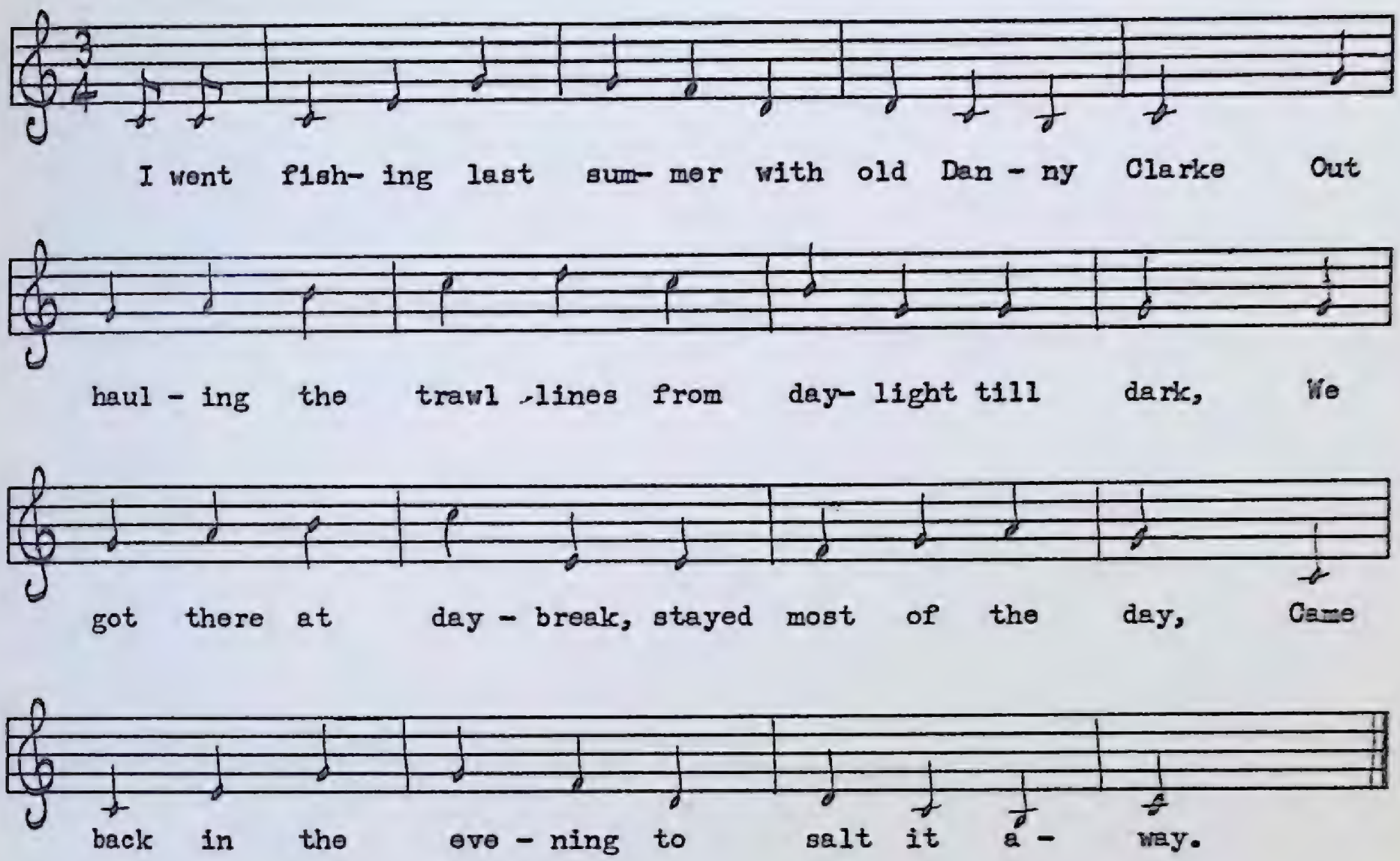
This fine old sealing song is one of the best native ballads to come out of Newfoundland. A similar five-verse variant was noted from George Decker in Rocky Harbour. The song is not known in Ferryland. The word 'Southern' in verse 1 refers to the Southern Shore, a local expression for the stretch of coastline extending over one hundred miles south of St. John's. The sixth tone of the gapped modal tune is missing. The mode could be either Aeolian or Dorian, depending upon whether the missing *B* is regarded as flat or natural.

A typical 'stage' with fish drying in the sun

Fish and Brewis

PEA 178 No. 1098
Gordon Rice
Seal Cove, White Bay, June, 1960

Moderately fast



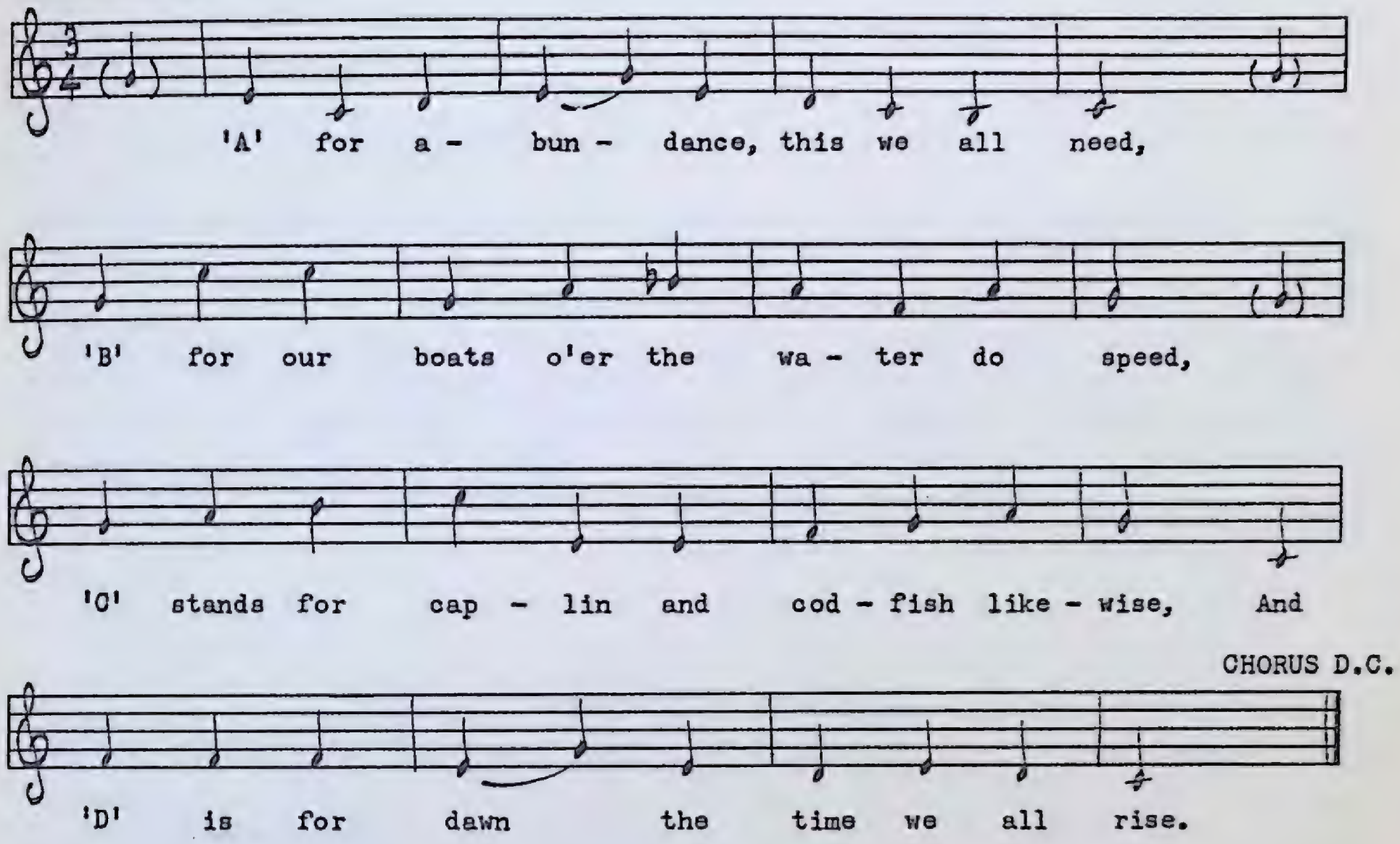
1. I went fishing last summer with old Danny Clarke
   Out hauling the trawl lines from daylight till dark,
   We got there at daybreak, stayed most of the day,
   Came back in the evening to salt it away.
2. The punt over yonder is old Billy Green's,
   He is the best fisherman as two is between,
   He has a new radio and he gets all the news,
   But he can't stow a hogshead of good fish and brewis.
3. With our fish put away we'll go on the squid ground,
   And in a few minutes our jiggers are down,
   And see them chew Beaver and squirt it up high,
   Lie back on the gain-boards and laugh till you die.
4. The fisherman's wife she hasn't much ease,
   She is out on the stage in slop to her knees,
   She spends her day weeding with the hot sun over-
   head,
   What splendid fine women our island has bred.
5. When springtime come round we'll go cutting spruce,
   We'll make just enough to have fish and brewis,
   If the cutting is bad then we'll go in the hole,
   There's no other redemption but live on the dole.

Brewis (pronounced 'brews' in Newfoundland) is hard-tack soaked overnight in water, boiled up with cod-fish the following morning, and garnished with 'scruncheons' (bits of fried pork fat). Fish and brewis is supposed to be the traditional Sunday breakfast in some parts of Newfoundland. I personally find it virtually indigestible at any time of the day. It is one of those national dishes like the Scotch haggis which mercifully has passed from popular usage so that its peculiar attributes may be more fully appreciated at infrequent ceremonial meals. 'Beaver' in verse 3 is a brand of chewing tobacco and refers to the squid's annoying habit of squirting black juice at its enemies. The 'stage' in verse 4 is a platform and shed built out over the water where the fish are cleaned and filleted. The refuse is simply dropped through a hole in the floor into the sea.

The Fisherman's Alphabet

MS 36
Chris Cobb (composer)
Barred Island, July, 1952

Moderately fast



1. "A" for abundance, this we all need,
   "B" for our boats o'er the water do speed,
   "C" stands for caplin and codfish likewise,
   "D" is for dawn, the time we all rise.
   So merry, so merry, so merry are we,
   No mortals on earth are like fishers at sea;
   Blow high or blow low we're jogging along,
   Give us a fair cull and there's nothing goes wrong.

2. "E" for our engines, on them we rely,
   "F" for the freezer our bait there we buy,
   "G" stands for grapnel, five hooks and a ring,
   "H" is for herring the first bait in spring.

3. "I" for the inspector, he turns down all slime,
   "J" stands for jigger we have on our line,
   "K" stands for killick, wood, rock, and nails,
   "L" is for luff we have in the sails.

4. "M" stands for mackerel, and meshes, and mast,
   "N" is for nails, this keeps the planks fast,
   "O" stands for oakum and "P" for the prong,
   It's a sharp-pointed steel in a handle so long.

5. "Q" is for quintals and "R" for the rise,
"S" for the steamer that brings our supplies,
"T" stands for tom-cod, the tide they do stem,
"U" is for under and "V" stands for vim.

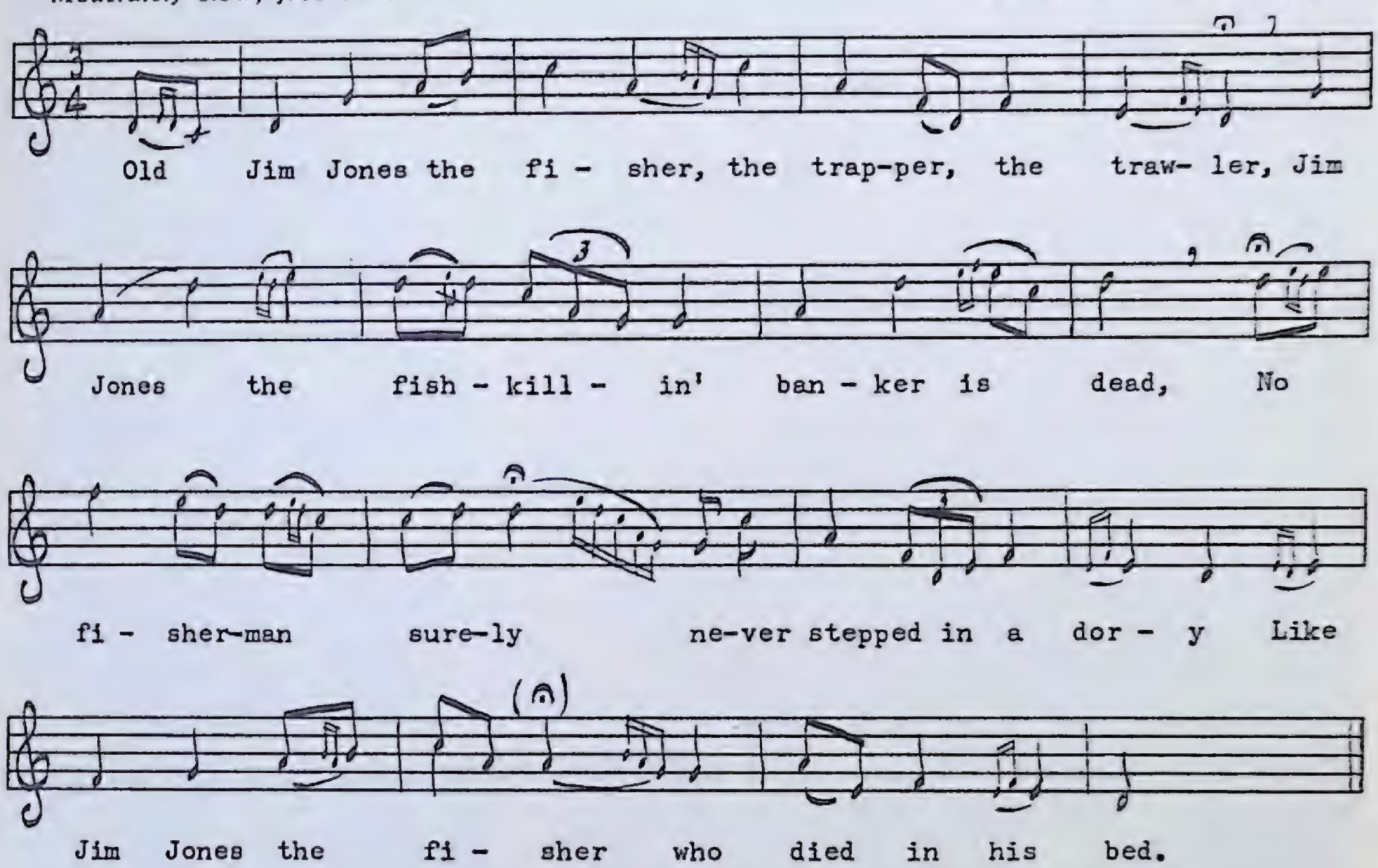
6. "W" is for whales we often hear blow,
We have "X" on the gang-boards to keep them just so,
"Y" is for yanking, a jerk and a twist,
And "Z" is zephyr, the wind we like best.

With sailors' and lumbermen's alphabet songs already well known, it is not surprising that a talented composer like Chris Cobb should turn his hand to a fishermen's version. The caplin in verse 1 is a small fish resembling a smelt. They are often seen by the millions in coastal waters in the spring and summer and are sometimes piled knee-deep on the beaches after rough weather. A 'killick' in verse 3 is a large stone used as an anchor in a dory, and 'luff' is wind or air. In verse 5 a 'quintal' (pronounced 'kentle') is a hundredweight (112 pounds), the unit of weight used for measuring the size of a catch.

The Fisher Who Died in His Bed

PEA 205 No. 1180
Patrick Rossiter
Fermeuse, October, 1961

Moderately slow, free time



1. Old Jim Jones the fisher, the trapper, the trawler,
   Jim Jones the fish-killin' banker is dead,
   No fisherman surely never stepped in a dory
   Like Jim Jones the fisher who died in his bed.

2. Was there any old fellow tied sods or made bobbers,
   And set out his trawls in the dark it is said?
   No fisherman ever braved such stormy weather
   Like Jim Jones the trawler who died in his bed.

3. Jim Jones he would shorely go out in a dory,
   And set out his traps all weighed down with lead,
   No fisher from side on hauled traps with such tide on
   As Jim Jones the trapper who died in his bed.

4. In the foggiest of weather he'd set out the leader,
   But who in the devil this side of the Head
   Could haul up such codfish or pick out the dogfish
   Like old skipper Jones who died in his bed.

5. There was never such a salter this side of the water,
   There never was such a glutton for eatin' cods' heads,
   There never was a crackie who could chaw tobaccy
   Like old skipper Jones who died in his bed.

6. Was there any old fisher or any old fellow
   Cut throats or split fish or tear off the head?
   For I'm darned if I ever saw one who'd pick liver
   So fast as our skipper who died in his bed.

7. Is there any old fellow this side of the harbour
   Sailed straight out the harbour or tacked round the Head?
   It would make you all frantic to sail the Atlantic
   With old skipper Jones who died in his bed.

8. His fishing days ended, his traps are unmended,
   His trawls are all rotten, his fishing boat sunk,
   And his days as a rover are finished and over,
   Old skipper Jim Jones who died in his bunk.

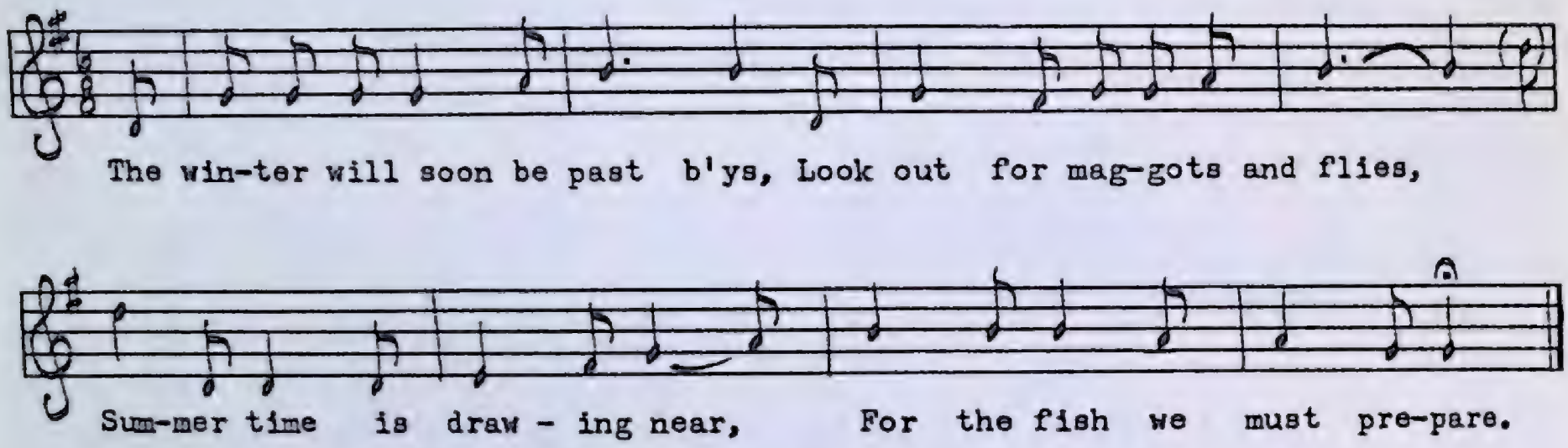
This is one of the finest native songs to come out of Newfoundland, sung by one of her very best singers. Those who find the ornaments too taxing may omit most of them to produce a more straightforward and accustomed 3/4-time rendition. To the uninitiated, Jim Jones may appear to have led a life of variegated careers: trapper, trawler, fisher, banker. I hope they will not be too disappointed to find out that these are all occupations concerned with catching the common cod. A trap is a huge box-shaped net suspended from surface floats and weighted with lead (verse 3). A leader net (verse 4) guides the fish through the one opening. For some reason, most of the fish keep going around inside the net, always missing the opening when they pass it. Trap nets are used in the relatively calm weather of the summer months. Trawls are multi-hooked and baited lines attached to a buoy or bobber. They can be used in rougher weather—though not too rough, Jim Jones to the contrary. A banker is a fisherman who fishes on the Grand Banks, or lesser banks of the North Atlantic (Peter's Banks, George's Banks). A 'crackie' (verse 5) is a small dog, like a Pomeranian, and 'salter,' in the same verse, refers to the process of preserving fish with salt.

Cleaning and filleting cod

For the Fish We Must Prepare

MS 39
Chris Cobb (composer)
Barred Island, July, 1952

Fast



1. The winter will soon be past b'ys,
   Look out for maggots and flies,
   Summer time is drawing near,
   For the fish we must prepare.

2. Oh traps and trawls and finger-stalls,
   Rubber boots and killick claws,
   Some lines and twines and rope and coils,
   You get sore hands and full of boils.

3. Sleepy eyes and staggering legs,
   Your bit of old clothes all torn in rags,
   Yoke your goats and fix your fence,
   A gallon of liver is twenty cents.

4. Go span your hens, the cock will crow,
   More rain, it goes too slow,
   You need not wait nor hesitate,
   We'll have a freezer full of bait.

5. Oh tar-mops and bark-pots,
   And fishin' caplin to the rocks,
   It's garden time, now full speed,
   Another load of government seed.

6. Hark at the whales, do you hear them blow?
   One swallowed Jonah years ago,
   He prayed and prayed, the wheel got jammed,
   Then Jonah crawled out safe on land,
   Now their throats are very small,
   They swallow fish and that is all.

Chris Cobb has managed to squeeze into six short verses most of the chores facing the outport Newfoundlander after a long winter of comparative idleness and boredom. At the height of the fishing season he may be working

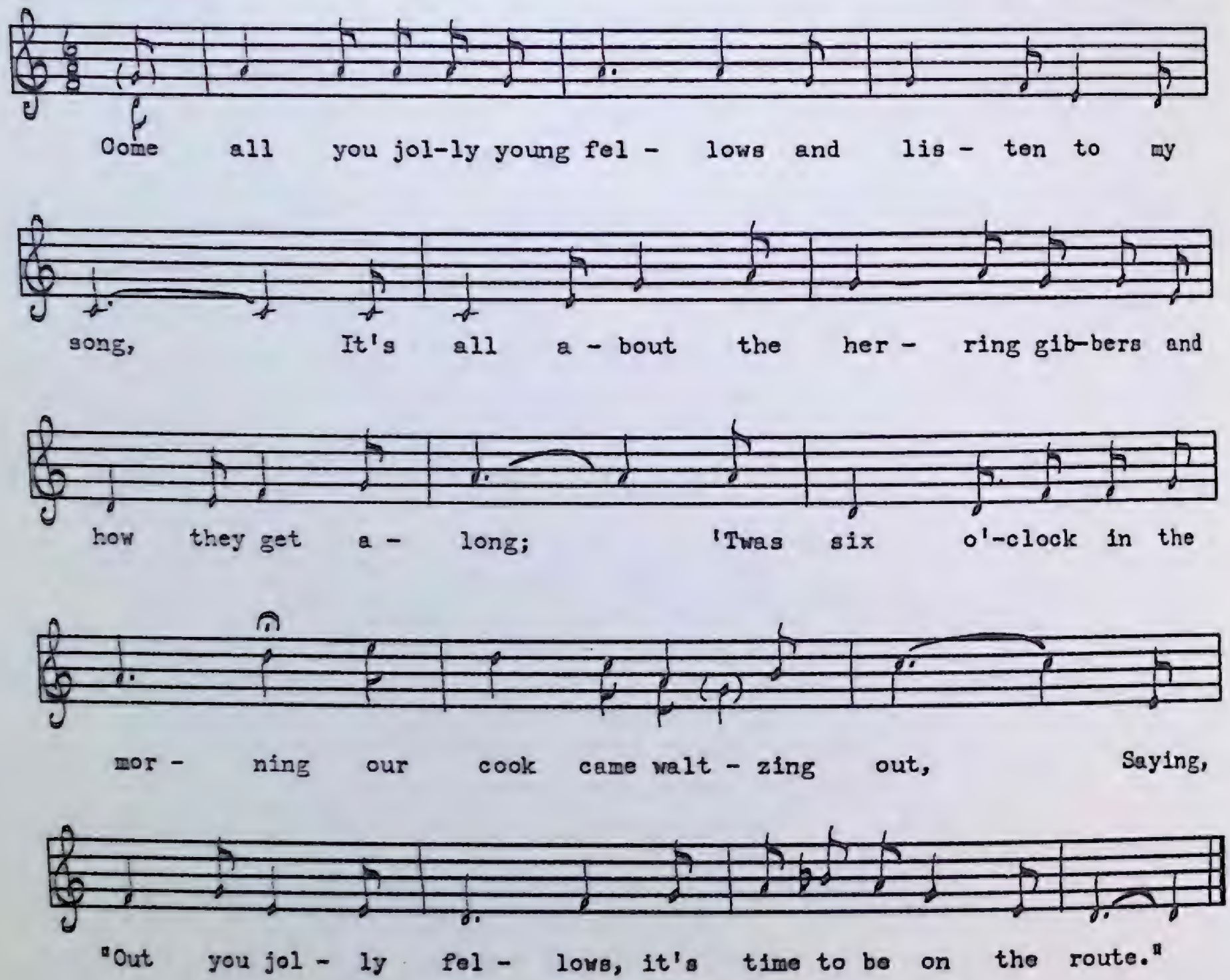
twenty hours a day if the fish are running. The word 'killick' in verse 2 refers to the anchor used in small boats and dories. Some fishermen save the cod livers to sell separately for the making of cod-liver oil. When Chris composed this song twenty or thirty years ago, the price for a gallon of livers was an incredible twenty cents (verse 3).

The Herring Gibbers

A

PEA 79 No. 689
Mrs. Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958

Moderately fast



1. Come all you jolly young fellows and listen to my song,
   It's all about the herring gibbers and how they get along;
   'Twas six o'clock in the morning our cook came waltzing out,
   Saying, "Out you jolly fellows, it's time to be on the route."

2. The packers they will get up all in a frightened way,
   "Where is my shoes, my stockings?—oh, my pants are gone astray."
   The next'll get up is the gibbers, their socks they cannot find,
   They'll blame it on the packers and swear with all their mind.

3. Some other man may have them on and they'll be laying near,
   We'll pass it off all with a joke and have a jolly cheer.
   John Mann's our foreman, as you may understand,
   He is the finest fellow as there is in Newfoundland.
   For every man is willing and try to do their best,
   And when their work is finished they'll have a little rest.

4. Sandy Royle our second hand is plainly to be seen,
He looks all over these herring gibbers for they is sort of green,
For every man is willing but the most of them are slack,
They'll work before his face and they'll slinge behind his back.

5. The next is our cook, b'ys, for he is deep in love,
His name is Johnny Pottle, he lives just up above,
He is so good a cook, b'ys, as you may wish to see,
He pleases both the foremen and likewise you and me.

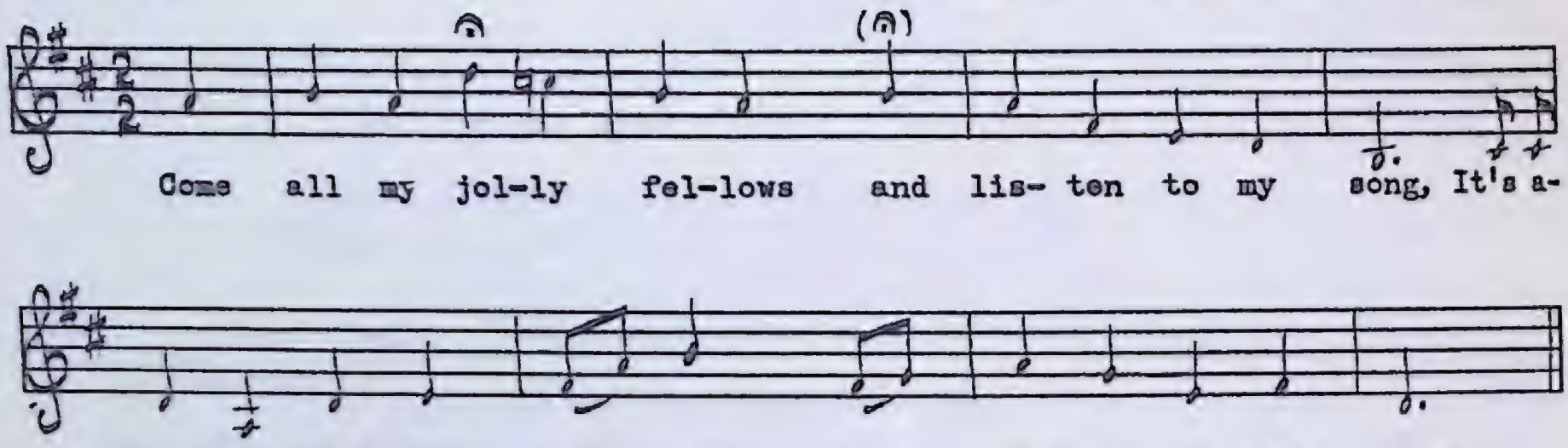
6. Now my song is near the end I think I have done well,
For while my mind is roving there is something else to tell,
'Tis all about Peter Jenny as you may understand,
He's going down to Gloucester and leaving old Newfoundland.

7. Christmas will roll around and glad will be the day
When thinking of our friends at home we wander back this way,
'Twas down in old Harcourt I sung a song of glee,
Now b'ys I have a-sung one for you, now you sing one for me.

B

PEA 173 No. 1082
Joshua Osborne
Seal Cove, White Bay, June, 1960

Moderate



1. Come all my jolly fellows and listen to my song,
   It's about those herring gibbers and how they get along.
2. At six o'clock in the morning the cook he will sing out:
   "Arise my jolly fellows, it's time for to heave out."
3. The gibbers they will then get out all in a frightened way:
   "Oh where's my boots and where's my socks?—my pants
   are gone astray."
4. Someone else may have them on or yet be lying there,
   They'll pass it all off as a joke and have a hearty cheer.
5. John Morrison is our foreman, as you may understand,
   He is as fine a man as you'll find all over Newfoundland.
6. Everyone is willing and trying to do his best,
   And when the work is finished we'll have a little rest.
7. Stanley Royle is our second hand most plainly to be seen,
   He looks over those gibbers because they're sort of green.
8. Some of them are willing while most of them are slack,
   They work so hard before his face and slinge behind his
   back.
9. The next is our cook, boys, for he is deep in love,
   His name is Johnny Poulos, he lives just up above.
10. He is as good a cook, boys, as you would wish to see,
    He pleases both the foremen and likewise you and me.
11. Now my song is nearly ended, I think I have done well,
    And while my mind is roving I have something else to tell.
12. It's all about Peter Ghaney as you may understand,
    He's going away to Gloucester and leaving old Newfoundland.

13. Christmas will roll around soon and glad will be the day
When we think of all our friends at home and wander
back that way.

14. Down in that lonely North Arm I sang this song with glee,
Now boys I have sung one for you, will you sing one for me?

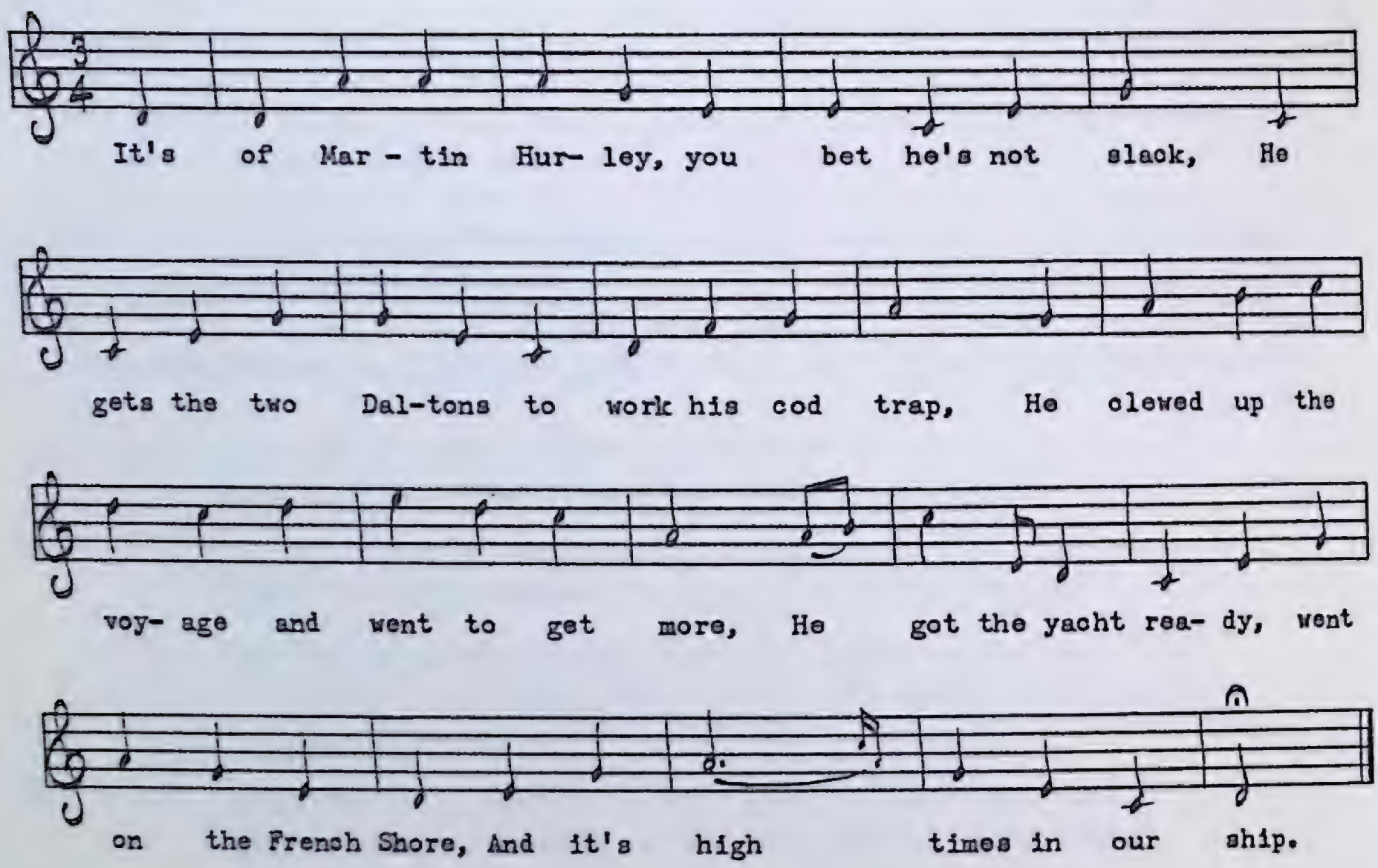
This native song is patterned after a well-known Canadian lumbercamp song, and even the tune of variant *A* is borrowed from the same source. Mrs. Bennett said she learned the song from a newspaper clipping over thirty-five years ago, though it's hard to see how she happened to use the right tune as well. The newspaper could have been *The Family Herald,* a Canadian journal, popular for decades in rural areas, which often published quite good traditional songs sent in by readers. The gibbers are the men who disembowel and clean the fish. The text of *B* is in slightly better condition; and its tune, though not so rollicking as that of *A,* is of quite good quality.

High Times in Our Ship

(Martin Hurley)

MS 78
Alan Hoven
Fogo, July, 1952

Moderately fast



1. It's of Martin Hurley, you bet he's not slack,
   He gets the two Daltons to work his cod trap;
   He clewed up the voyage and went to get more,
   He got the yacht ready, went on the French Shore,
   And it's high times in our ship.

2. In crossing the White Bay met up with the lop,
   Ran into a puncheon and thought 'twas a rock;
   The man on the lookout as soon as 'twas done
   Went to the main halyards and the mainsail let run,
   And it's high times in our ship.

3. The skipper was frightened and likewise the crew,
   We hoist up our mainsail, got into Bloody Two;
   We got into Bloody Two when we anchored 'er fair.
   "Oh dammit," said Martin, "we'll load 'er down there."
   And it's high times in our ship.

4. We got a good trip of fish before it got late,
   Martin was captain, young Joseph chief mate,
   Billy Laughton was cook, the old man takes the cake,
   And it's high times in our ship.

5. One fine Sunday morning when the weather was duck
Young Joseph down aft was reading his book,
With his blue derry bander and eye-glasses long.
"Keep 'er full father, she'll soon jog along!"
And it's high times in our ship.

6. Just as bold Martin turned Little Bay Head
Nellie she eyed him and said 'twas a brig.
"Say, it's a brig from the north or the south,
Why dammit, it's Martin with his mainsail bloomed out!"
And it's high times in our ship.

7. When Martin got in the water did sound,
He lowered his mainsail and both anchors let down;
He hoist out his boat, he pulled for the shore.
"We are home now," says Martin, "we'll go there
no more."
And it's high times in our ship.

8. We started to scrape down the last of the month,
We hoist Joe aloft in the big fishin' punt,
The big fishin' punt for the small bo's'n's cheer,
And Martin was afraid of his rotten gear,
And it's high times in our ship.

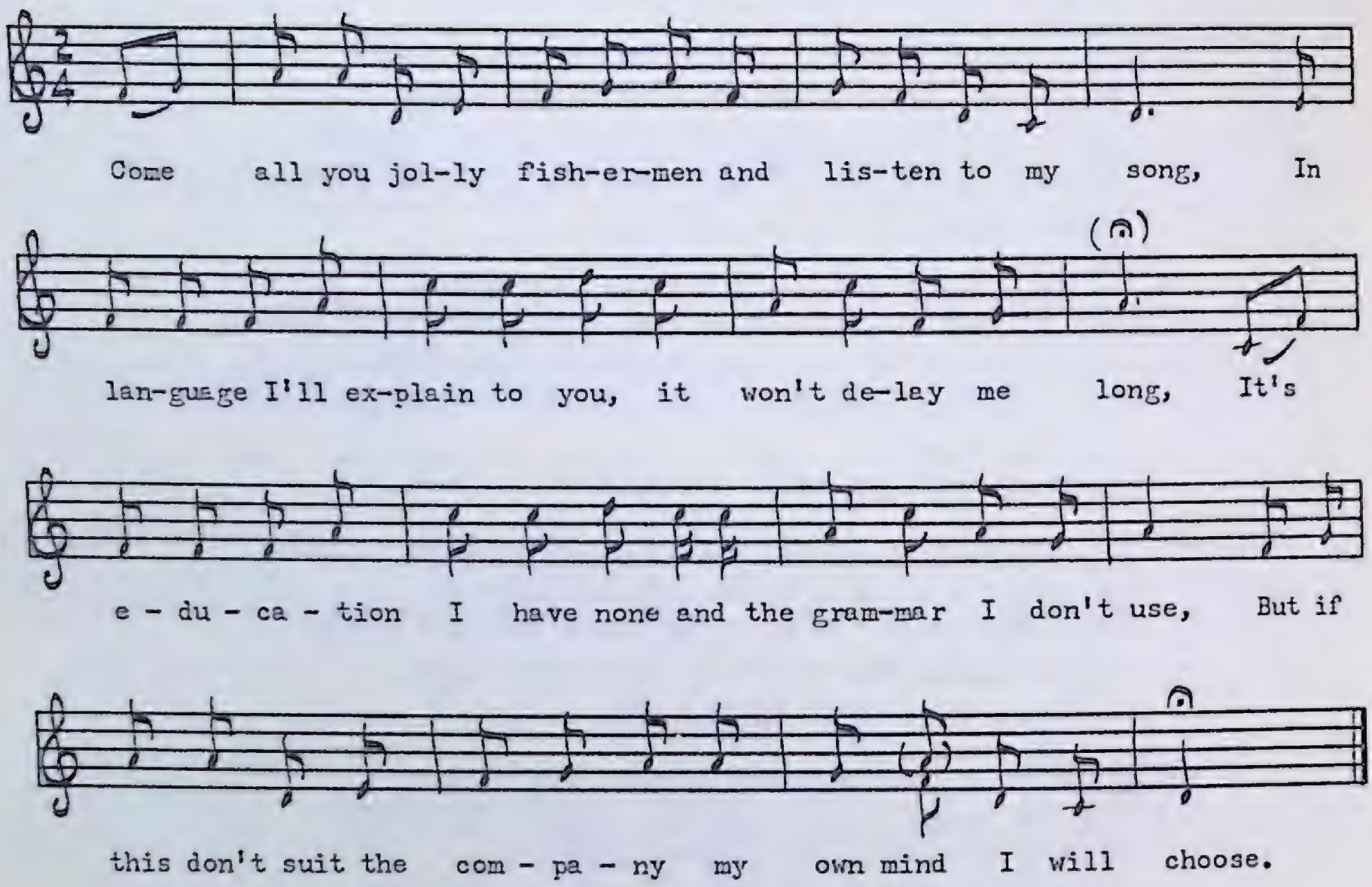
9. Now Mrs. Hurley I won't delay you long,
I hope you'll excuse me for makin' this song;
And if you don't you know I don't care,
For when Martin hears it I know he will swear.
And it's high times in our ship.

The local expression 'clewed up' in verse 1 means 'finished' or 'brought to an end.' It comes from the nautical term 'clew up' which means to haul up the corners (clews) of the sails in preparation for furling. The 'lop' in verse 2 refers to the choppy condition of the water caused by a sudden squall. 'Bander' in verse 5 is a corruption of 'bandel' or 'bandeau,' a small head-band. Both the text and the tune of this native song are of the highest quality. I have encountered the tune before in a slightly different version: the E, C, E / G, C/ of bars three and four given here were E, D, D / D, E/. The latter is perhaps a better-balanced version of the melody.

Labrador

PEA 127 No. 891
Kenneth Pink
Rose Blanche, June, 1959

Fast



1. Come all you jolly fishermen and listen to my song,
   In language I'll explain to you, it won't delay me long,
   It's education I have none and the grammar I don't use,
   But if this don't suit the company my own mind I will choose.
2. The *Carey* being our schooner's name as you may understand,
   With a crowd of brave young fishermen brought up in Newfoundland,
   Mike Coughlin being our skipper's name, Sam Smithson being our mate,
   And Harris being the owner I'm sorry to relate.
3. It was on a Monday morning we got her under way,
   All to look for a baiting down in Conception Bay,
   We understood in Burin, we took our bait in there,
   And when we arrived to Holyrood twenty thousand was our share.
4. So when we arrived in Carbonear our skipper he went on shore
   For to see the girl he was going with when he was there before,
   Two men all in a motor-boat they came out from the shore,
   They told us that the fish was dry down on the Labrador.
5. Early next morning we got her under way,
   For three long days and three long nights we beat out of the Bay,
   For three long days and three long nights we beat the Southern Shore,
   And we swore to God we'd never live to see old Labrador.

6. Early next morning so loud our cook did shout,
"Heave out and get your breakfast, b'ys, he's going to toss you out."
We worked and sawed those cod-jiggers until our hands got sore,
Which made us curse the first man that sailed on the Labrador.

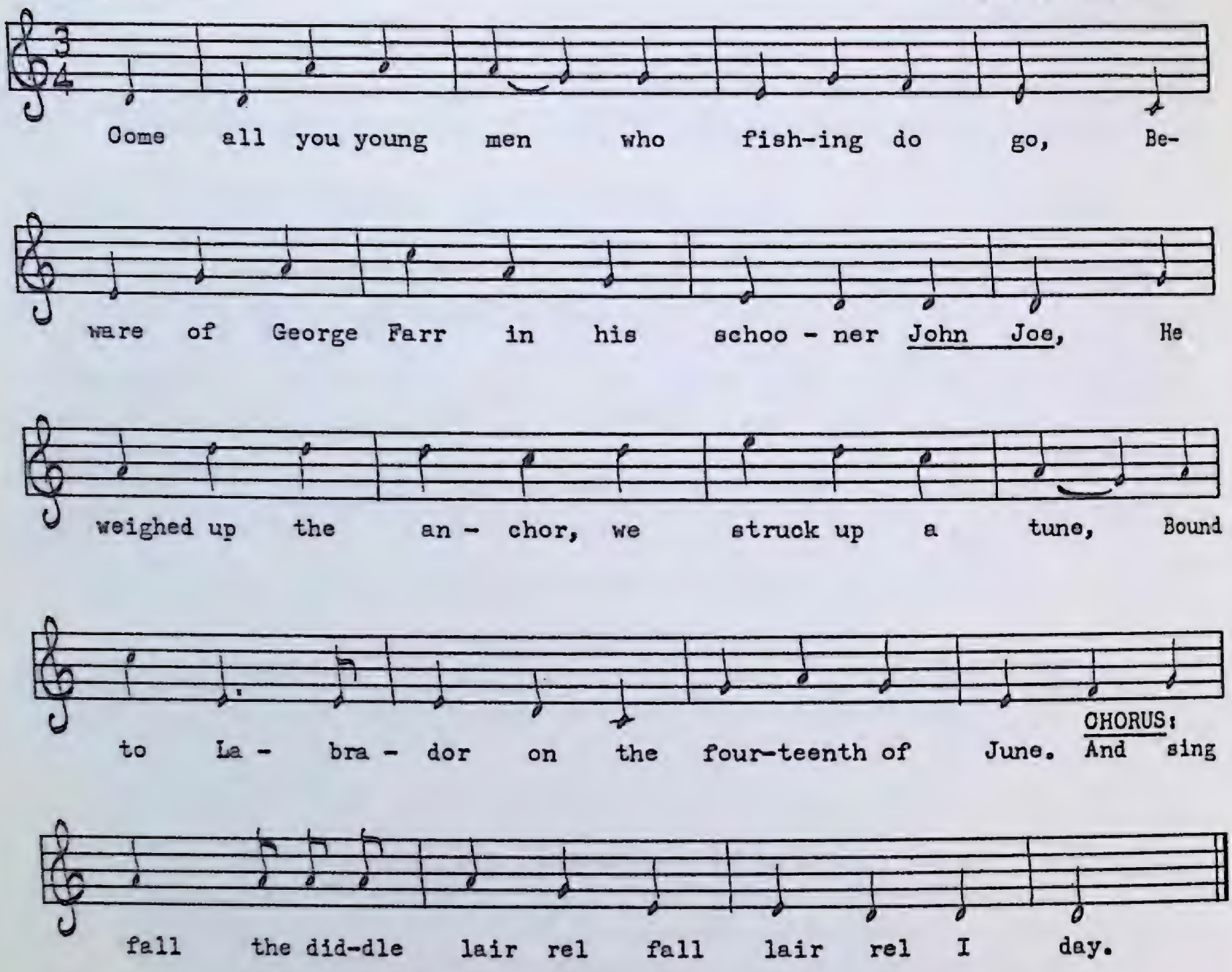
7. What a foolish understanding for any man to do,
To take a load of cod-jiggers to supply a banker's crew,
If we'd took a load of otter traps, leaved our cod-jiggers on shore,
We'd have stood a chance for a load of fur down on the Labrador.

Jigging for cod and squid (verse 6) has become a favourite tourist adventure. The double-hooked cod jigger is not baited, but the fish become curious just the same and may come to 'sniff' it or brush past it with their bodies. It is at this moment that the alert fisherman jerks the line and impales the fish, a fish-by-fish method which is much slower than the large-scale methods of the banker. This is why the author of the song is complaining about the foolish owner who supplied the crew only with cod-jiggers (verse 7).

On the Schooner "John Joe"

PEA 184 No. 1117
Leonard Hulan
Jeffrey's, July, 1960

Moderately fast



1. Come all you young men who fishing do go,
   Beware of George Farr in his schooner *John Joe,*
   He weighed up the anchor, we struck up a tune,
   Bound to Labrador on the fourteenth of June.
   And sing fall the diddle lair rel fall lair rel I day.

2. When we come to our breakfast 'tis soup made of fish,
   When we come to our dinner it's the same old dish,
   When we come to our supper 'tis thin hard bread,
   So I went to the cook for to push in his head.

3. " 'Tis true I was never fed upon a grand dish,
   Nor brought up on soup made out of fresh fish."
   When George he came forward, began for to speak,
   "If you stretch the cook sure I'll stretch you to sleep."

4. Those words were scarce spoken when just in a snap
Old George wheeled around and gave me a smart rap,
I squared off at once and there I did meet
Our old skipper George right fair in the teeth.

5. He raised his hands quick but then changed his mind,
With a grin on his face he slapped me behind.
"Make us a pork cake," old George he did jaw
To the cook in the fo'c'sle a-mixin' the dough.

6. We ate a bang-belly, we had sure enough,
We made a good meal of the fat pork and duff,
Old George he can jaw but I don't care a pin,
I'm eatin' pork cake and I'm sure it's no sin.

7. There was an old whaler come in from Bras d'Or,
Said Georgie, "I'll bring you what you never had before."
He went to the skipper, a grin in his teeth,
And he brought us some whale and he swore 'twas good meat.

8. "And if it's good meat you might eat it yourself,
For I do not want it you ugly old elf,
And after you've eat it your plate you may lick,
May the devil turn your stomach and make you real sick!"

9. My wife she's at home too sad for to sing,
And now I'm near dyin' for the want of something,
If she were here I wouldn't refuse,
It's not for the sake of the time I would lose.

10. But now we're bound home and our wings they are spread,
And the cow-tails are flying all over our heads,
And walkin' the deck and the shaft it being soft
All the blocks they come tumblin' right down from aloft.

11. Oh now we are home and the table is spread,
The children all flock to get their hard bread,
They got their own rounds and to dine it's soon gone,
And they drove from the table right every one.

12. And now to conclude and to finish my song,
I'm afraid now you've heard it you'll say it's too long,
Some of you good people might take it the wrong way,
By the skin on my bones it's the truth I do say!

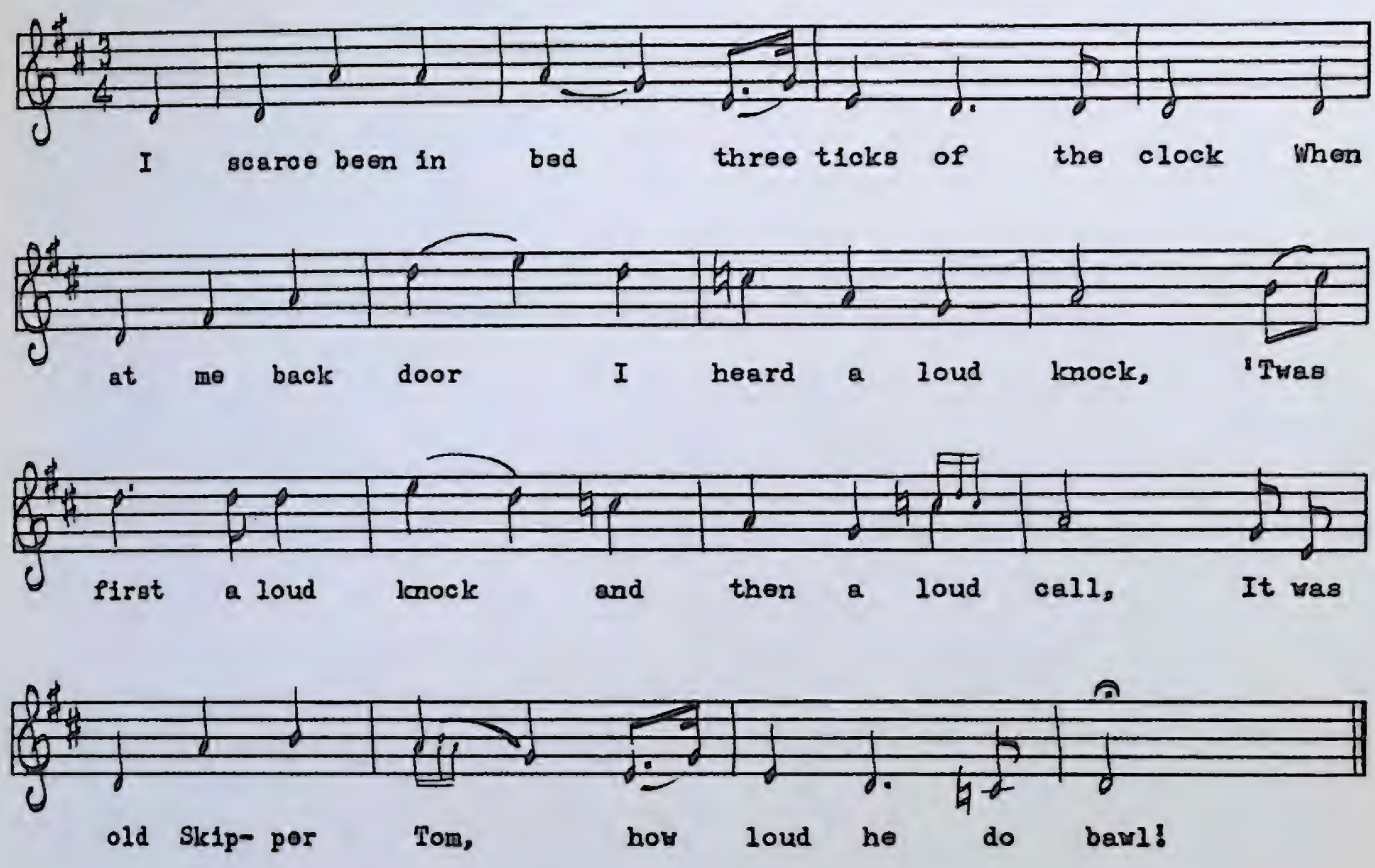
Leonard Hulan says this song was composed about seventy years ago by Tom Evans, an Englishman who settled in Newfoundland in the late nineteenth century. Sailor's duff is like a suet fruit pudding with sweet sauce over it. A 'bang-belly' is a flour pancake usually fried in pork fat and served with molasses.

A fisherman from Cape Broyle

Skipper Tom

MS 104
Alfred Israel Mahaney
Fogo, July, 1952

Moderately fast



1. I scarce been in bed three ticks of the clock,
   When at me back door I heard a loud knock,
   'Twas first a loud knock and then a loud call,
   It was old Skipper Tom, how loud he do bawl!

2. The night being so dark all the lights were gone out,
   To get in my boat I scrambled about,
   And down o'er the bank I steered 'er so straight,
   With a whipping fine breeze and a tub of fresh bait.

3. Down to the sunker I anchored so fair,
   Hand over me lines and never one tear,
   Skipper Tom he laid down on the broad of his back,
   Either 'sleep or awake he could hear his line crack.

4. Then up spoke the skipper, "Don't let your line slack,
   For when he breaks water I'll be on his back!"
   The fish he broke water, gave a wonderful swish,
   When out of his mouth two hooks he did twist.

5. Skipper Tom he looked forward with a wonderful frown,
   How hard he comes up and how light he goes down!
   "I'll go to my bread basket get something to eat,
   Then go aloft to as far as the cleat."

6. He then went aloft and spied all around,
   A trifle of small fish around the shore ground,
   The skipper he then came down from aloft,
   The skipper he had his fat daggers cut off.

7. He ate his fat dagger and well licked his chin.
   "We'll haul up our grapples and go further in."
   We had a whipping fine mainsail and a sporting fine jib,
   A crooked-nosed punt and she sailed like a squid.

8. In the sweet month of August when the liver was plump,
   We had our big puncheon chuck full to the bung,
   Saying Mrs. oh Mrs. you may hold your wish,
   You can say what you like we're the devils for fish!

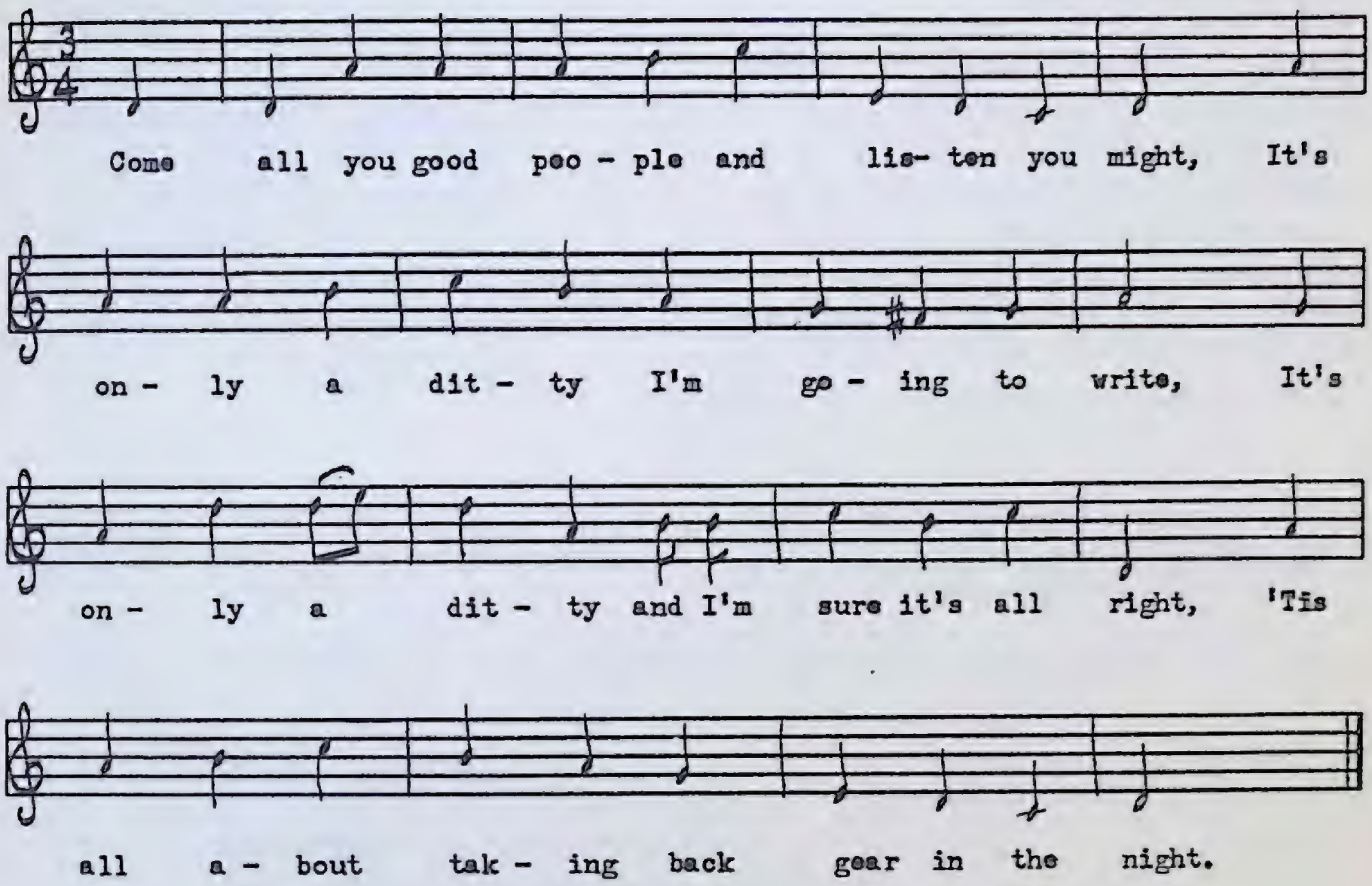
The composer of this native fishing song is unknown, though Mr. Mahaney assured me he was born somewhere in the Fogo area. In Newfoundland the word 'wonderful' performs the same colloquial function as the word 'terrible' in general usage ("My, it's wonderful warm today!").

Taking Back Gear in the Night

(Gerry Fudge)

PEA 127 No. 892
Kenneth Pink
Rose Blanche, June, 1959

Fast



1. Come all you good people and listen you might,
   It's only a ditty I'm going to write,
   It's only a ditty and I'm sure it's all right,
   'Tis all about taking back gear in the night.

2. The first take-off engine I think it is slick
   When pushing us through at a mighty full tick,
   With the stars all above and the moon shining bright,
   All hands are bound out to take gear in the night.

3. The next man I'll mention it is Little Toss,
   He left about three o'clock to go across,
   When the wind from the southeast it came up to blow
   When back to the island Little Toss he did go.

4. Gerry Fudge is my name b'ys, 'tis I made this song,
   I'll sing it to you and it won't take me long,
   I'll sing it to you, it's the best I can do,
   There's nobody knows what our ships they go through.

5. Now fishing's all over so late in the fall,
The b'ys are bound homeward to drink their alcohol,
And as they were leaving, I heard them all say
Cheerio to old Pemminuns (?) while we are away.

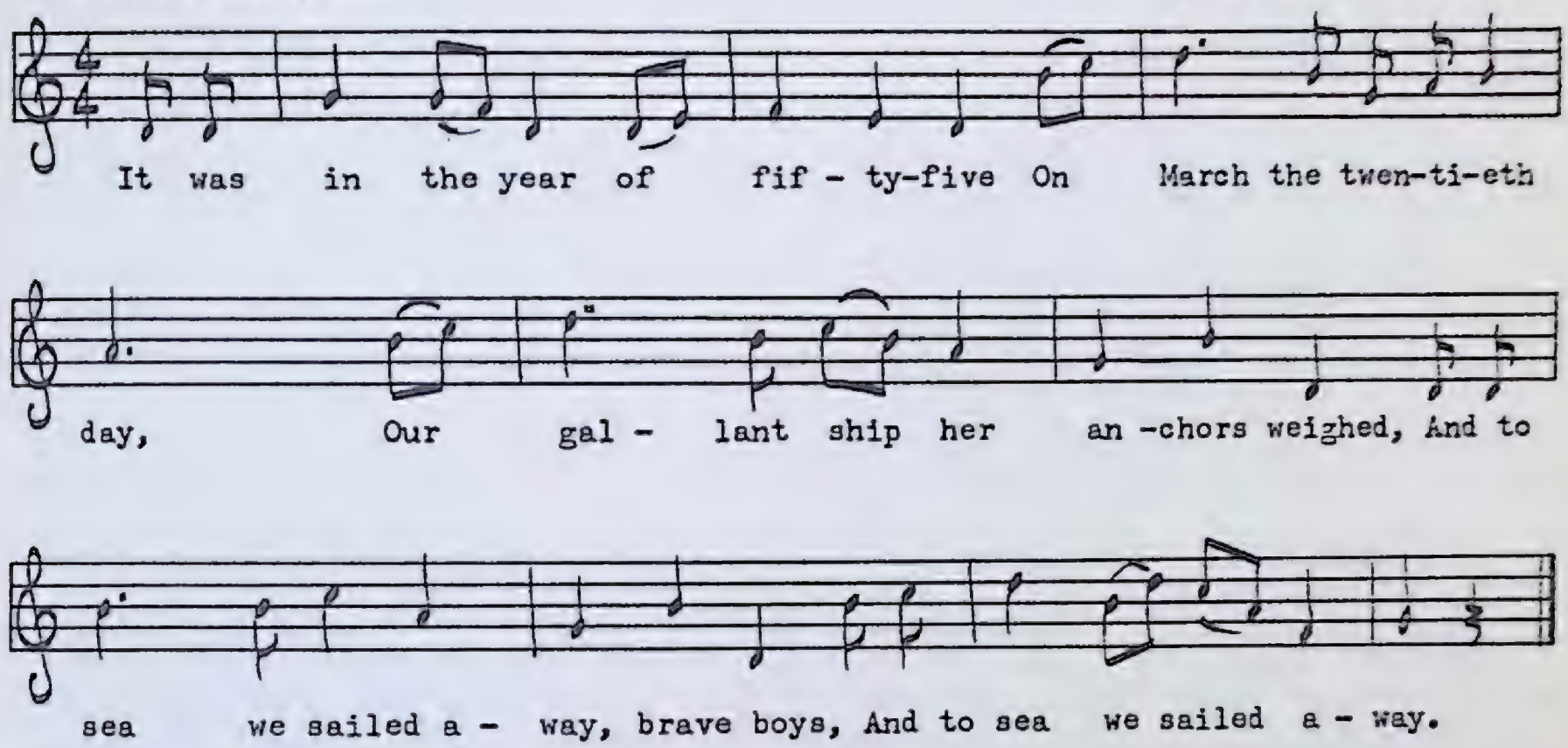
Fishermen often set up seasonal quarters on off-shore islands to be nearer the fishing grounds. 'Pemminuns' is one such island near Cape La Hune on the south coast of Newfoundland. I was unable to find it on the map and have spelled it the way the singer pronounced it. This unassuming little song tells of a group of fishermen taking back their fishing gear at the end of the fishing season in the fall. Offshore islands, by the way, are also very good places to set up stills, so the 'gear' was probably not completely concerned with fishing. The tune sounds Dorian at the beginning, but the one F-sharp establishes it as Mixolydian.

Whaling Song

(The Greenland Whale Fishery)

MS 119
Thomas Sullivan
King's Cove, July, 1952

Moderate, steady time



1. It was in the year of fifty-five
   On March the twentieth day,
   Our gallant ship her anchors weighed,
   And to sea we sailed away, brave boys,
   And to sea we sailed away.

2. Blowhard was our captain's name,
   Our ship the *Lion* bold,
   And we were bound to the northern seas,
   To face the storms and cold, brave boys,
   To face the storms and cold.

3. Our mate aloft on the foretop stood
   With a spy-glass in his hand:
   "There's a whale! there's a whale! a whale-fish!" he cries,
   "And he blows at every span, brave boys,
   And he blows at every span."

4. Our captain along the deck he ran,
   A gallant little man was he.
   "Overhaul, overhaul, your davit-tackle fall,
   And launch your boat to the sea, brave boys,
   And launch your boat to the sea."

5. We struck that whale and away he went,
With the flourishing of his tail;
He upset our boat, we lost one man,
But did not gain that whale, brave boys,
But did not gain that whale.

6. When news unto our captain came
Of the losing of a man,
Of the losing of his 'prentice boy,
He down his colors drew, brave boys,
He down his colors drew.

7. "My gallant crew, don't be dismayed,
By the losing of a man,
For Providence will have its way,
That a man do all he can, brave boys,
That a man do all he can."

Though seemingly of mid-nineteenth century composition (" 'Twas in the year of fifty-five") this sea ballad originated more than one hundred years earlier. A black letter broadside telling a similar tale appeared before 1725. The heyday of the Greenland whale fishery was in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and three broadside versions, issued by Pitts, Catnatch, and Such, appeared during this period. All the variants collected in the North Atlantic region are based upon, or influenced by these later broadsides. The robust Mixolydian tune of this Newfoundland variant is a perfect vehicle for the text.

Laments

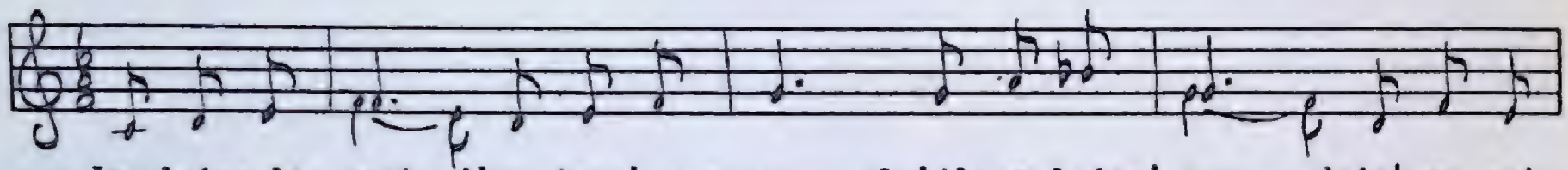
Setting the trap nets

Love Adventures

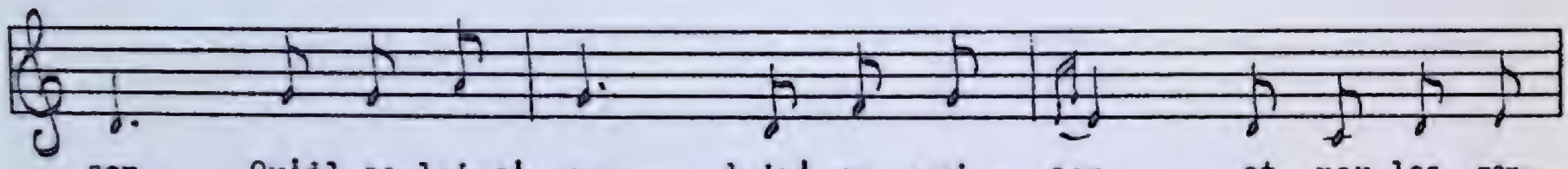
Le beau militaire

PEA 182 No. 1110
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1960

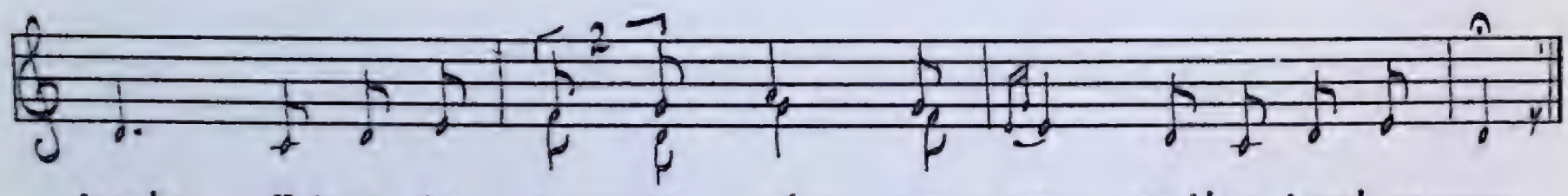
Modéré



Je plains le sort d'un jeun' gar-çon Qu'il se laiss' con - duir' en pri-



son, Qu'il se laiss' con - duir' en pri - son et par les gen-



darm's, Voi-ci la jo - lie ré - com - pen - se d'un jeun' gar-çon.

Je plains le sort d'un jeun' garçon
Qu'il se laiss' conduir' en prison, } (*bis*)
Qu'il se laiss', conduir', en prison et par les gendarm's,
Voici la jolie récompense d'un jeun' garçon. } (*bis*)

Il ne fut pas au régiment
Qu'il le fallait prendre serment. } (*bis*)
—Jurez, jurez, beau militaire, vaillant conscrit,
Que vous serez toujours fidèle à vot'e patrie. } (*bis*)

—Je vous le jur', beau commandant,
Que d'sour trois jours, je fout' le camp, } (*bis*)
I' y a pas d' gendarm's, ni d' gendarm'rie, gard's nationaux,
M'oppos'ront d'aller voir Nanette dans son château. } (*bis*)

Il ne fut pas sitôt rendu,
Trois coups dans la porte, il frappa. } (*bis*)
—Ouvrez la port' belle Nanette, à votre amant,
C'est lui qu' votre cœur-e désire et (qu'il aime tant.
(depuis longtemps. } (*bis*)

—Oui, oui, la port', je t'ouvrirai,
Si tu m'emportes ton congé. } (*bis*)
—Ah! oui, oui, oui, belle Nanette, très bien si'né,
De d'sur la première semelle de mes souliers. } (*bis*)

Il ne fut pas sitôt rentré
Que trois gendarm's l'ont empo'gné. } (*bis*)
—Te voilà ici, beau militaire, vaillant conscrit,
A fair' l'amour aux jeunes filles de ton pays. } (*bis*)

Ils l'avont pris, ils l'ont enchaîné }
Droite à Paris, ils l'ont conduit. } (*bis*)
Ils l'avont renfermé dans des cachots noir-es les plus profonds, }
Voilà la jolie récompense d'un déserteur. } (*bis*)

Le beau monsieur tire ses gants blancs

PEA 179 No. 1103
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1960

Modéré

Le beau mon - sieur tir' ses gants blancs, C'est pour de l'or et de l'ar- gent, Le beau mon- sieur tir' ses gants blancs, C'est pour de l'or et de l'ar-gent. -Pre-nez - y, bell', pre - nez en a - bon- dan-ce, Pre-nez - y, bell', tant qu'vous n'en s'rez con- ten - - te, Pre-nez - y, bell', pre - nez en a - bon -dan-ce, Pre-nez - y, bell', tant qu'vous n'en s'rez con-ten - - - te.

Le beau monsieur tir' ses gants blancs,
C'est pour de l'or et de l'argent. } (*bis*)
—Prenez-y, bell', prenez en abondance,
Prenez-y, bell', tant qu' vous n'en s'rez contente. } (*bis*)

Quand que la bell' fut contentée,
Le monsieur voulut commencer. } (*bis*)
—Mon beau monsieur, pas tant d' vot' badinage,
Je ne suis qu'une seule fill' sage.
Mon beau monsieur, pas tant d' vot' badinage,
Vous êtes ici avec une fill' sage.

—Oui! oui, la bell' tu as raison,
On voit là-bas une maison, } (*bis*)
Et j' monterons dans la plus haute chambre
Où j' parlerons de nos amours ensemble. } (*bis*)

Quand que le barqu' fut accostée,
Le monsieur débarqu' le premier. } (*bis*)
La belle fill' a mis tour en arrière:
—Bonjour, bonsoir, je descends la rivière. } (*bis*)

—Qu'ils diront-i', tous mes parents
Pour tant d'or et tant d'argent? } (*bis*)
—Tu leur diras, tu ne mentiras guère,
Qu'en passant la rivière, t'as voulu jouer avec la bataillère. } (*bis*)

—La belle, donnez-moi cent z-écus,
Et du restant j'en parl'rons plus. } (*bis*)
—Mais tu n'auras ni ça ni Phinimène,
Ça t'apprendra à jouer avec les filles. } (*bis*)

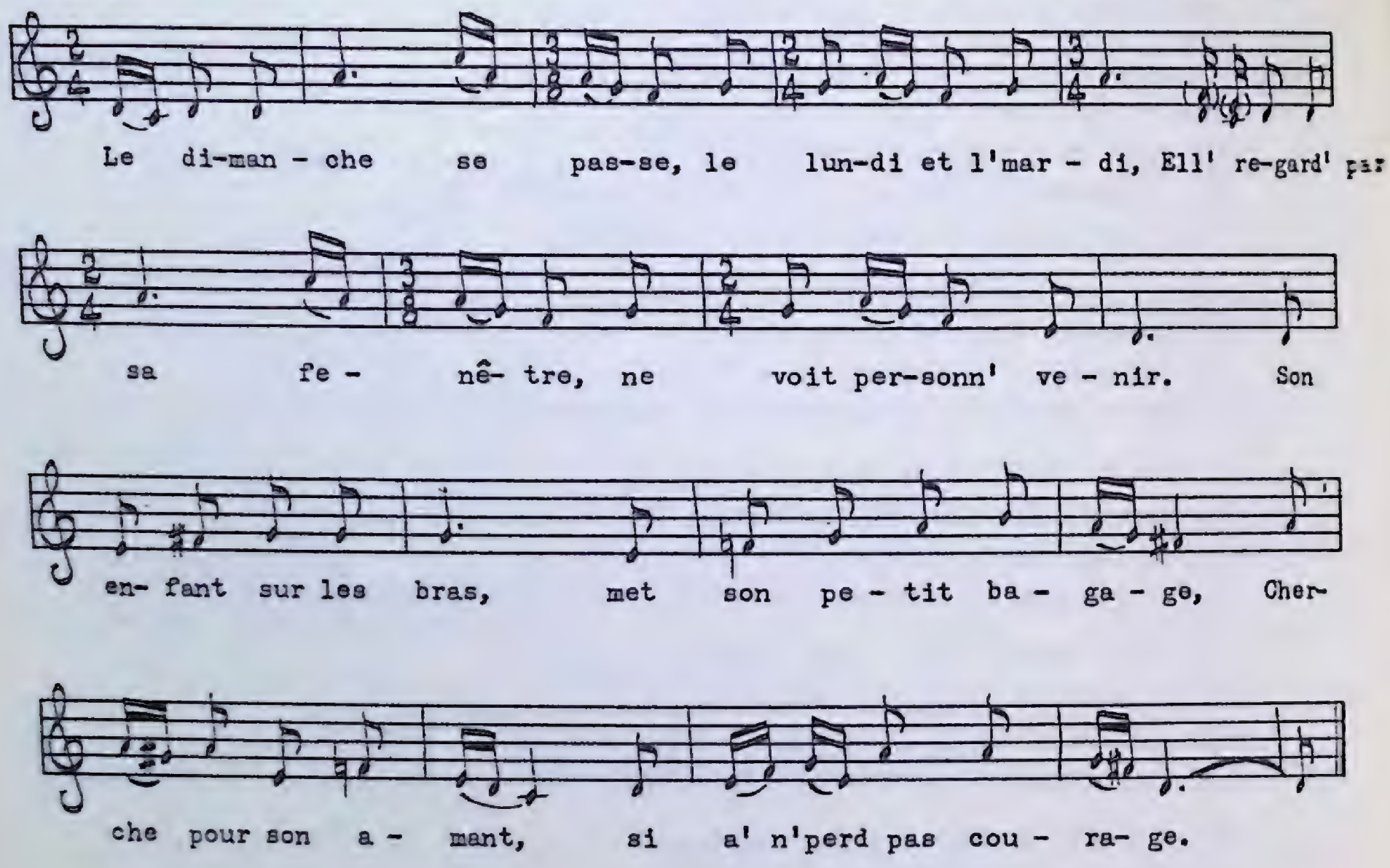
—Avec ton or et ton argent,
Je m'en irai dan' un couvent. } (*bis*)
Je m'en irai parmi ces religieuses
Où c' que j' pass'rai l' restant d' ma vie heureuse. } (*bis*)

Verses 3 and 6 are from a variant sung by Mme Arthur Felix of Cape St. George.

La belle cherche son amant

PEA 180 No. 1106
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1960

Modéré



Le dimanche se passe, le lundi et l' mardi,
Ell' regard' par sa fenêtre, ne voit personn' venir. } (*bis*)
Son enfant sur les bras, met son petit bagage,
Cherche pour son amant, si a' n' perd pas courage. } (*bis*)

Quand qu'ell' fut dans ces bois, ces bois bien éloignés,
Ell' regard' de tous côté-es, ne voit personn' venir. } (*bis*)
Levant la vue au ciel, à la mère des anges,
—Me laiss'rez-vous mourir dans un pays si étrange? } (*bis*)

—Votre mari, la belle, il n'est pas loin d'ici,
Il est à l'ombrage, à boire du bon vin
Et à jouer aux cartes. } (*bis*)

—Te voilà donc, mon drôle, te voilà donc ici,
Depuis le temps qu' j' te cherche sans pouvoir t'y trouver, } (*bis*)
J'ai fait plus d' six cents lieu's, au d'sur quat' cents milles,
Mon enfant sur les bras, j'en serai jamais libre. } (*bis*)

Il arrach' dedans sa poche un mouchoir bien blanc
Pour essuyer les larmes d' sa femme et son enfant. } (*bis*)
—Tiens, voilà ton enfant, à toi, je m'en décharge,
Je m'en va's à Paris, à la joli' Rochelle. } (*bis*)

—A Paris, la belle, à Paris nous n'irons pas, } (*bis*)
A Paris, la belle, nos parents n'y sont pas,
Je resterons ici, je tiend(e)rons boutique } (*bis*)
Et not' petit enfant, j' mettrons à la nourrice."

The last line of the irregular third verse ("Et à jouer aux cartes") is sung to the last phrase of the melody ("si a' n' perd pas courage.").

Blanche comme la neige

A

PEA 140 No. 950
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1959

Lent, expressif

Des - sur le pont de Londres une fil- le s'y pro-

mè - ne, Des - sur le pont de Londres une fil-le s'y pro-

mè - ne, Blan-che com - me la nei - ge, jo-

lie com - me le jour, Trois ai - ma-bles ca- pi - tai- nes ve-

naient lui faire l'a - mour, Blan-che com - me la

nei - ge, jo - lie com - me le jour, Trois ai-

ma - bles ca - pi - tai - nes ve - naient lui faire l'a - mour.

Dessur le pont de Londres une fille s'y promène. (*bis*)
Blanche comme la neige, jolie comme le jour,
Trois aimables capitaines venaient lui faire l'amour. } (*bis*)

Le plus jeune de les trois la prend par sa main blanche, (*bis*)
—Montez, montez, la belle, sur mon cheval gris,
A Paris, j' vous emmène dans un très beau logis. } (*bis*)

A Paris, il fut arrivé, l'hôtesse lui demande, (*bis*)
—Dites-moi don', la belle, parlez-moi sans mentir,
Si vous êtes venue ici-e par force ou par plaisir. } (*bis*)

—Non, non, j' n' suis venue-e par force ni par plaisir,
Dans l' jardin de mon père, trois capitain's m'ont pris'. } (*bis*)

En disant ces mots-là, trois capitain's qu'ils rentrent. (*bis*)
—Soupez, soupez, la belle, soupez avec plaisir,
Avec trois capitaines, vous passerez la nuit. } (*bis*)

En disant ces mots-là, la belle est tombée morte. (*bis*)
«Sonnez, sonnez trompettes, tambours du régiment,
Si ma maîtress' est morte, j'en saurai la raison.» } (*bis*)

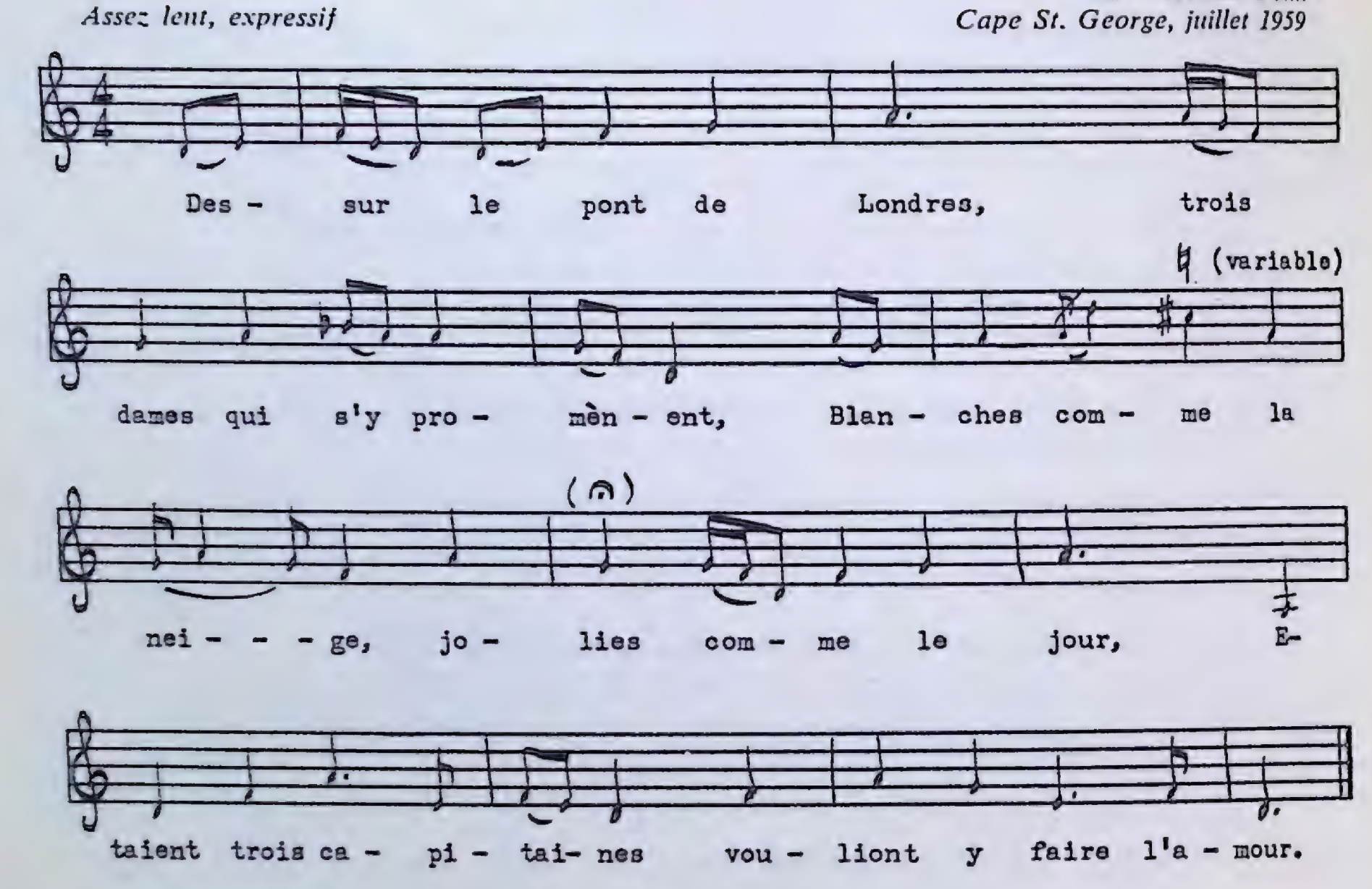
—Et où l'enterr'rons-nous cette aimable maîtresse? (*bis*)
Dans l' jardin, vers son père, sous un laurier fleuri,
On prierons Dieu pour elle, que son âme va au paradis. } (*bis*)

Au bout' troisième journée, la belle ressuscitée, (*bis*)
—Rouvrez, rouvrez la porte, chèr' mèr', si vous m'aimez,
Trois jours, j'ai fait la morte, mon honneur est sauvé. } (*bis*)

B

PEA 136 No. 931
Mme Arthur Félix
Cape St. George, juillet 1959

Assez lent, expressif



Dessur le pont de Londres, trois dames qui s'y promènent,
Blanches comme la neige et jolies comme le jour,
Étaient trois capitaines vouliont 'y faire l'amour.

Le plus jeune des trois la prit par sa main blanche.
—Montez, montez la belle su' mon cheval gris,
A Paris, je t'emmène en d'sous d' mon logis.

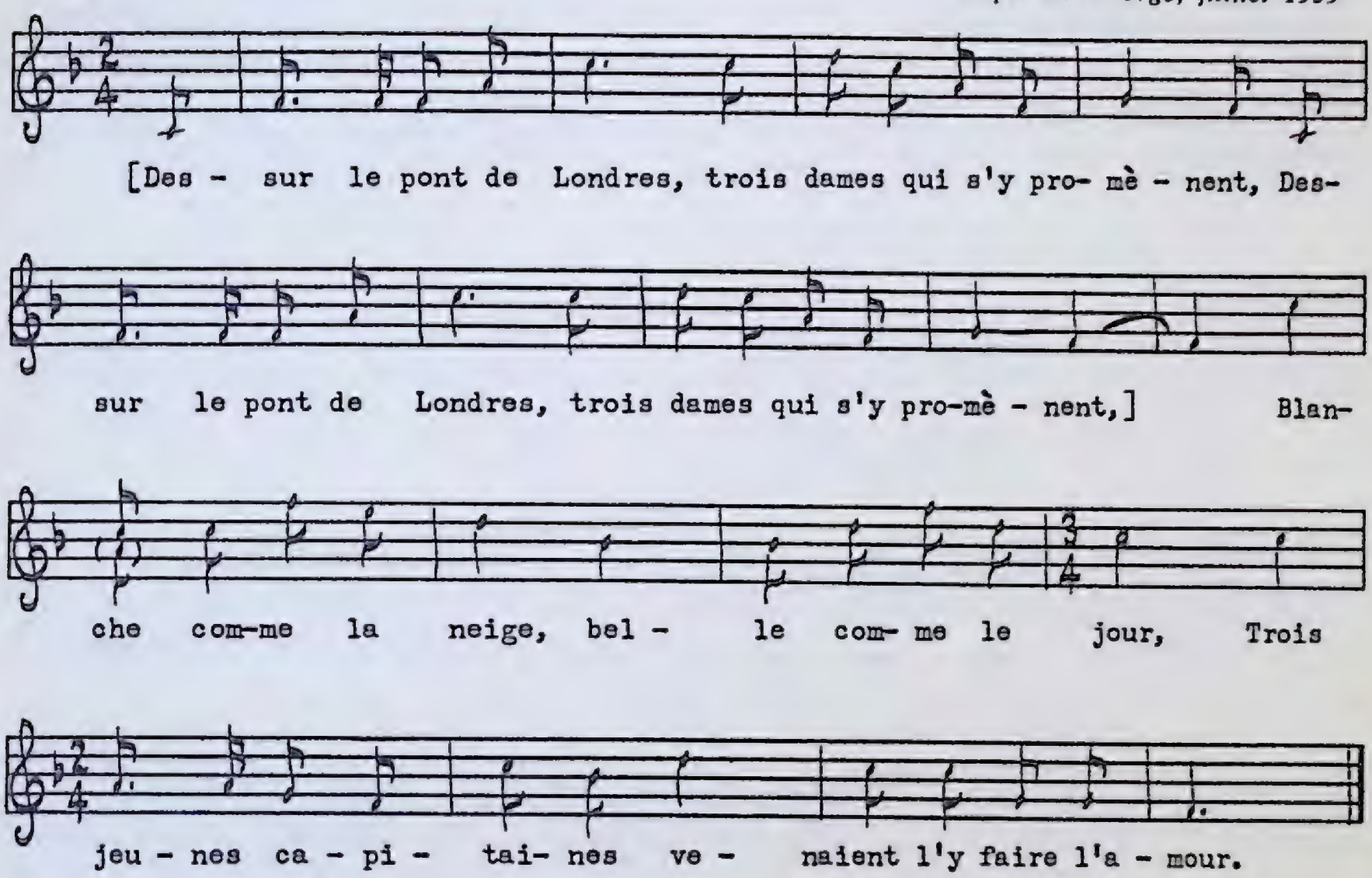
Paris, étant arrivée, l'hôtesse 'i demande:
—Êtes-vous ici par force ou bien par vos plaisirs?
—Étaient trois capitaines m'ont amenée ici.
—Soupez, soupez, la belle, prenez donc du plaisir,
Avec trois capitaines, vous passerez la nuit.

Au milieu du souper, la belle a tombé morte.
«Jouez, jouez trompettes, tambours et violons,
Notre maîtresse est morte, faut savoir la raison.»
—Et où l'enterrons-nous cette aimable personne?
—Au jardin de son père, quels beaux lauriers fleuris,
Je prierons à Dieu pour elle qu'elle aille au paradis.

Trois jours 'tant arrivés, va frapper à la porte de son père.
—Rouvrez, rouvrez la porte, cher père, avec douceur,
Trois jours, j'ai fait la morte pour garder mon honneur.

C

PEA 138 No. 940
Guillaume Robin
Cape St. George, juillet 1959



[Dessur le pont de Londres, trois dames qui s'y promènent,] (*bis*)
Blanche comme la neige, belle comme le jour,
Trois jeunes capitaines venaient l'y faire l'amour. (*bis*)

Le plus jeune des trois la prit par sa main blanche, (*bis*)
—Montez, montez, la belle, sur mon cheval gris,
Nous parlerons d'amour dans la ville de Paris.

Dans la ville de Paris, i' y a là des grands hôtels, (*bis*)
—Mangez, mangez, la belle, mangez à votre appétit,
Si vous n' seriez pas si belle, vous n' seriez pas ici.

Quand la belle entend ces mots-là, la belle fut tombée morte, (*bis*)
«Cessez, cessez trompettes, tambours et violons,
Si ma maîtresse est morte, j' n'en saurai la raison.»

—Et où l'enterrons donc cette aimable fillette? (*bis*)
Dans l' jardin de son père, sous un laurier fleuri,
Nous prierons Dieu pour elle qu'elle aille au paradis.

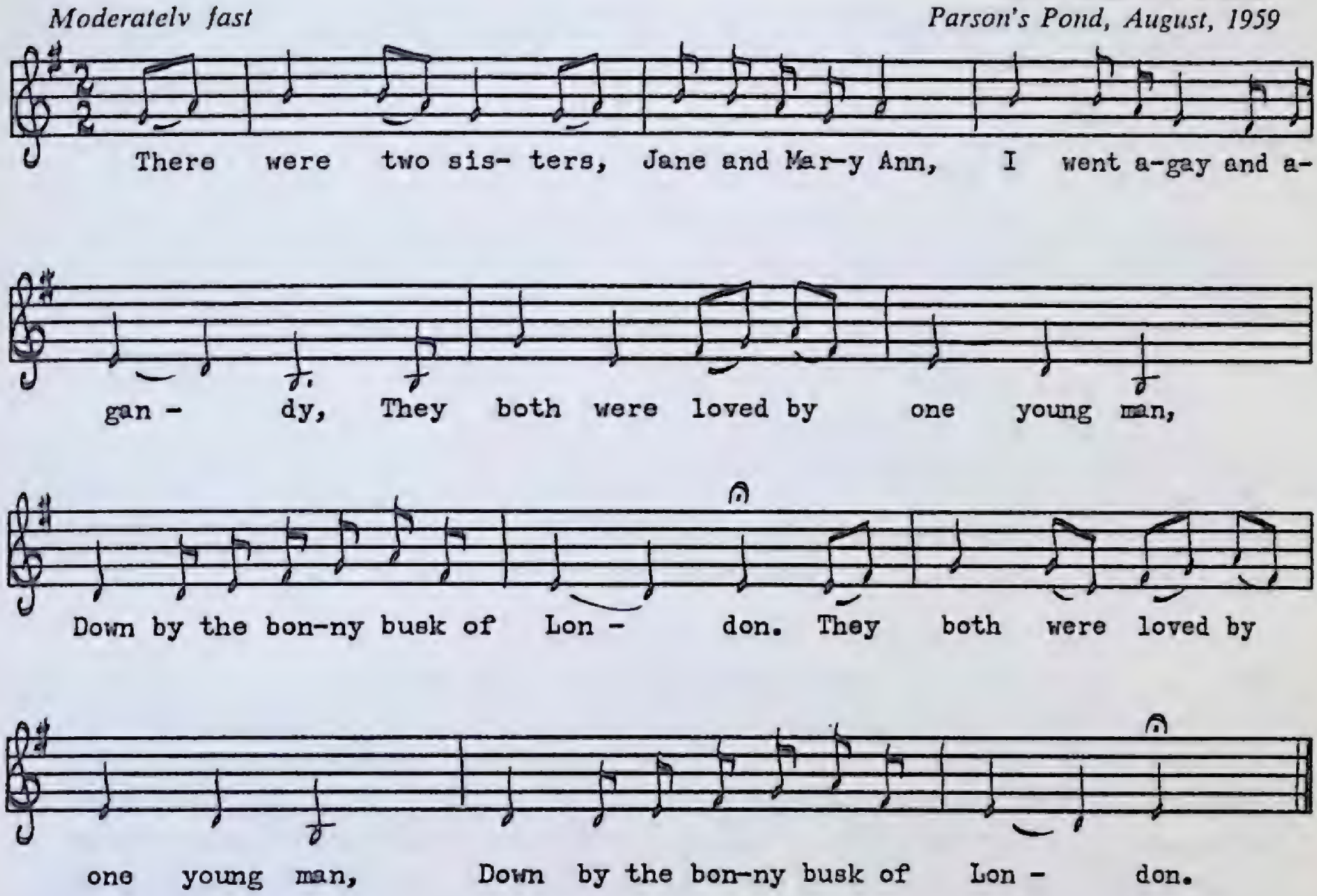
Au bout de les trois jours, la belle fut ressuscitée, (*bis*)
—Rouvrez, rouvrez la porte, chère mère si vous m'aimez,
J'ai fait trois jours la morte, mon honneur est sauvé.

The scholarly title for this song is *La belle qui fait la morte pour son honneur garder,* which is rather like telling the punch line of a joke first. The tunes of the first two variants are related; *A* is an ornate quasi-Dorian version, and *B* a simpler quasi-Aeolian treatment. The inverted pause signs in *A* indicate a shortening of the tone. Variant *C* is completely different, possibly a soldiers' version used for marching like *Auprès de ma blonde.* Though similar, all three texts are reproduced for comparative studies. The three variants come from the same area near the tip of the Port-au-Port peninsula.

The Bonny Busk of London

(The Twa Sisters, Child 10)

PEA 156 No. 1013 and MS
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1959



1. There were two sisters, Jane and Mary Ann,
   I went a-gay and a-gandy,
   They both were loved by one young man, } *twice*
   Down by the bonny busk of London.

2. The oldest was loving gay gold rings,
   And the youngest was loved above all things.

3. The oldest said to the youngest one day,
   "Let us go and see our father's ship sail away."

4. So they both went out so light and gay
   To see their father's ship sail away.

5. The youngest one put her foot upon a stone,
   And the oldest one she shoved her in.

6. The miller with his fishing pan
   Brought this lady on dry land.

7. He kissed her face, he kissed her hair,
   He kissed her lips so red and fair.

8. He said, "My dear, it's you I love
More than the riches in heaven above."

9. She said, "Young man, I love you more
Than all of the gold in England's store."

10. He said, "My gold is ten times more
Than all of the gold in England's store."

11. He said, "My riches are all thine
If you will be a bride of mine."

12. She said, "Your riches great may be,
But all I do crave is your fair body."

13. He mounted her on his milk-white steed,
And away to his castle with all speed.

14. He dressed her up in silk so gay
All married to be that very day.

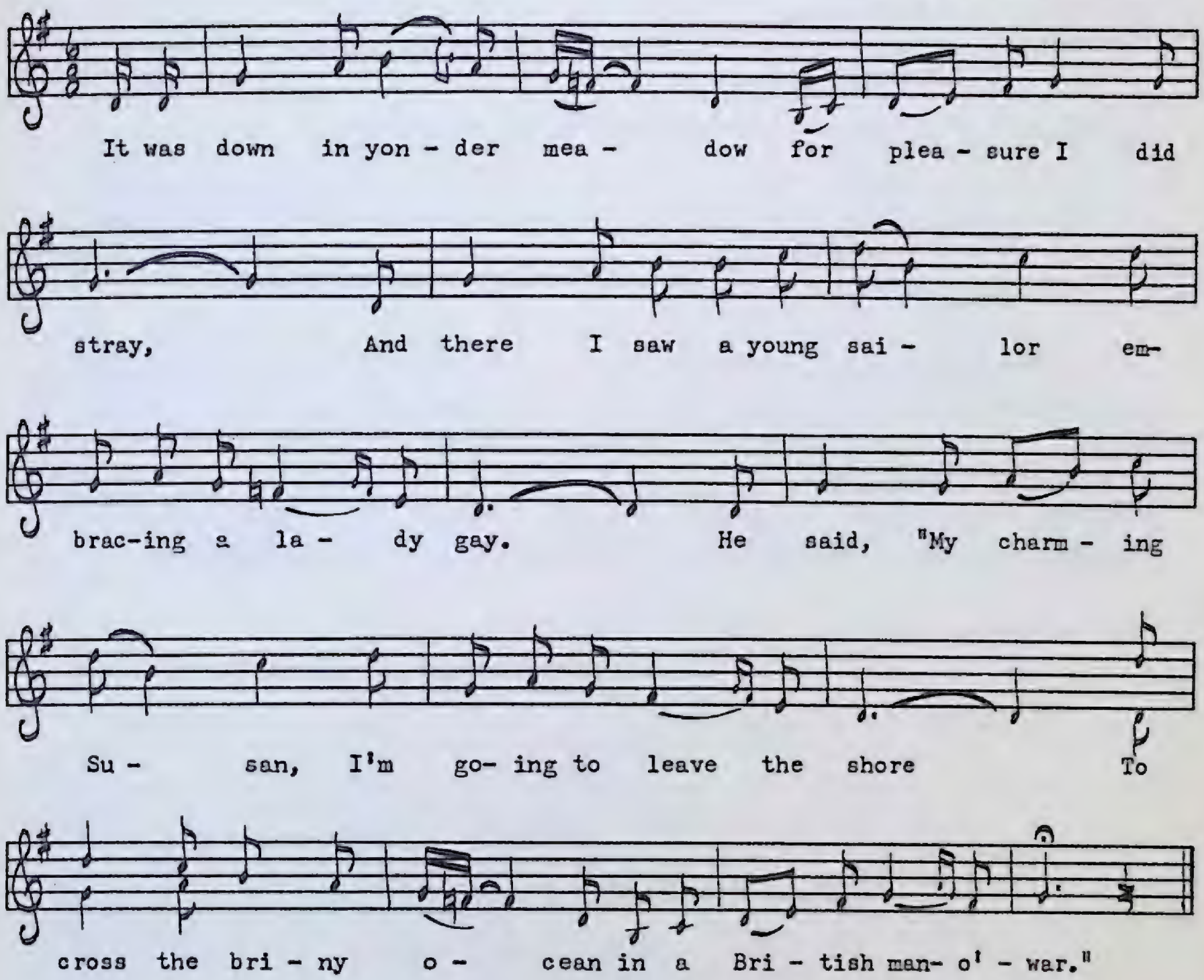
15. You could not see her beautiful face,
For it was covered all over in lace.

16. You could not see her yellow hair
For the lumps of gold were lying there.

A most unusual variant of *The Twa Sisters*. In Scandinavian analogues and early Scottish versions the girl drowns and the miller makes a harp-like instrument from various parts of her body. When played, the strings (veins) of the instrument tell that her father is the king, her mother the queen, and her sister the murderess. Later variants have the miller stealing her jewellery and throwing her back in the water. This is the only variant I know of where the girl lives to marry the miller-turned-nobleman. The word 'busk,' an old dialect word for bush or thicket, often sounds like 'buzz' on the recording. It was most difficult to decide just what word was intended. Other possibilities are: 'buss,' a cargo ship used in the Dutch herring fishery 1471; 'bows,' the rounded shoulders of a boat, 1626; 'boss,' a rocky protuberance. Several of the Child variants mention 'the bonny bows o' London.' Those who are shocked by the girl's unseemly craving in verse 12 will be relieved to learn that in the sixteenth century the word 'body' was commonly used to denote 'person,' as we use 'somebody' and 'nobody.' During the same period the word 'lumps' in the last verse meant 'masses' or 'heaps.'

British Man-O'-War

MS 17
Harry Curtis
Joe Batt's Arm, July, 1952



1. It was down in yonder meadow for pleasure I did stray,
   And there I saw a young sailor embracing a lady gay.
   He said, "My charming Susan, I'm going to leave the shore,
   To cross the briny ocean in a British man-o'-war."
2. Now Susan fell a-weeping, "Oh sailor lad," said she,
   "How can you be so foolish as to throw yourself away?
   When I'm the age of twenty-one I will receive my store,
   So change your inclination from a British man-o'-war."
3. "Oh Susan, lovely Susan, my time has come at last,
   The British flag is insulted, old England must act fast;
   And we'll be crowned with laurels just like some jolly tar,
   To face the wars of China in a British man-o'-war."
4. "Oh Willie, lovely Willie, don't face these broad Chinese,
   For they will prove as treacherous as any Portuguese;
   All by some sword or dagger you will receive a scar,
   Jolly sailor do not venture in a British man-o'-war."

5. "Oh Susan, lovely Susan, my time has come at last,
We will go to yonder public house and drink a parting glass,
My ship mates they are waiting to row me from the shore,
To cross the briny ocean in a British man-o'-war."

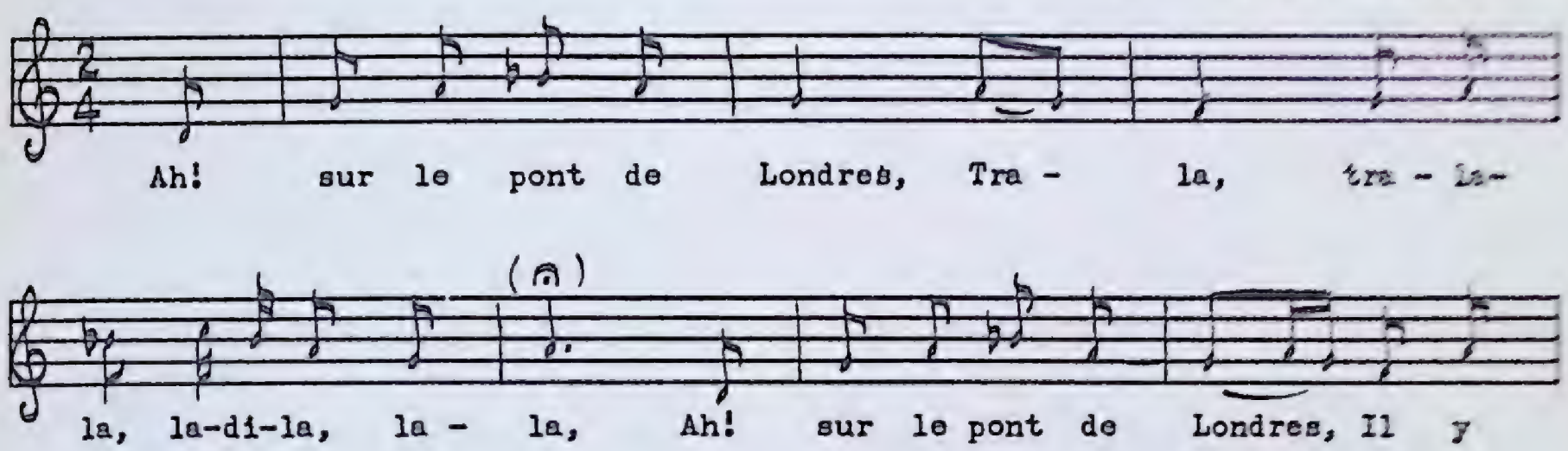
6. Willie took his handkerchief and tore it fair in two.
"Here's one half of this till I return, the other I'll keep for you;
When billows they surround me and cannons loudly roar
I'll fight for England's glory in a British man-o'-war."

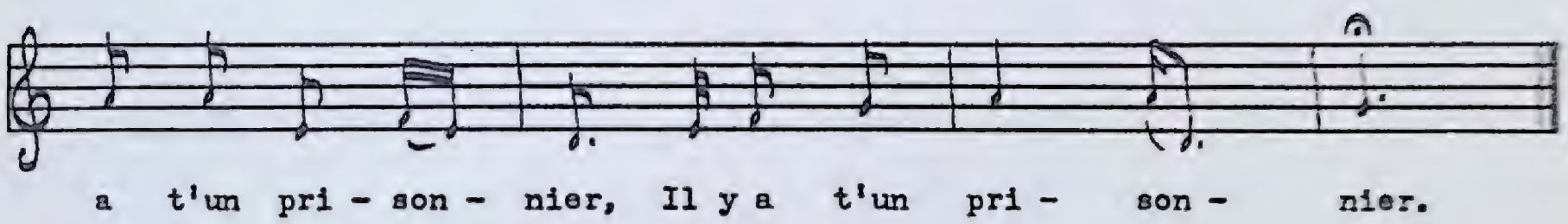
7. A few more words were spoken when these lovers let go their hands,
The sailors gently manned their oars and quickly rowed from land,
And Willie waved his handkerchief till they were far from shore,
"Farewell Susan, better a sailor in a British man-o'-war."

The events referred to in this ballad possibly go back to the years following 1838 when Britain seized the island of Hong Kong, which became a Crown Colony in 1841. In a variant called *On Board of a Man-of-War* which appears in Kidson's *Traditional Tunes,* Susan dresses in sailor's clothes and goes with Willie to sea where she is wounded fighting the Chinese. This Newfoundland variant, with its broken token theme, is quite different.

Dans les prisons de Nantes

PEA 139 No. 347
Jean Ozon
Cape St. George, juillet 1955





Ah! sur le pont de Londres,
Tra-la, tra-la-la, la-di-la, la-la,
Ah! sur le pont de Londres,
Il y a t'un prisonnier. (*bis*)

Personne allait le voir,
Tra-la, tra-la-la, la-di-la, la-la,
Personne allait le voir,
Rien que la fill' du geôlier. (*bis*)

I' portait des chemises,
Tra-la, tra-la-la, la-di-la, la-la,
I' portait des chemises,
Des chemises r'passées
Tant qu'i' ven'ont changer.

C'était par un bon jour,
Tra-la, tra-la-la, la-di-la, la-la,
C'était par un bon jour,
La belle z-a, pleurait. (*bis*)

—Dites-moi don', la belle,
Tra-la, tra-la-la, la-di-la, la-la,
Dites-moi don', la belle,
Quoi ce qui vous fait pleurer. (*bis*)

—C'est demain que vous mourrez,
Tra-la, tra-la-la, la-di-la, la-la,
C'est demain que vous mourrez.
—Déchaînez-moi les pieds,
Déchaînez-moi les mains.

Si c'est demain que j' moure,
Tra-la, tra-la-la, la-di-la, la-la,
Si c'est demain que j' moure,
Déchaînez-moi les mains,
Déchaînez-moi les pieds.

Après qu'il était libr',
Tra-la, tra-la-la, la-di-la, la-la,
Après qu'il était libr',
Il saute par-dessus l' mur,
Il prend la mer salée.

Jamais qu' j'arriv' en France,
Tra-la, tra-la-la, la-di-la, la-la,
Jamais qu' j'arriv' en France,
Je vous f'rai faire une robe. (*bis*)

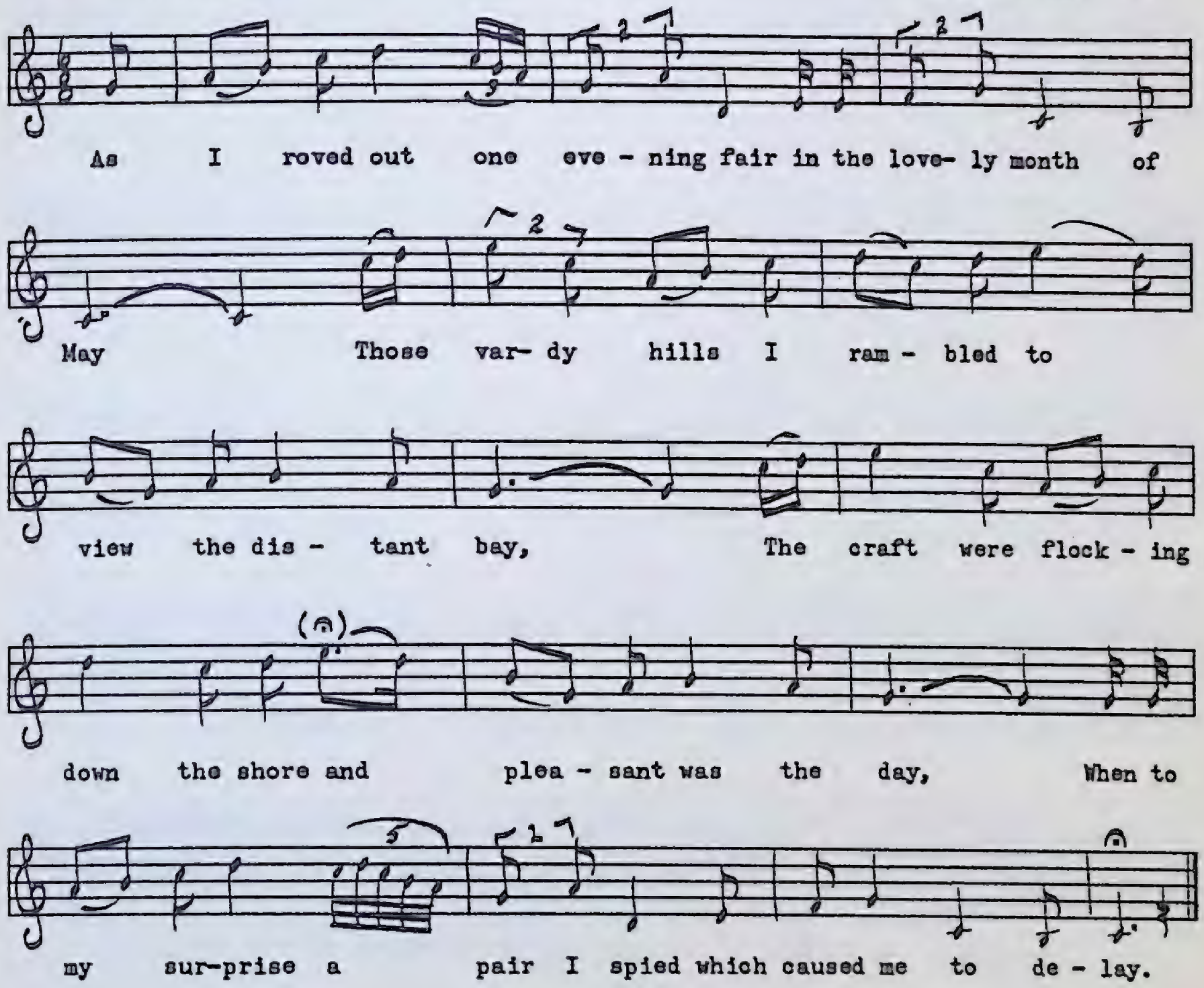
A chaque point d'aiguill',
Tra-la, tra-la-la, la-di-la, la-la,
A chaque point d'aiguill',
Bouton d'or je mettrai,
La bell' j'embrasserai.

Fanny's Harbour Bawn

A

MS 34
Bill Brennan
King's Cove, July, 1951

Moderate, free time



A

1. As I roved out one evening fair in the lovely month of May,
   Those vardy hills I rambled to view the distant bay,
   The craft were flocking down the shore and pleasant was the day,
   When to my surprise a pair I spied which caused me to delay.

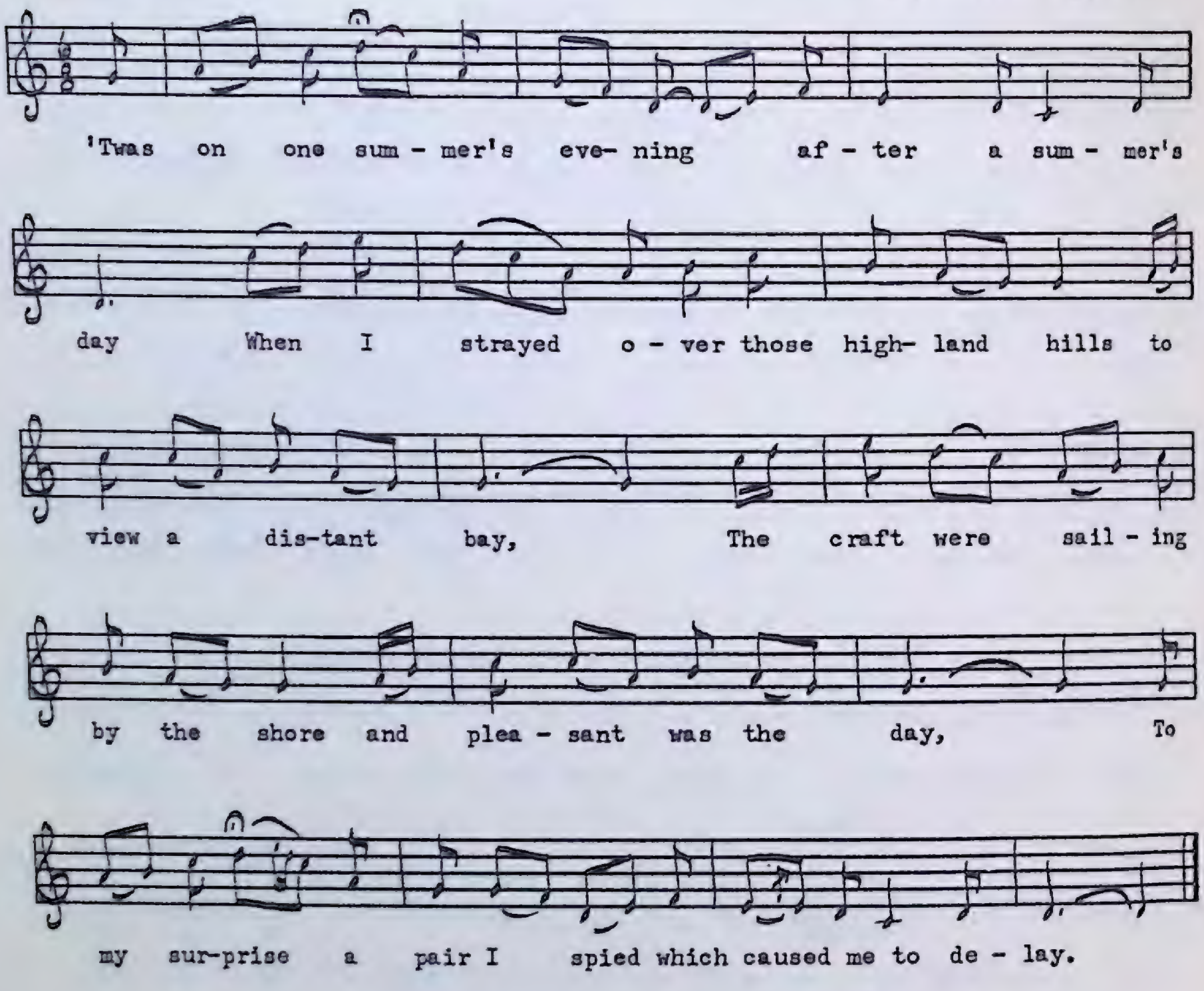
2. 'Twas there I saw a young man embracing fondly
   The charms of a fair one that once was loved by me;
   My heart with jealous notions felt eagerly the wrong
   Which caused this dreadful conflict on Fanny's Harbour Bawn.

3. I then addressed this young man and unto him did say,
   "Are you from Bonavista or are you from the Bay?
   I see you are a northern man a Bayman I presume,
   So I pray be gone all from the bawn or I'll boot you in your bloom."

B

PEA 145 No. 968
George Decker
Rocky Harbour, July, 1959

Moderate, free time



4. He quickly made answer and unto me did say,
"I'm not from Bonavista but I am from that Bay,
I do reside where storm and tide have swept down buildings strong,
Here in full glee from T and C to meet you on the bawn."

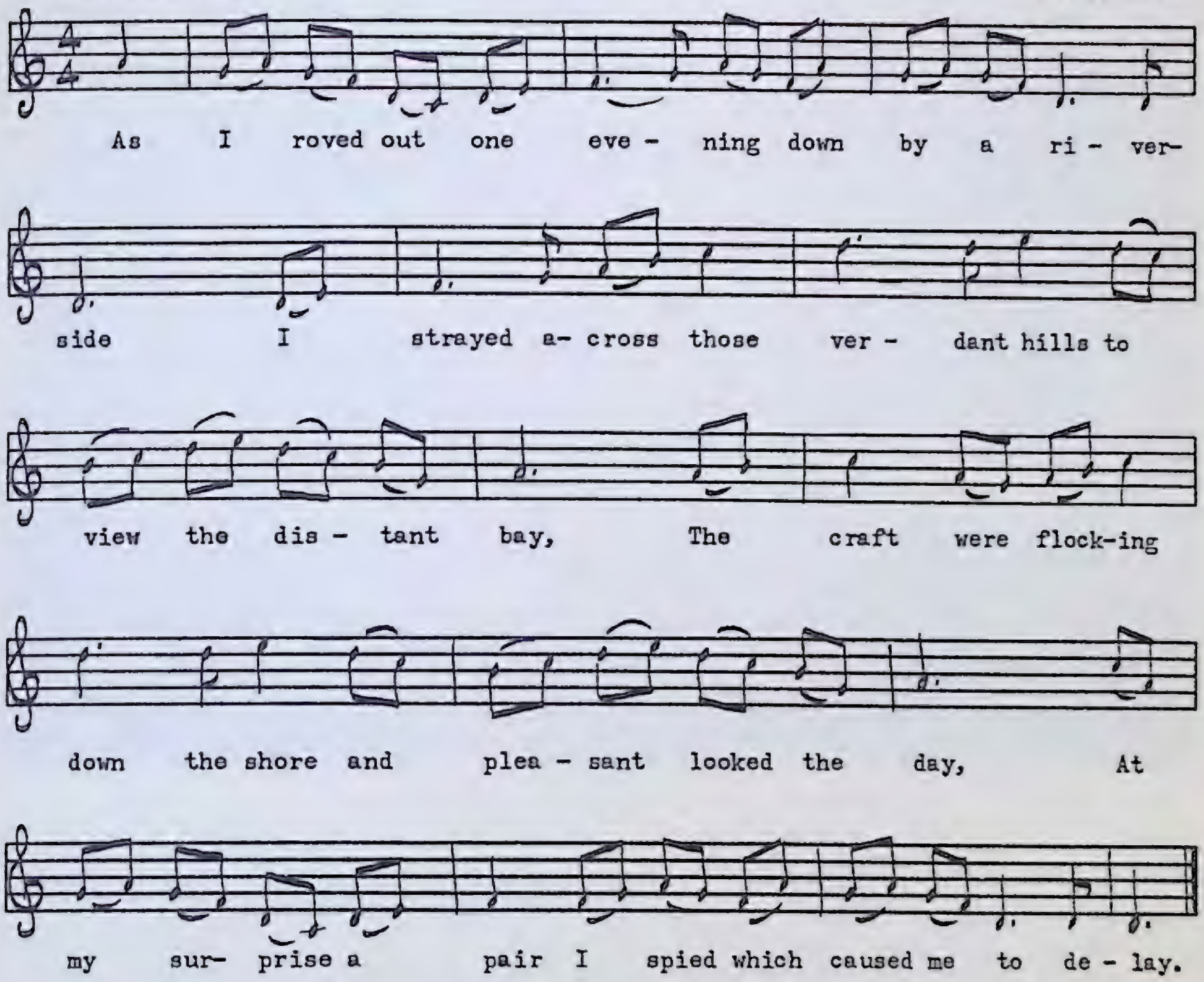
5. He stood no hesitating but struck immediately,
This damsel mild stood like a child to witness the affray;
A pain then in my chest he rose before it was very long,
My person pulched (punched) and darling took from Fanny's
Harbour Bawn.

6. He skinned my nose down o'er my face as I instantly did rise,
And then unto my eager brow he joined a bunch of fives,
Which lay me there prostrated, quite lifeless on the bawn,
And when I came to my senses the Bayman he was gone.

C

PEA 151 No. 990
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1959

Moderately slow



7. Now when you meet with northern men you'll think they're
   somewhat green,
   You'll look on them with hate and scorn as unfit to be seen;
   You'll treat them and rebuke them all with a scolding tongue,
   But when you enrage, in a fight engage, from a Bayman you will run.

8. I will not fail to tell the tale nor yet my true love's name,
   Her name is Catherine Murphy, she dwells in Roger's Lane,
   And I'm a youth from Carbonnear once loved by her I know,
   My curse attend that northern man that proved my overthrow.

9. Now to conclude those painful lines from courting I'll refrain,
   And the rest of my companions likewise should do the same;
   For in courting there's great jealousy and likewise envy strong,
   Which caused my claret blood to flow on Fanny's Harbour Bawn.

It is unusual to find three tunes for a native Newfoundland song. *A* and *B* are obviously from the same source: *A* an Ionian treatment of the theme and *B* a Dorian. *C* is a completely different Dorian tune revealing Irish influence. The song appears in Gerald S. Doyle's 1940 booklet *Old-Time Songs and Poetry of Newfoundland* with still another tune. In verse 4, 'T and C' refers to Tickle Cove, and 'vardy' in verse 1 is a corruption of 'verdant.' The flowery language is typical of older native songs and betrays an Irish influence (see *The Maid of Newfoundland*). A 'bunch of fives' (verse 6) is, of course, a fist.

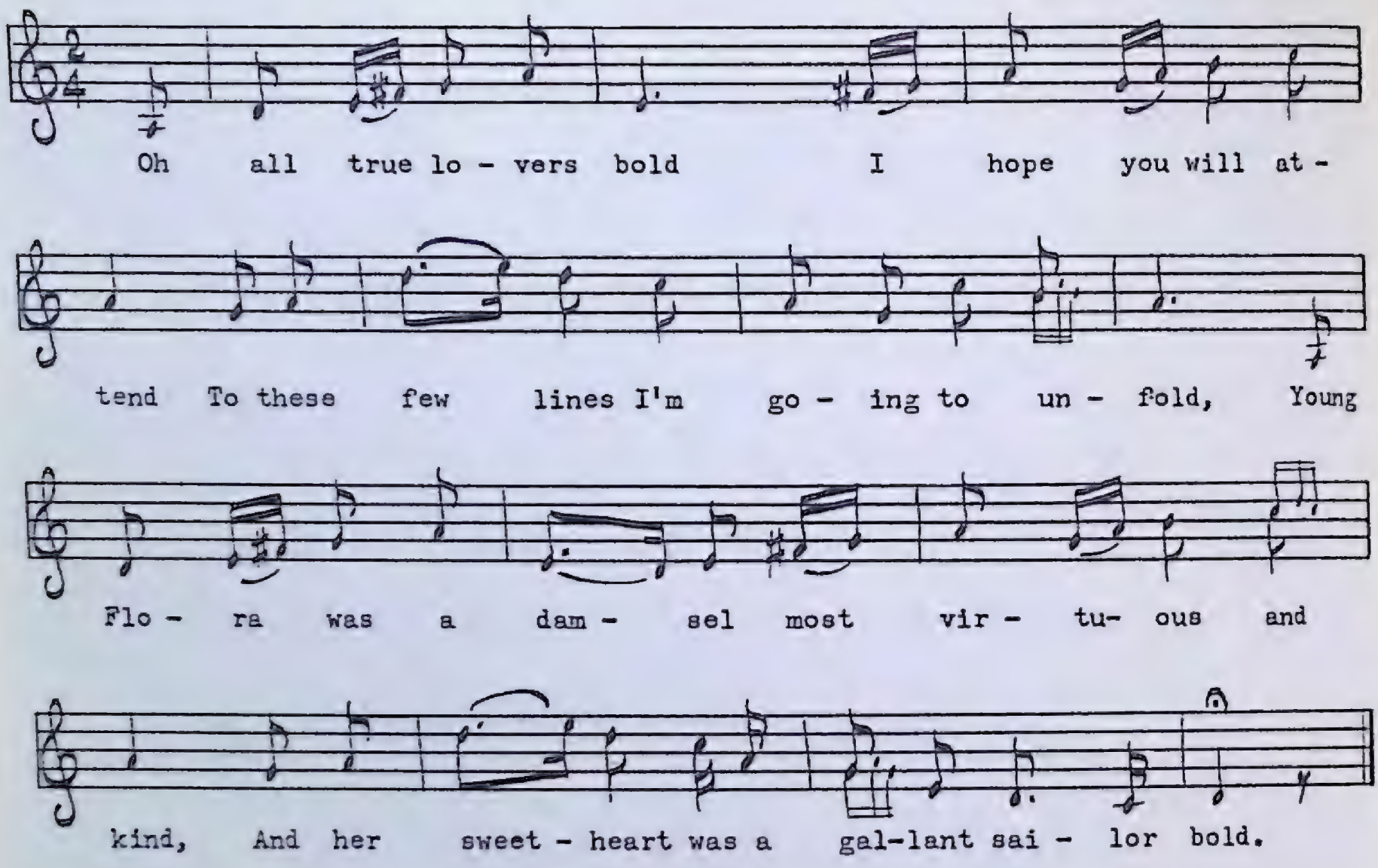
King's Cove, a typical outport

Flora and Jim

MS 38

Harry Curtis
Joe Batt's Arm, July, 1952

Moderate



1. Oh all true lovers bold I hope you will attend
   To these few lines I'm going to unfold,
   Young Flora was a damsel most virtuous and kind,
   And her sweetheart was a gallant sailor bold.

2. Flora said to Jim, "You must be getting mad,
   To venture your life out on the sea,
   For aloft you'll have to go when the stormy winds do blow,
   When safe at home with your true love you may be."

3. Flora sat by Jim's side, the tears filled her eyes,
   Saying, "Jimmy, lovely Jimmy, must we part?
   Here's a ring I break in two, one half I give to you,
   And the other half I'll press it to my heart."

4. Young Flora then arose and away with Jim she goes,
   Went aloft when the stormy winds do blow,
   But never was it said that Flora was a maid
   In her jacket and trousers made of blue.

5. When our crew it was enlarged and her true-love was discharged
   Straightway to the captain she did go,
   Saying, "Sir, behold a maid that never was afraid
   To go aloft when the stormy winds did blow."

6. The captain stood amazed, not one word could he say,
He was instantly struck with surprise,
And calling for a light, he gazed upon a sight,
And the tears fell in torrents from his eyes.

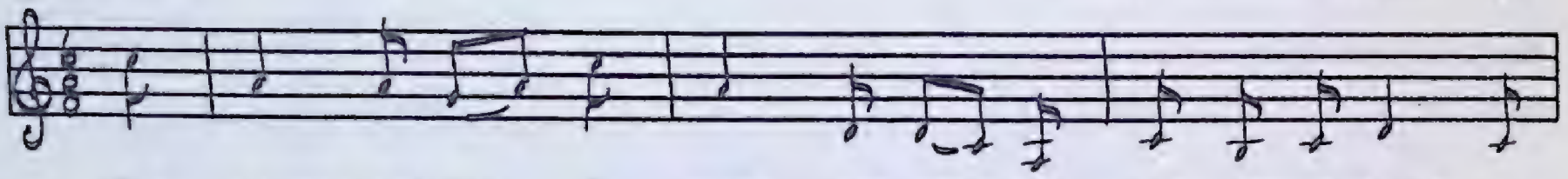
7. "Oh you two true lovers bold, here's two thousand pounds in gold,
And for to get married you may go,
You two lovers may be blessed while on your pillow rest,
Safe at home when the stormy winds do blow."

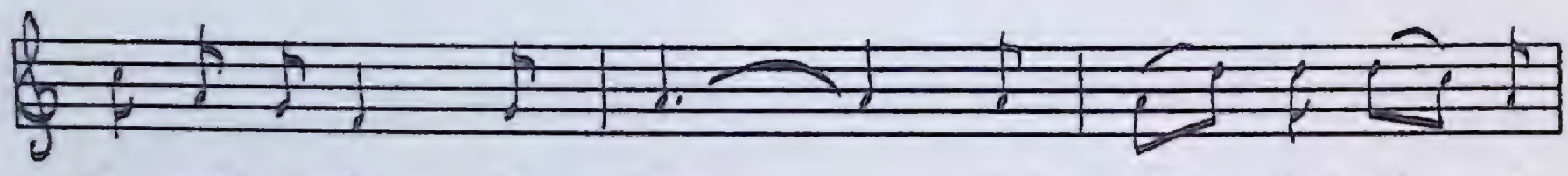
8. Now Flora and Jim are united as one,
They're respected wherever they do go,
And it's ofttimes they do talk about the times they were aloft,
And he kissed her while the stormy winds did blow.

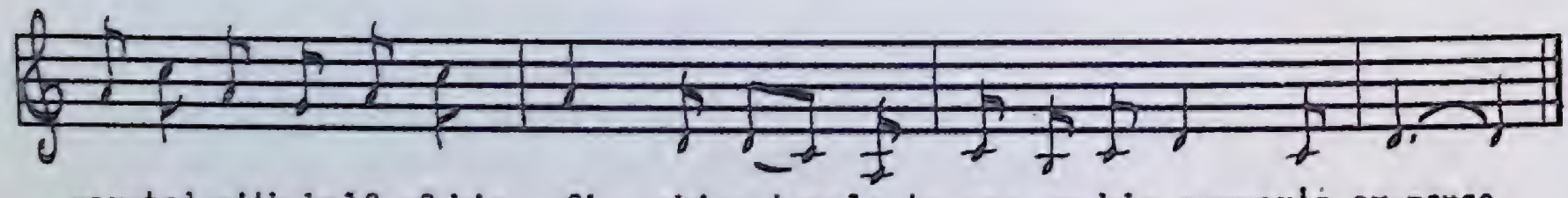
George Bunker

PEA 116 No. 849
Arthur Nicolle
Rocky Harbour, August, 1958

Moderate







1. Now young and old I pray draw near and listen awhile to me,
   While I relate the ditty that happened in Forteau Bay,
   Concerning of a banker fitted out from Halifax,
   Who parted with half of his fishing trawls to pay up his summer's expense.

2. George Bunker being our captain's name, it's a man ye all know well,
   Belong to Nova Scotia, a stout and a jolly man.
   We round' her into the harbour and a good time we did wait,
   And then we weighed our anchors, to Forteau we run straight.

3. We runned her into Forteau to get what bait we could,
   The lants they did not care about or the squids they were no good;
   The lants they did not care about or the herring they would not mesh,
   Till George Bunker saw something on shore that he'd rather have than fish.

4. 'Twas early the next morning, George Bunker he went on shore,
He jolly soon kicked up a spree all in the jersey store.
Young Nellie being quite willing, our captain for to obey,
'Twas there she stopped and gived him sense with him she would sail away.

5. 'Twas early the next morning, George Bunker he went on shore,
Just like a man in trouble he rolled from door to door,
Just like some village coachman he stopped and he stayed about,
Till a dollar he give a little girl to ask young Nellie out.

6. And when young Nellie did come out he took her by the hand,
Saying, "On those roads we'll travel and do the best we can."
They walked along together till they came to a grassy place,
'Twas with her poisoned fingernails she scratched our captain's face.
"Now Nellie, lovely Nellie, since you promised you would be mine,
Here's a present I will give to you, a bottle of port wine."

7. The very neck-straps George Bunker wore for he took off his sleeves,
He give them to young Nellie and buckled them 'round her knees.
But little did young Nellie think he were a married man,
When he promised he would marry her and take her from the land.

8. 'Twas early the next morning George Bunker he went on board,
Saying, "If it's a-time to-morrow, b'ys I think we'll have a run;
We'll run as far as Belgimore(?) and try to use our bait,
Then back again to Forteau, for Nellie I must wait."

9. Come all you pretty fair maids, a warning take by me,
Don't ever trust a banker, nor anyone sails the sea;
They'll huddle you and they'll cuddle you till they thinks you are inclined,
And then they'll to and leave you away to the devil behind.

This ballad about a banker fisherman from Halifax appears to have been composed in Newfoundland, or perhaps Labrador. Forteau Bay is in southern Labrador just across the Strait of Belle Isle from Flower's Cove, Newfoundland. The word 'lants' in verse 3 refers to small fish used for bait. I have never heard the term mentioned in Newfoundland and wonder if it might be an alternative word for capelin. The Oxford Dictionary gives 'sable la(u)nce' as an alternative for capelin.

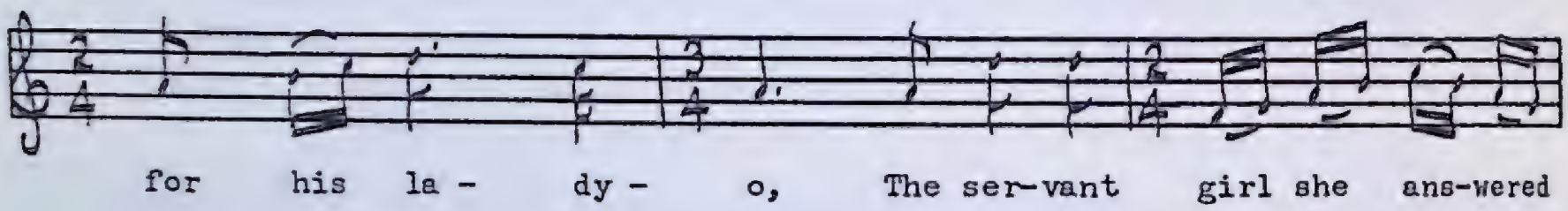
Gypsy Laddie-O

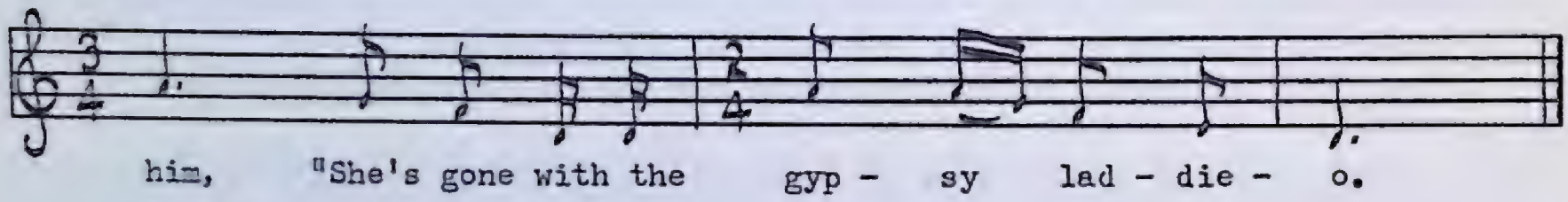
(Child 200)

A

PEA 112 No. 833
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderately fast





1. Oh when the lord came home that night
   Inquiring for his lady-o,
   The servant girl she answered him,
   "She's gone with the gypsy laddie-o."

2. Oh he made haste, his horse and his gait,
   And he followed after his lady-o,
   'Twas there he spied an old crippled man
   A-staggering 'long on a journey-o.

3. "Have you been east, have you been west,
   Have you been north and south-o?
   Or have you seen any rich lady gay
   A-following the gypsy laddie-o?"

4. "Yes, I've been east, and I've been west,
   And I've been north and south-o;
   And the fairest looking creature that my eyes ever saw,
   She's following the gypsy laddie-o."

5. Oh he made haste, his horse and his gait,
   And he followed after his lady-o;
   'Twas there he spied his rich lady gay
   In the arms of a dark-eyed gypsy-o.

6. "Will you forsake your houses and land,
   Will you forsake your children-o?
   And will you forsake your own worthy lord
   And follow the gypsy laddie-o?"

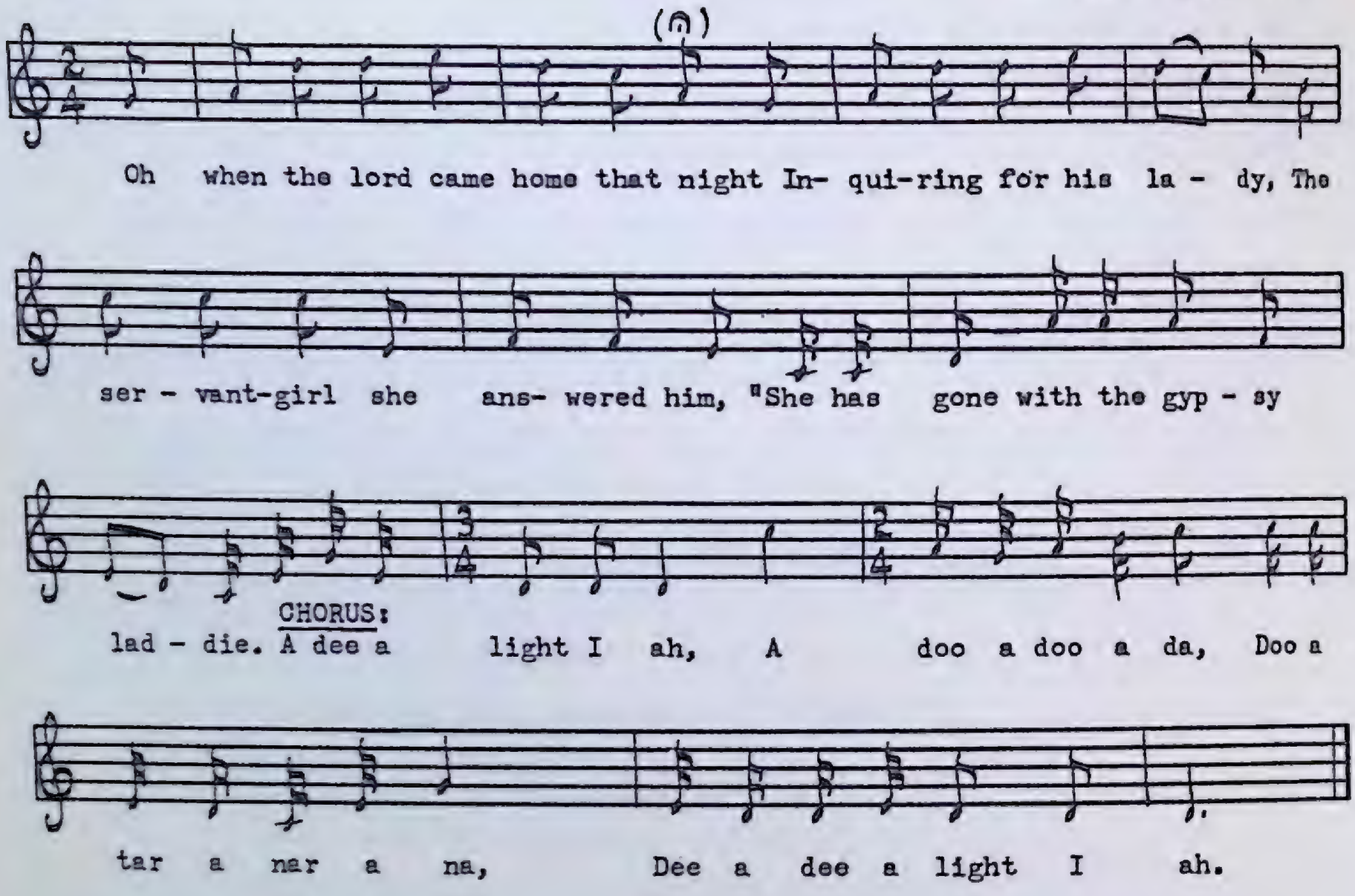
7. "Yes I will forsake my houses and land,
And I will forsake my children-o,
And I will forsake my own worthy lord,
And follow the gypsy laddie-o."

8. He stripped off the lace that she had on,
Which hung from her head to her toes-o;
He stripped her down to her flannel petticoat,
Saying, "Go to the devil with the gypsy-o!"

B

PEA 112 No. 834
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Fast



1. Oh when the Lord came home that night
   Inquiring for his lady,
   The servant girl she answered him,
   "She has gone with the gypsy laddie."

   A dee a light I ah,
   A doo a doo a da,
   Doo a tar a nar a na,
   Dee a dee a light I ah.

2. "Oh come to me, my dear," he said,
   "Oh come to me, my honey,
   I'll swear by the point of my broadsword,
   No danger will come near thee."

3. "I won't come to you, my dear," she said,
   "I won't come to you, my honey,
   Since I've a-sinned it's now I'll beg,
   And I'll follow my gypsy laddie."

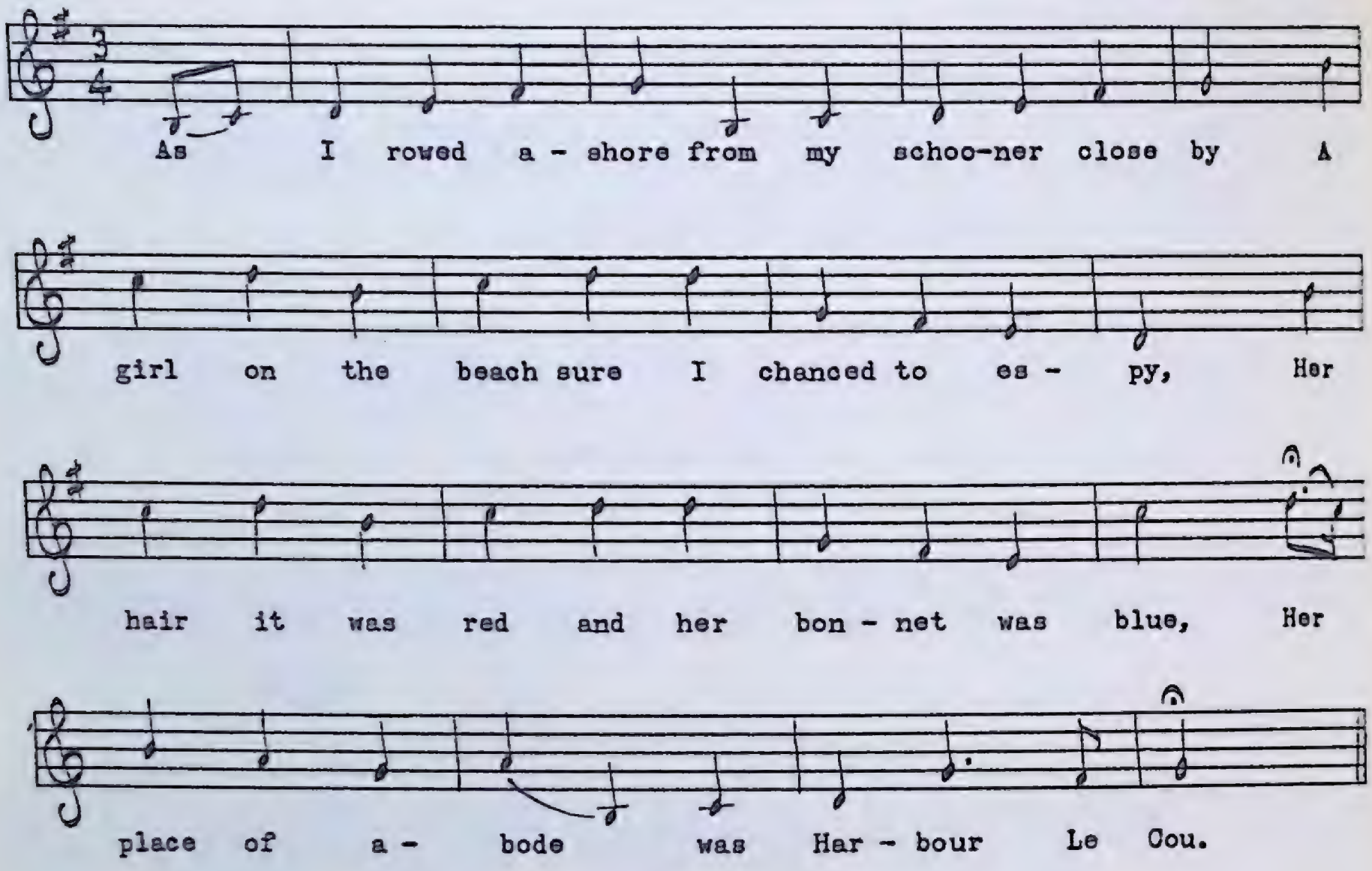
4. "Last night I lay on a soft feather bed,
My own was laid be the side of me,
And tonight I lay on the cold bog,
And the blackguards all around me."

It will be noticed from the catalogue number that these two completely different variants are side by side on the same tape. And more unusual still, they are sung by two brothers who are the star singers of a whole clan of singing Bennetts in St. Paul's. The ballad has survived in a formidable number of variants, in both Britain and North America.

Harbour Le Cou

MS 48
Bill Brennan
Stock Cove, July, 1951

Moderate, free time



1. As I rowed ashore from my schooner close by
   A girl on the beach sure I chanced to espy,
   Her hair it was red and her bonnet was blue,
   Her place of abode was Harbour Le Cou.

2. O boldly I asked her to walk on the sand,
   She smiled like an angel and held out her hand,
   So I buttoned me guernsey and hove way me chew
   In the dark rolling waters of Harbour Le Cou.

3. My ship she lay anchored far out on the tide
   As I strolled along with this maid at my side,
   I told her I loved her and said, "I'll be true,"
   As I winked at the moon over Harbour Le Cou.

4. As we walked on the sands at the close of the day
   I thought of my wife who was home in Torbay,
   I knew that she'd kill me if she only knew
   I was courting a lassie in Harbour Le Cou.

5. As we passed a log cabin that stood on the shore
   I met an old comrade I'd sailed with before.
   He treated me kindly saying, "Jack, how are you?
   "It's seldom I see you in Harbour Le Cou."

6. And as I was parting, this maiden in tow,
   He broke up my party with one single blow,
   Saying, "Regards to your missus and wee kiddies two,
   I remember her well she's from Harbour Le Cou."

7. I looked at this damsel a-standing 'long side,
   Her jaw it dropped while her mouth opened wide,
   And then like a she-cat upon me she flew,
   And I fled from the furies of Harbour Le Cou.

8. Come all you young sailors who walk on the shore,
   Beware of old comrades you'd sailed with before,
   Beware of the maiden with bonnet of blue,
   And the pretty young damsels of Harbour Le Cou.

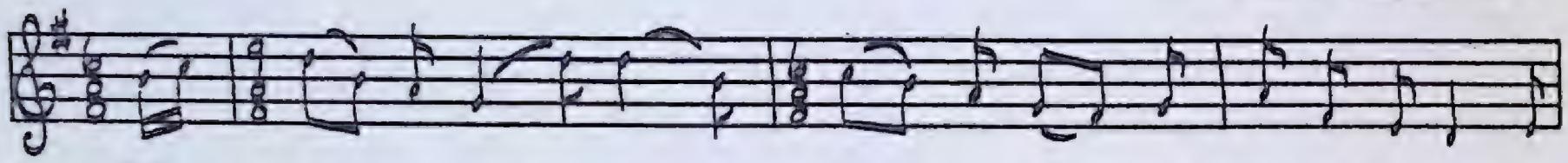
This native song has had wide circulation since Bill Brennan first sang it for me over ten years ago. It is one of several native songs from the National Museum's collection published by the late Gerald S. Doyle of St. John's in his 1955 booklet *Old-Time Songs of Newfoundland.* Many outport singers have since learned it from the booklet or from local radio programs, but back in 1951 Bill Brennan was the only singer I found who knew it. I hope the other singers, now represented for the first time in this book, will experience the same sort of satisfaction Bill Brennan must feel when he thinks of the popularity *his* song has achieved in Newfoundland. He learned it in one of the local lumbercamps. Harbour Le Cou is on the south coast of Newfoundland.

Hembrick Town

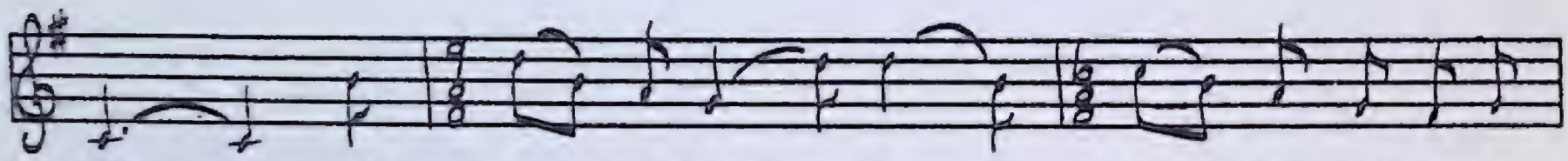
(Katherine Jaffray, Child 221)

PEA 99 No. 773
Clarence Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

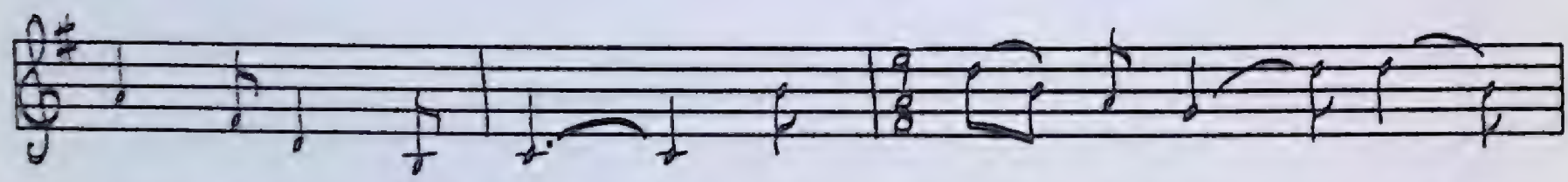
Moderately fast



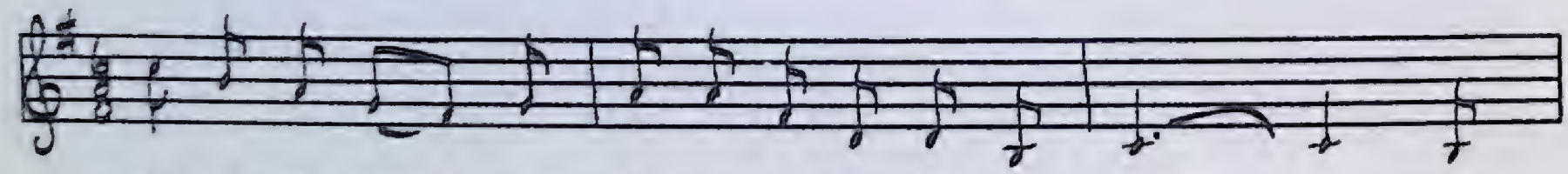
There is a man in Hem - brick town, a man of a high de-



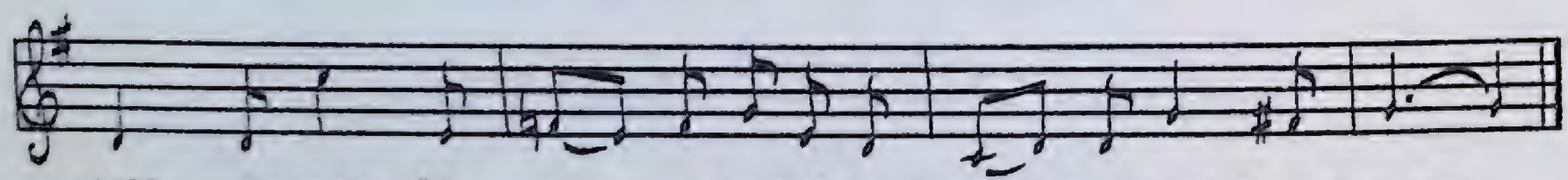
gree, He cour - ted of a coun - try girl, and a



come- ly girl was she; He got con-sent from



all of her friends, her fa-ther and mo-ther like-wise, But



still she cries,"I am un-done," as the tears rolled from her eyes.

1. There is a man in Hembrick town, a man of a high degree,
   He courted of a country girl and a comely girl was she;
   He got consent from all of her friends, her father and mother likewise,
   But still she cries, "I am undone," as the tears rolled from her eyes.

2. She wrote to him a letter and she signed it with her hand:
   'I'm going to get married now unto some other man.'
   The very first line he looked up and he smiled and this did say:
   "I'll 'prive you of your bride," he said, "all on your wedding day."

3. He wrote her back an answer to be sure and dress in green:
   'A suit of the same I will put on, to your wedding I'll be seen,
   A suit of the same I will put on, to your wedding I'll appear,
   I'll wed with you, my heart's delight, in spite of all in there.'

4. He then looked east, he then looked west, he gazed all o'er the land,
Until he spied 'bout eight-score men out of the British band;
He then mounted on his milk-white steed and a single man rod' he,
Away for Hembrick town he is gone and his company dressed in green.

5. "You're welcome in," said a good old man, "where have you been all day?
Or what may be these eight-score men that passed along this way?"
He laughed at him, he scoffed at him, and this to him did say,
"That might have been some fairy troops had passed along this way."

6. She then poured out a glass of wine with a toast go merrily 'round,
How happy, happy is the man, the man to enjoy his crown;
How happy, happy is the man, the man to enjoy his bride,
When another young man that loves her so well would take her from his side.

7. Oh up then speaks this young bridegroom and a well-speaking man was he.
"If it is for fighting you came here I am the boy for thee."
"It's not for fighting but for friendship for to show,
So give me one kiss from your bonny bright bride and away from you I'll go."

8. He took her by the slender waist and around the grass-green sleeves,
And out of the wedding house he did go and his company asked no leave.
The bells did ring, sweet music played, and most gladly to be seen,
And away for Hembrick town he is gone and his company dressed in green.

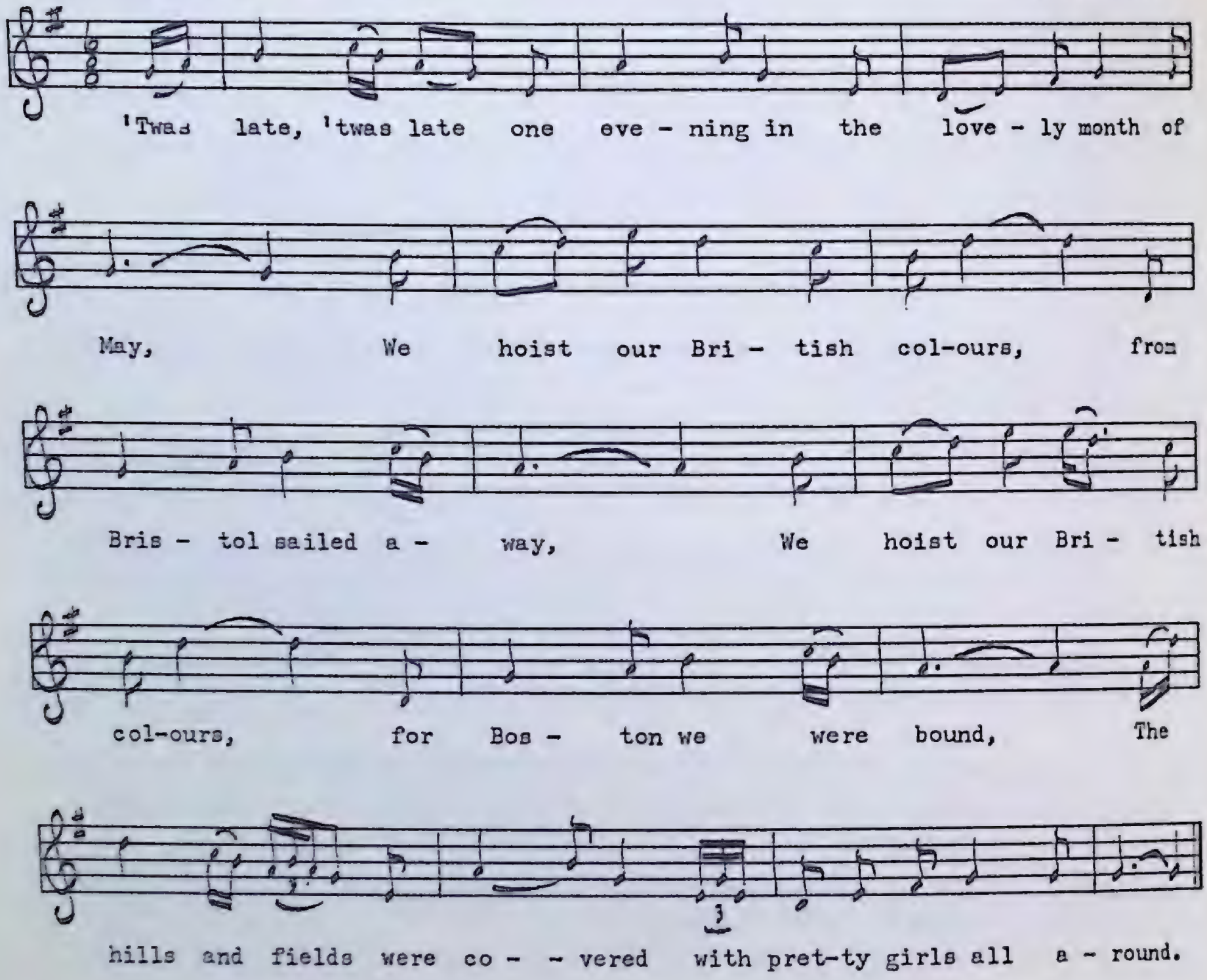
In his note on *Katherine Jaffray,* Professor Child quotes from a variant recited by an Irish girl then living in Massachusetts. This Newfoundland variant is much closer to the Irish variant than it is to any of the other variants listed by Child. A similar version has also been noted in 1932 from an Irish immigrant living in Vermont.

Jimmy and Nancy on the Sea

A

PEA 188 No. 1134
Jim Dalton
Codroy, July, 1960

Moderate, with a steady swing



1. 'Twas late, 'twas late one evening in the lovely month of May,
   We hoist our British colours, from Bristol sailed away,
   We hoist our British colours, for Boston we were bound,
   The hills and fields were covered with pretty girls all around.

2. We had a jolly sailor lad of youthful charm so gay,
   He wrote his love a letter that he was going away,
   He wrote his love a letter, gave her to understand
   That he was going to leave her bound for a foreign land.

3. When his love received that letter she unto him did say:
   "Oh Jimmy, dearest Jimmy you are not going away,
   It is three years or better since I'm in love with you,
   So stay at home dear Jimmy when they are pressing you."

4. "If I should stay at home, my love, some other will take my place,
And loud would be the scandal, likewise the deep disgrace,
The Queen has called for seamen and I for one must go,
Not for my life this very night I dare not answer no."

5. "Then I'll cut off my curly locks, men's clothing I'll put on,
And go with you in battle and be your servant man,
And go with you in battle if you receive a ball,
To bandage up your bleeding wounds if on me you do call."

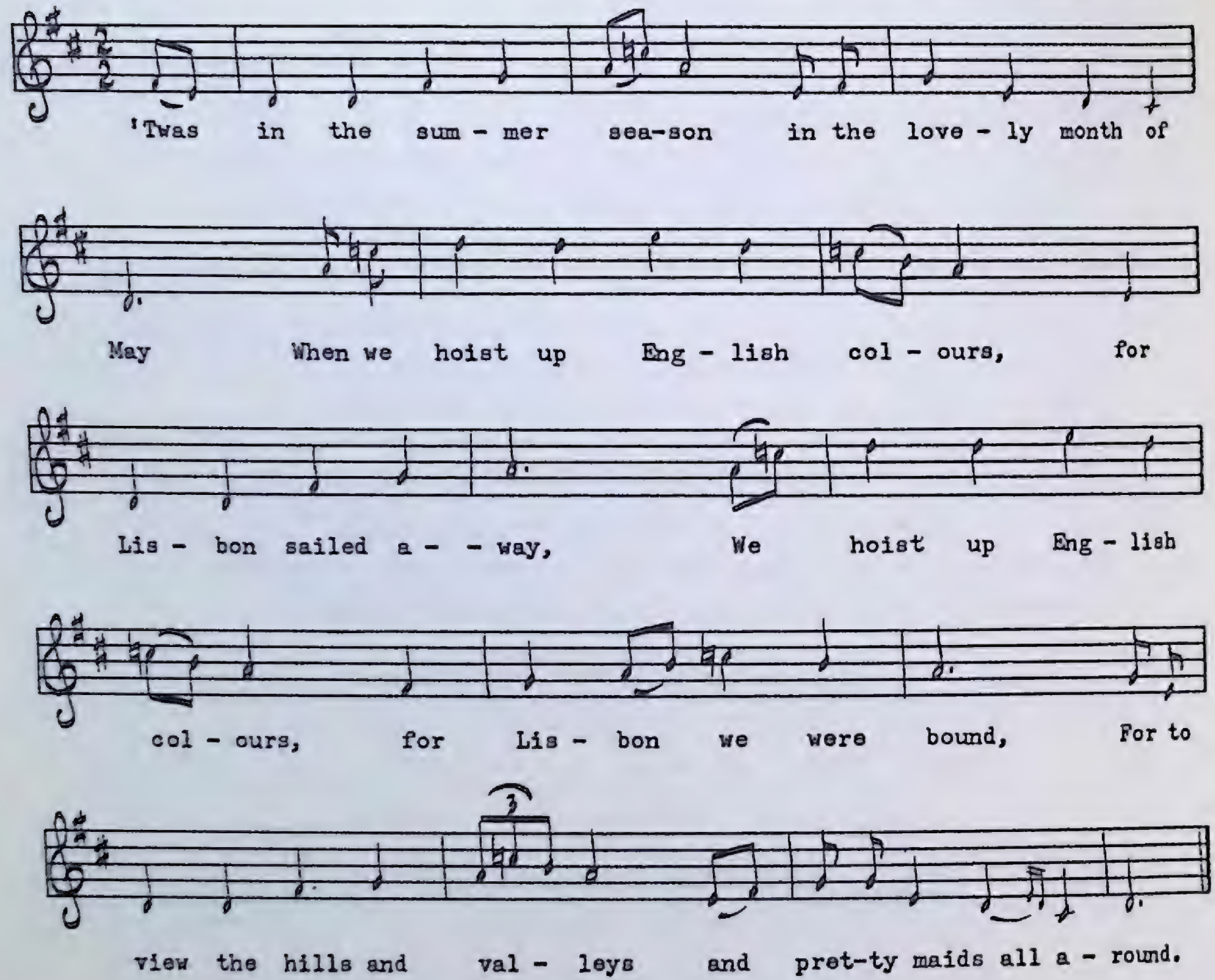
6. "Your waist it is too slender, love, your fingers are too small
To go with me in battle where many a brave man falls,
To go with me in battle where musket shells do fly,
And silver trumpets loud do sound to drown a dying cry.

7. "Besides, there are pretty girls over there both bonny, brisk, and gay,
If I should go a-courting what would my Nancy say?"
"Sure I would say, 'dear Jimmy, I am in love with you',
So stay at home dear Jimmy when they are pressing you."

8. "Oh Nancy, lovely Nancy these words have won my heart,
Will you and I get married this night before we part?"
This couple they got married and sailed far over the main,
I wish them health and happiness till they return again.

B

PEA 201 No. 1168
William Nash
Branch, October, 1961



1. 'Twas in the summer season in the lovely month of May,
When we hoist up English colours, for Lisbon sailed away,
We hoist up English colours, for Lisbon we were bound,
For to view the hills and valleys and pretty maids around.

2. I wrote my love a letter that I was going away,
She wrote me back an answer along with her to stay:
"For six long months or better I am in love with thee,
So stay on shore dear Johnny, prove loyal and marry me."

3. "If I should stay on shore, love, while others go in my place,
Wouldn't that be a scandal, likewise a deep disgrace?
The king he wrote for seamen bold and I for one must go
All for my life this very night, I dare not answer no."

4. "Now I'll cut off my yellow locks, men's clothing I'll put on,
And I'll go with you Johnny and be your servant man,
Like a true and a faithful servant upon you I will wait,
And I'll go to the raging seas let the wind blow ever so great."

5. "Now your waist it is quite slender, love, your fingers are too small,
I'm afraid you would not answer, love, when on you I would call,
If I should meet a pretty lass both bonny, brisk, and gay,
If I should stand to speak to her what would my Mary say?
If I should stand to speak to her what would my Mary do?"
"She'd gently step one side, love, while she'd be kissing you."

6. "Oh Mary, my love Mary, those words have won my heart,
Now we'll go down to yon green church, we'll wed before we part."
Those two lovyers they got married and they sailed over the main,
I wish them health and happiness and all true loves the same.

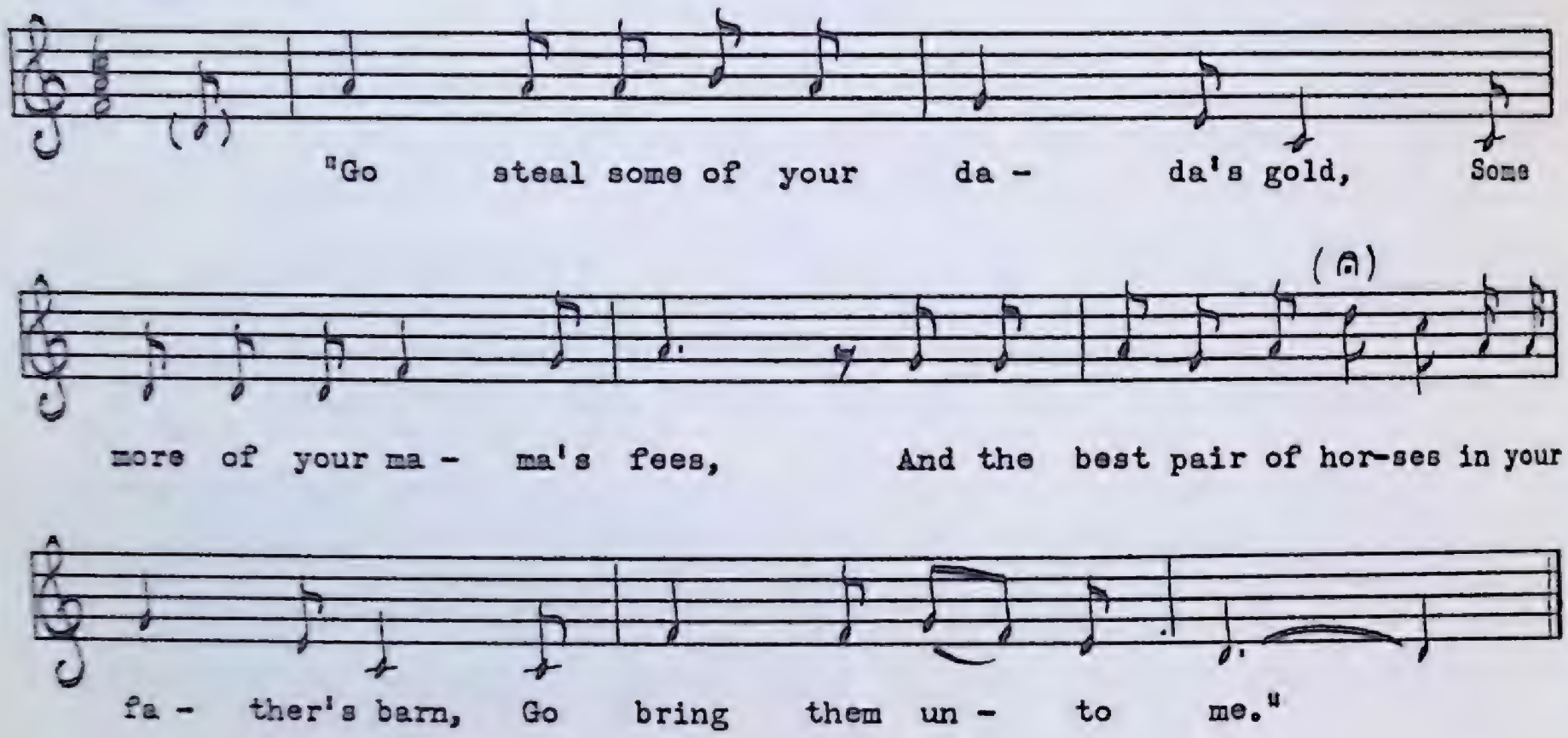
Variant *B* would seem to be the older of the two because in verse 3 it is the King who needs seamen, not the Queen (Victoria) as in verse 4 of *A*. Since the lovers' names are also different, it is possible that the variants came from different broadsides issued several decades apart. The tunes are also completely different, *B* again being "older" because of its Mixolydian flavour.

The King's Daughter

(Lady Isabel and The Elf Knight, Child 4)

MS 63
James Heaney
Stock Cove, July, 1951

Moderately fast



1. Go steal some of your dadda's gold,
   Some more of your mama's fees,
   And the best pair of horses in your father's barn,
   Go bring them unto me.

2. She stole some of her dadda's gold,
   Some more of her mama's fees,
   And the best pair of horses in her father's barn,
   And brought them unto me.

3. Then she mounted a-Nellie Bride,
   And me on the dapple gray;
   We rode all along, all along, all along,
   This live-long summer's day.

4. We rode till we came to the river's side,
   "Alight, alight", said he,
   Saying, "Six King's daughters I have a-drowned here,
   And the seventh you're surely to be."

5. "Now six King's daughters you have drowned here
   Why do you so by me?
   You told me you'd take me all to the greenwood
   And married we both would be.

6. "Oh turn away, false Willie," said she,
   "Oh turn your back to me."
   Pretty Molly she caught him all into her arms,
   And threw him into the deep sea.

7. "Lie there, lie there, false Willie," said she,
"Lie there instead of me,
You told me you'd take me all to the greenwood,
And married we both would be."

8. She rode till she came to her own father's door
Three long hours before day;
The parrot was in the next room nigh,
And to lovely Molly did say:

9. "Where have you been, lovely Molly," said she,
"This love-long summer's day?"
"Oh hush, oh hush pretty Polly," said she,
"Don't tell no tales on me.

10. "Though your cage be made of the glittering gold,
And your doors of the ivory,
I'll wring your neck like a common crow,
If you tell any tales on me."

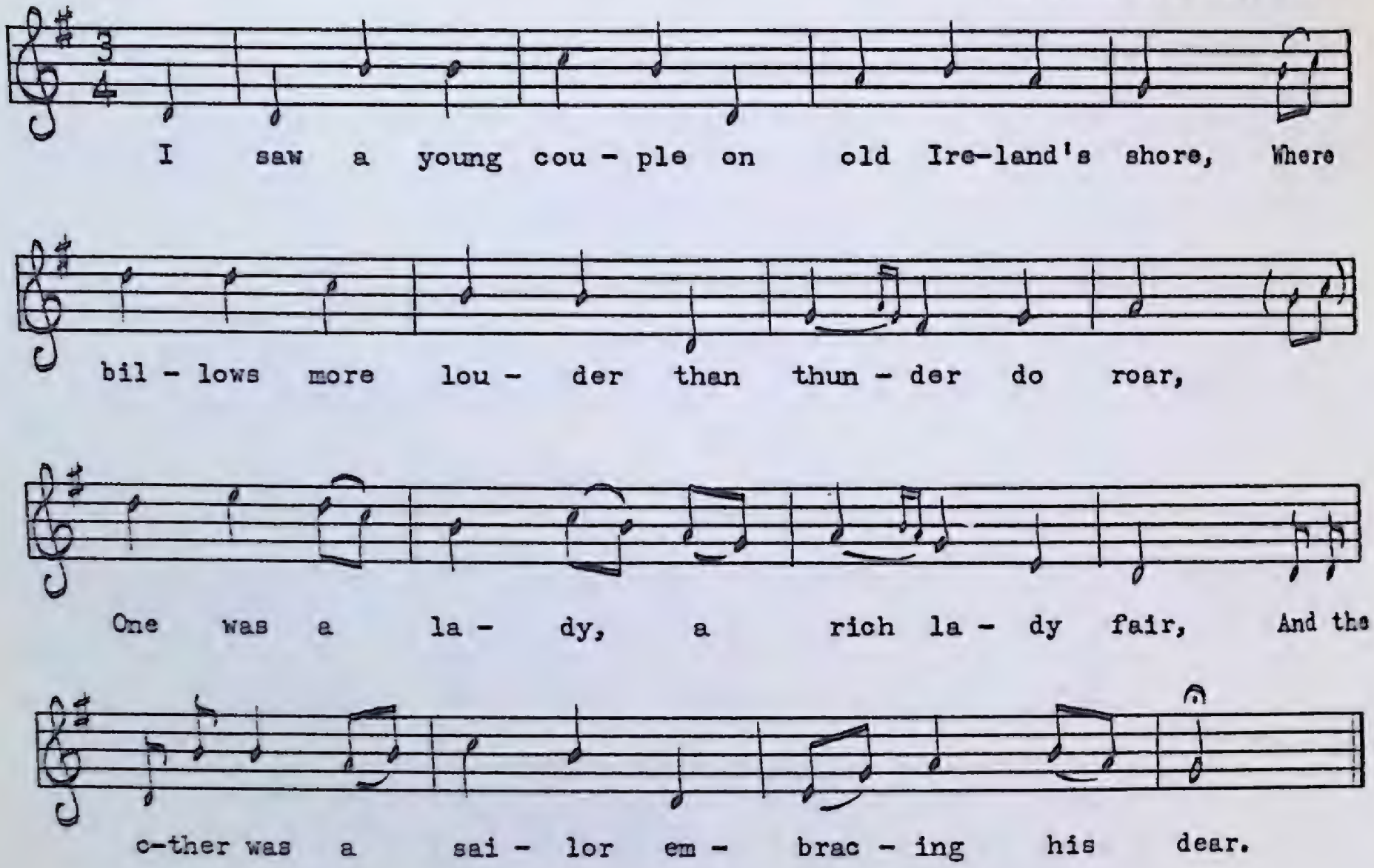
11. Her father was in the next room nigh,
To hear what the parrot did say.
"What is the matter with you pretty parrot
You're chattering long before day?"

12. "The cats they are at my cage's door,
They're trying to make war against me,
I have been calling to lovely Molly
To drive these beasts away."

This widespread ballad is known in numerous variants on both sides of the Atlantic. For some reason it is never known by the title given by Child, though that is one of the few titles which give an insight into the ballad's origin. Like the vengeful water-nymph in *Young Collins Green,* the 'elf' knight is actually a malevolent water-spirit in disguise who wants to marry the beautiful maiden and take her to his underwater kingdom. Unlike poor Collins Green who dies from a poisoned kiss, the clever maid manages to outwit her would-be submarine lover. The last verses with the parrot would seem to suggest that this is not the first time the maid has been dallying with her water-spirit. The parrot, by the way, is probably borrowed from Oriental tradition.

The "Lady Leroy"

MS 64
Harry Curtis
Joe Batt's Arm, July, 1952



1. I saw a young couple on old Ireland's shore,
   Where billows more louder than thunder do roar,
   One was a lady, a rich lady fair,
   And the other was a sailor embracing his dear.

2. Said the lady to the sailor, "You're the one I adore,
   Oh don't go and leave me to grieve my heart sore."
   Said the sailor to the lady, "Your father's so cruel,
   He intends for to keep me from the arms of my jewel."

3. She dressed herself up in a suit of men's clothes,
   And straight to her father she instantly goes,
   She bought a ship from him and paid like a man,
   But little did he know 'twas his own daughter Ann.

4. Then straight to her true love she instantly goes.
   "Make haste and get ready, no time for to lose,
   Cast loose your main topsail, bright colours let fly,
   And sail over the ocean in the *Lady Leroy*."

5. Now when her old father came to understand,
   Great vengeance he swore on that clever young man,
   He fitted the *Ostrich*, bright colours let fly,
   And swore by Jehovah he would conquer or die.

6. He had not been sailing past two or three days,
With the wind from the northwest it blew a fine breeze,
He saw a ship sailing, it filled him with joy,
He hailed her and found 'twas the *Lady Leroy.*

7. It was broadside to broadside for an hour or more,
Where bullets more thicker than hail-stones did pour.
Stepping up to his true love he stood by her side,
"For the sake of you, Annie, I would conquer or die."

8. We anchored in Dublin a town of great fame,
We let go our anchor and entered our names,
Her old father was taken a prisoner secure,
What trials and hardships, poor girl, she endured.

9. We anchored at Dublin the town of great fame,
Those two noble vessels both entered their names,
One was the *Ostrich* and the other *Leroy,*
Drink a health to brave Annie and her young sailor boy.

Cecil Sharp found a fragment of this ballad in Kentucky, and Cox notes a variant without tune in *Folk Songs of the South. The Journal of The Folk Song Society* (England), VIII, 218, contains a variant which was supposed to have been collected in Ontario. Greenleaf and Mansfield noted it previously in Newfoundland under the title *Brave Annie and Her Young Sailor Boy,* but give no tune.

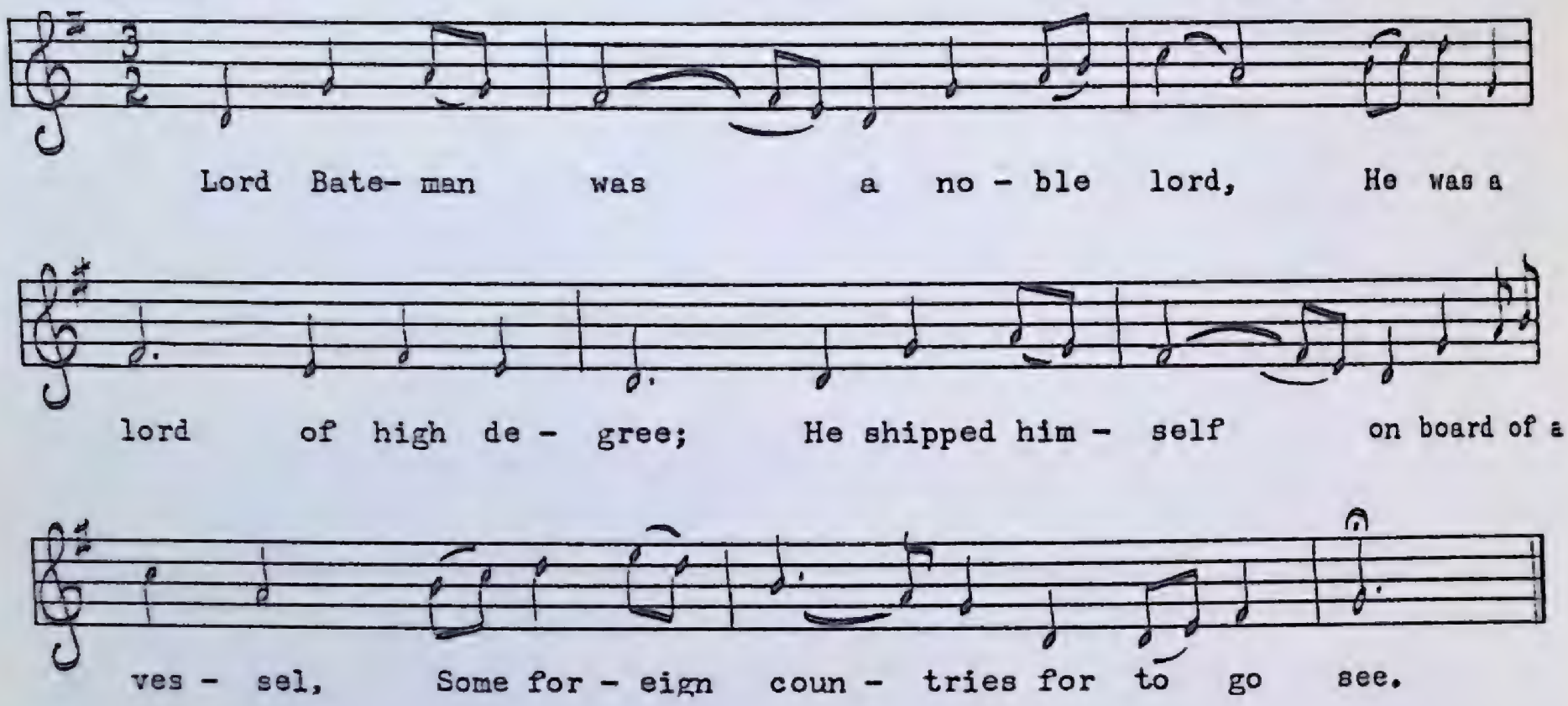
Lord Bateman

(*Child 53*)

A

PEA 9 No. 56
Howard Morry
Ferryland, July, 1951

Moderately slow



1. Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
   He was a lord of high degree;
   He shipped himself on board of a vessel,
   Some foreign countries for to go see.

2. Oh he sailed east and he sailed west,
   Until he came to Santa Fe, [Turkey]
   Where he was taken and put in irons,
   Until his life was quite weary.

3. In this prison yard there grew a tree,
   And there it grew both stout and strong;
   And he was chained around the middle,
   Until his life was nearly gone.

4. Now this Turk he had one only daughter,
   As fair as eyes of men could see;
   She stole the keys of her father's prison,
   And she said Lord Bateman she would go see.

5. "Oh is it true that you're Lord Bateman,
   And does Northumberland belong to thee?
   And what would you give to the fair young damsel
   Who out of prison would set you free?"

6. "Oh yes it is true that I'm Lord Bateman,
And that Northumberland belongs to me;
And I give it all to the fair young damsel
Who out of prison would set me free."

7. She went unto her father's cellar,
And she brought unto him the very best wine;
And every health he drank unto her;
Said Lord Bateman: "I wish you were mine."

8. They made a vow between them two;
For seven long years they would keep it strong;
That he would marry no other woman,
Or she to no other man belong.

9. She took him to her father's harbour,
And she put him on board of a ship of Spain;
Said: "Farewell, farewell to thee Lord Bateman,
I'm afraid I'll never see thee again."

10. Now when seven long years had passed and gone,
And fourteen days, well-known to me;
She put on all of her gay gold clothing,
And she said Lord Bateman she would go see.

11. And when she reached Lord Bateman's castle,
'Twas boldly then she rang the bell;
"Who's there, who's there?" cried the proud young porter,
"Who's there, who's there?—come quickly tell."

12. "Oh is this Lord Bateman's castle?
And is His Lordship now within?"
"Oh yes, oh yes," cried the proud young porter,
"He's just now bringing his young bride in."

13. "Go bid him send me a piece of cake,
And a bottle of his choicest wine;
And tell him not to forget that fair young damsel,
Who did release him when close confined."

14. Away, away, sped the proud young porter,
And away, and away, and away sped he;
Until he reached Lord Bateman's presence,
And down he fell on his bended knee.

15. "What news, what news my proud young porter,
What news, what news do you bring to me?"
"Oh there is one of the fairest damsels
That ever eyes of man did see.

16. "She has diamond rings upon every finger,
And upon one finger she has got three;
And she has more gold around her person,
Than would buy Northumberland from thee.

17. "She bids you send her a piece of cake,
And a bottle of your choicest wine,
And not to forget the fair young damsel,
Who did release you when close confined."

18. Lord Bateman then flew into a passion
And he broke his sword into fragments three,
Saying: "I will wed no other damsel,
Since my Sophia has come to me."

19. 'Twas up and spake the young bride's mother,
She was never known to speak so free,
Saying: "You'll not forget my only daughter
Now your Sophia has come to thee."

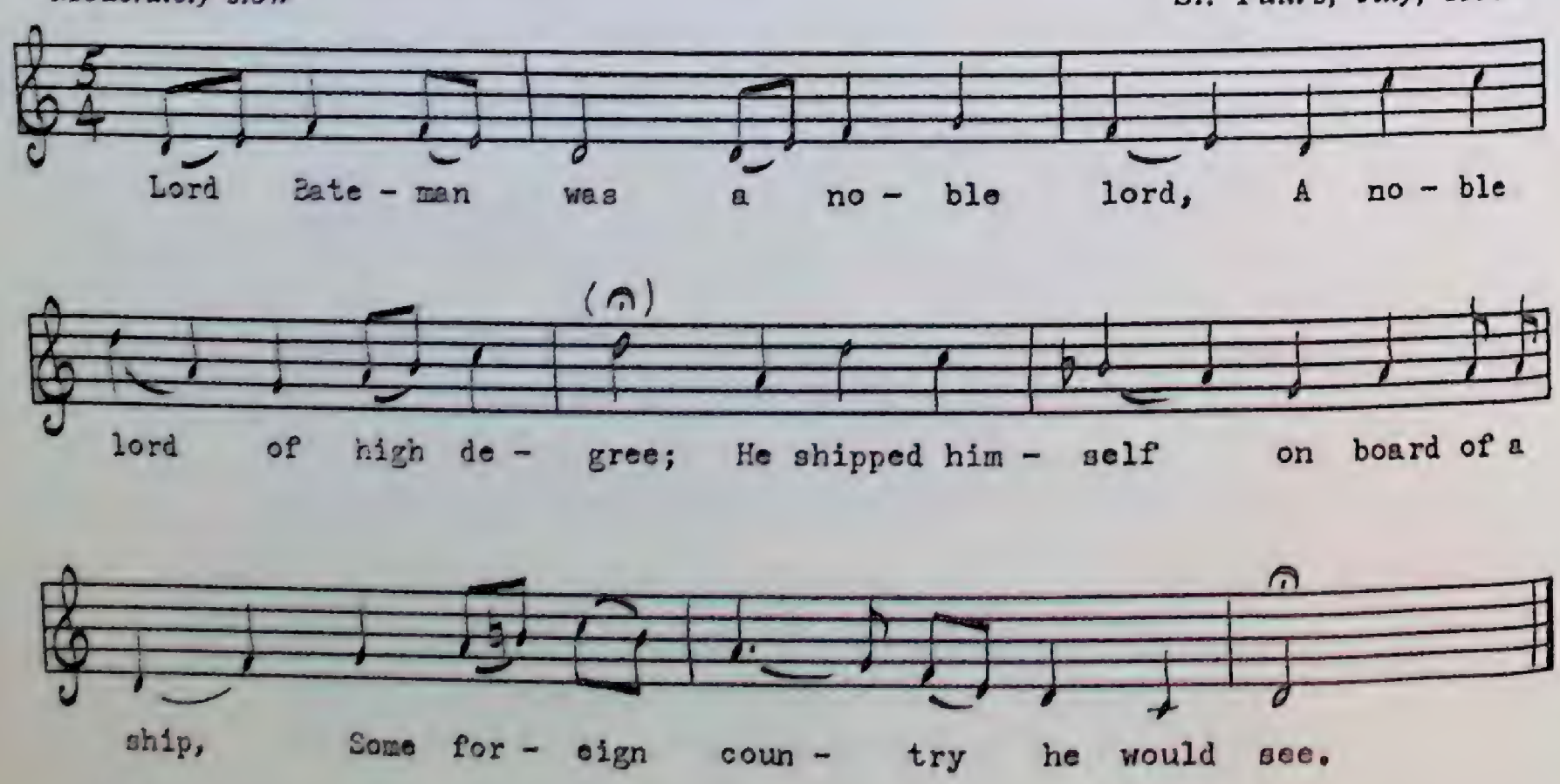
20. "It is true that I married your only daughter,
Yet she's none the better or the worse for me;
She came to me on a horse and saddle,
I'll send her back in a chaise and three."

21. Lord Bateman fixed him another wedding,
And his brave heart was full of glee;
And he sailed no more into foreign countries,
Since his Sophia crossed the sea.

B

PEA 83 No. 707
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958

Moderately slow



The text of variant *B* matches variant *A*, verse for verse, for the whole song, a quite unusual occurrence considering the dissimilarity of the tunes and the several hundred miles' distance between Ferryland and St. Paul's. The only significant difference is in the latter half of verse 18 where Lord Bateman says:

> *"I'll give all my father's wealth and riches*
> *If fair Sophia has crossed the sea."*

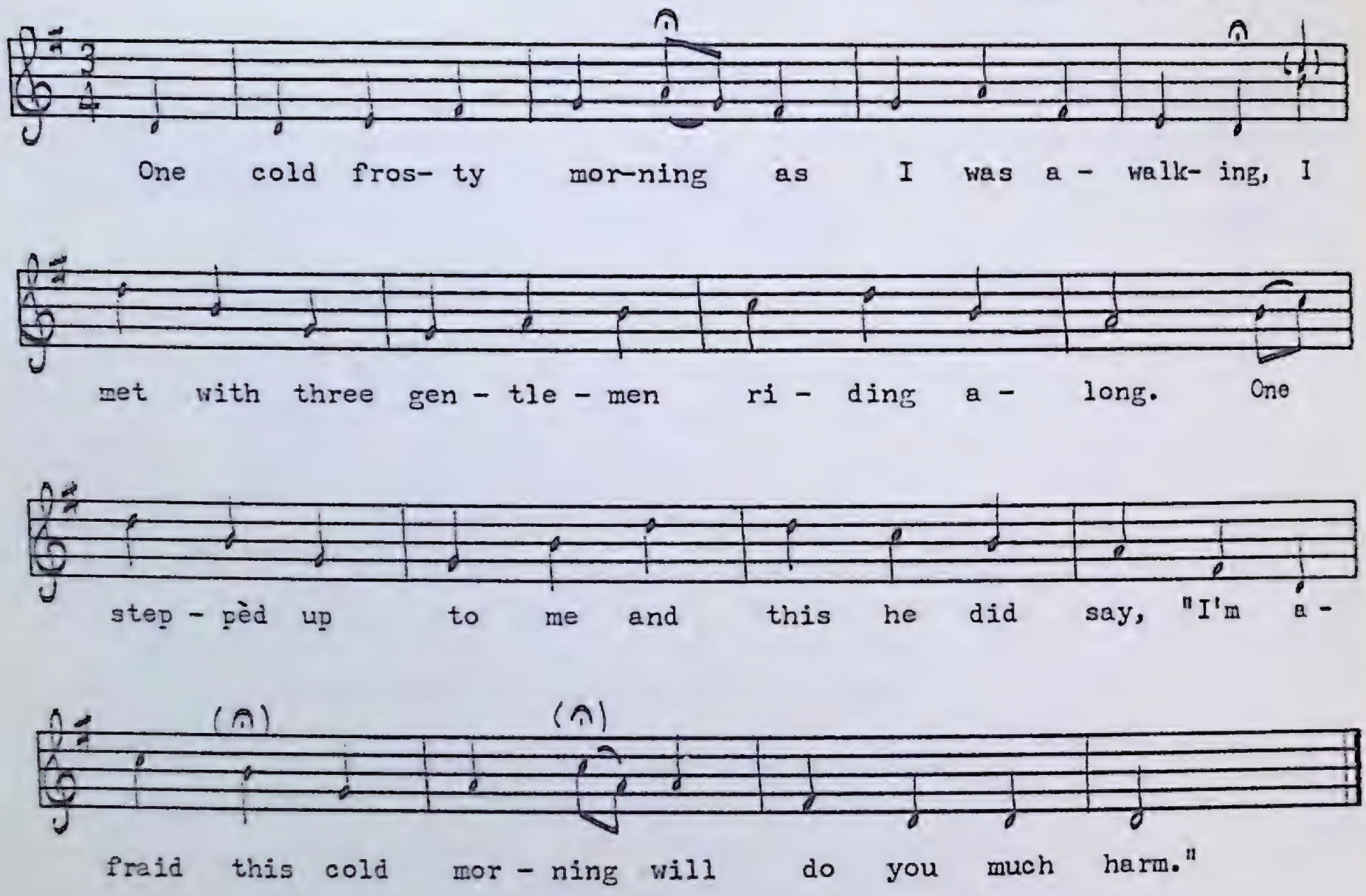
I am especially fond of Everett Bennett's tune with its 5/4 rhythm and dual modal polarity, Dorion ascending and Aeolian descending. Similar ballads are part of the folklore of Spain, Italy, and several of the Scandinavian countries.

The Maid and the Horse

A

PEA 92 No. 742
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderate



1. One cold frosty morning as I was a-walking,
   I met with three gentlemen riding along;
   One stepped up to me and this he did say,
   "I'm afraid this cold morning will do you much harm."

2. "Oh gentlemen, oh gentlemen, I wonders much at you
   To think this cold morning will do me much harm,
   There is one thing I crave sits between your two legs,
   If you'll give it to me it will keep myself warm."

3. "Oh if you do crave it I'm sure will have it,
   Just come along with me to the yonder green tree,
   If you'll come along with me to the yonder green tree
   I will have those two gentlemen witness to be."

4. Soon as he unlighted she instantly mounted
   A-staring those gentlemen hard in the face,
   Saying, "You misunderstood me and you knowed not my meaning."
   And away she went galloping down the long lane.

5. "Oh why do you spend all your time here in waiting,
Or why do you spend all your time here in pain?
If you give her one guinea, I'm sure she deserves it,
She'll return unto you your own horse back again."

6. "Oh gentlemen, oh gentlemen, lend me one of your horses,
That I may ride after as fast as I can,
And if I overtakes her I warn I will make her
Return unto me my own horse back again."

7. She turned herself 'round and saw him a-coming,
Two pistols she instantly took up in hand,
Saying, "It is for my skill my mind to fulfill,
I will have you stand off or you are a dead man."

B

PEA 102 No. 788
James Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1958

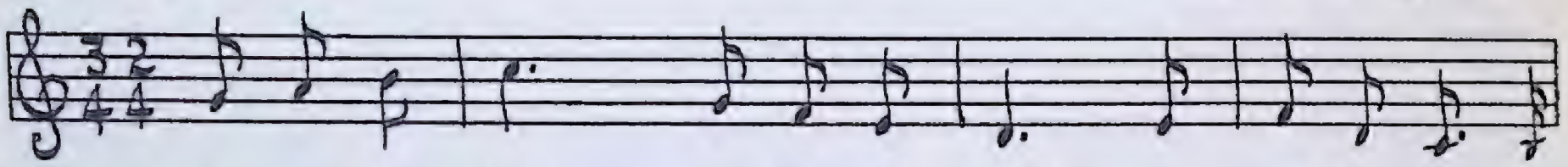
Moderate

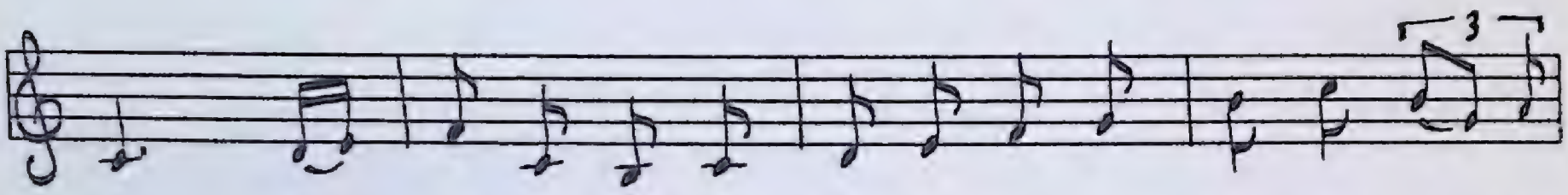
As I ro - vèd out on one fine win-ter's mor-ning I
saw two young gen-tle-men a - ri - ding a - long; I
met a pret-ty fair maid and this he did say, "I'm a -
fraid this cold mor - ning will do you much harm."

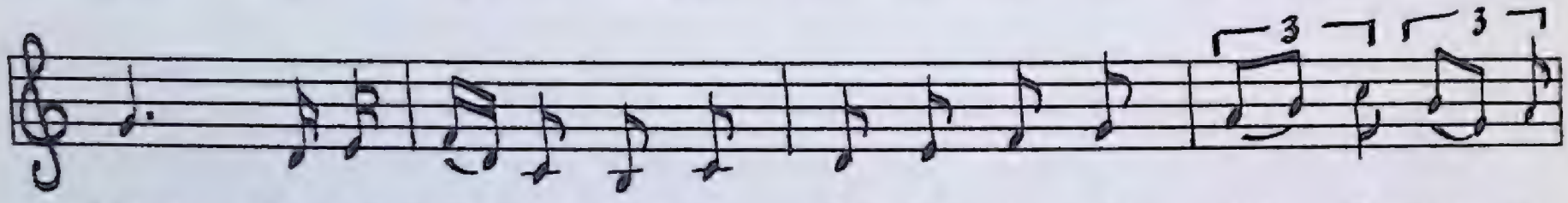
Mary Neal

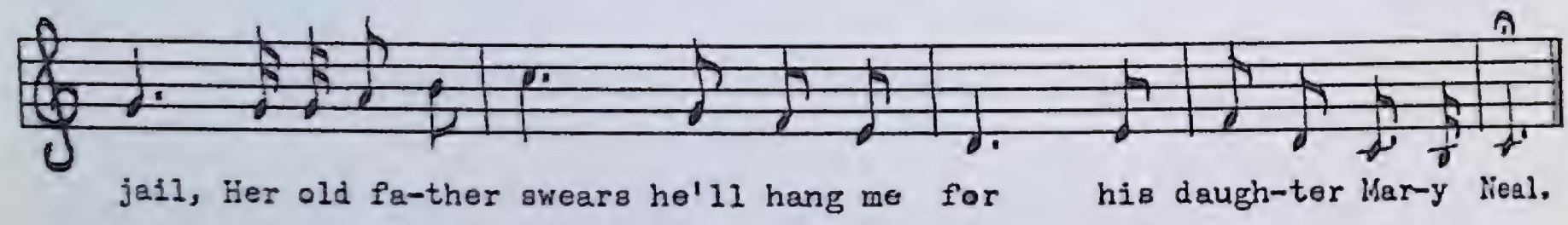
PEA 16 No. 95
Jim Rice
Cape Broyle, July, 1952

Moderate, free time









1. I am a bold undaunted youth, my name is Tom McCann,
   A native of sweet Millertown convenient to Strablane,
   For the stealing of an heiress I must lie forlorn in jail,
   Her old father swears he'll hang me for his daughter Mary Neal.

2. While in strong irons I lay bound my love sent word to me:
   'Don't fear my father's anger for I will set you free.'
   That very night he gave consent to let me out on bail
   Until I would stand my trial for his daughter Mary Neal.

3. I love my charming Mary, she's the joy of my life,
   If ever I am free again 'twill be her who will be my wife,
   The day all of my trial to appear she did not fail,
   She freed me from all bondage, she's my charming Mary Neal.

4. Being full of wrath and anger her old father loud did call,
   And when my trial was over I approached the garden wall,
   My well-known voice she seemed to hear that echoes o'er hill and dale.
   "You're welcome here, love, Jimmy dear," cries charming Mary Neal.

5. On a primrose bank we both sot down for to discourse a while.
   She said, "If you'll comply with me I'll free you from exile,
   The *Charles S. Douglas* is ready and tomorrow she will sail,
   So come to Quebec 'long with me," cries charming Mary Neal.

6. A coach they then got ready to Derry for to go,
And she did bribe the coachman for to let no one know,
He said her secrets he would keep and never would reveal,
So down to Derry straight I went with charming Mary Neal.

7. 'Twas on to Captain Wilson our passage for to pay,
While in the town of Derry we under cover lay,
We joined our hands in wedlock bands before the ship sot sail,
Her old father's wrath I valued not, I gained my Mary Neal.

8. So over the proud and swelling sea our ship do gently glide,
Six weeks passage to Quebec, six weeks on the boisterous tide,
Until we came near Wheaton's Head (?) hard fortune to bewail,
I thought that day in Gaspé Bay I'd lose my Mary Neal.

9. 'Twas not long after daybreak when a storm it did arise,
The wind it blew a howling gale and dismal were the skies,
When our vessel on a sand-bank struck as she drifted before the gale,
There was forty-four washed overboard and with them Mary Neal.

10. 'Twas with the help of men and boats four hundred lives did save,
While the rest of our ship's number met a deep and watery grave;
Her yellow locks I chanced to spy a-floating in the gale,
I threw my body in the deep and sove my Mary Neal.

11. Her old father wrote a letter giving me to understand
That if I'd comply for to go home he'd will me half his land.
I wrote him back an answer and that without fail,
Saying: "Ten pounds a week I do receive with your daughter Mary Neal."

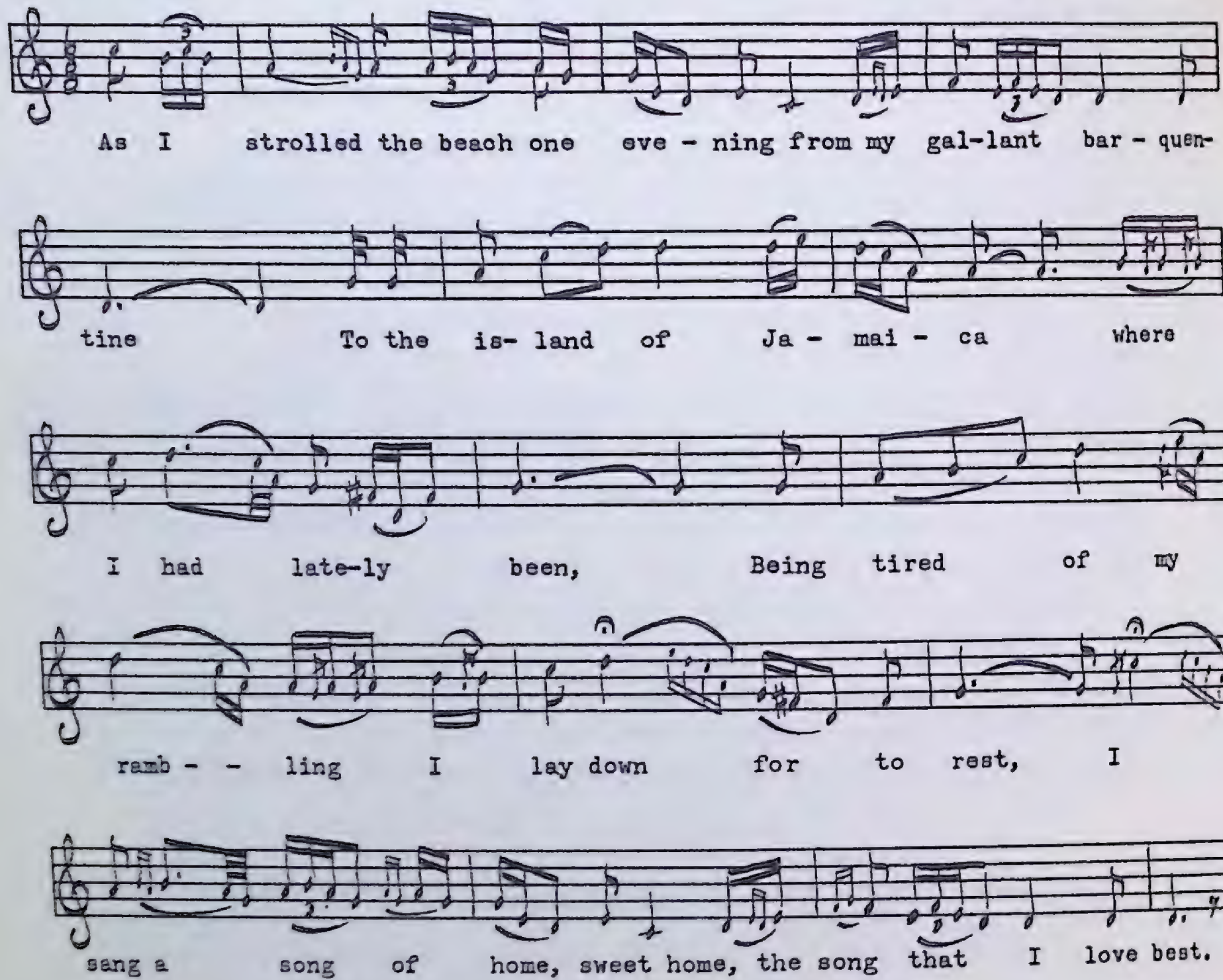
For the full text of this immigrant ballad, see broadsides by Such (No. 313) and Bebbington, Manchester. The ballad has been noted in Dorset (*Journal of the Folk-Song Society,* III, 129–30), in Ireland (*Irish Street Ballads* by Colm O Lochlainn), and previously in Newfoundland by Greenleaf and Mansfield.

My Gallant Brigantine

A

PEA 209 No. 1186
Patrick Rossiter
Fermeuse, October, 1961

Very slow, free time



1. As I strolled the beach one evening from my gallant barquentine
   To the island of Jamaica where I had lately been,
   Being tired of my rambling I lay down for to rest,
   I sang a song of home, sweet home, the song that I love best.

2. .....
   .....
   And when my song was finished my mind felt more at ease,
   I rose to pluck the primroses that hung down from the trees.

3. It was there I spied a lovely maid, she filled me with delight,
   She wore the robes of innocence, her skin was snowy white,
   Her skin was snowy white, my boys, most handsome to be seen,
   A silken shawl hung over all her shoulders for to screen.

4. "Good evening handsome fair one," I unto her did say.
And with a smile she answered me, "Good evening sir," said she,
"Are you a bold young sailor lad or what brought you this way?"
"I belong unto that brigantine lies anchored in the bay."

5. We sat down on some primroses for to discuss a while,
I told her many a pleasant tale which caused her for to smile,
And when I went to go away she gave me her address.
"Come in and see my husband he will treat you of the best."

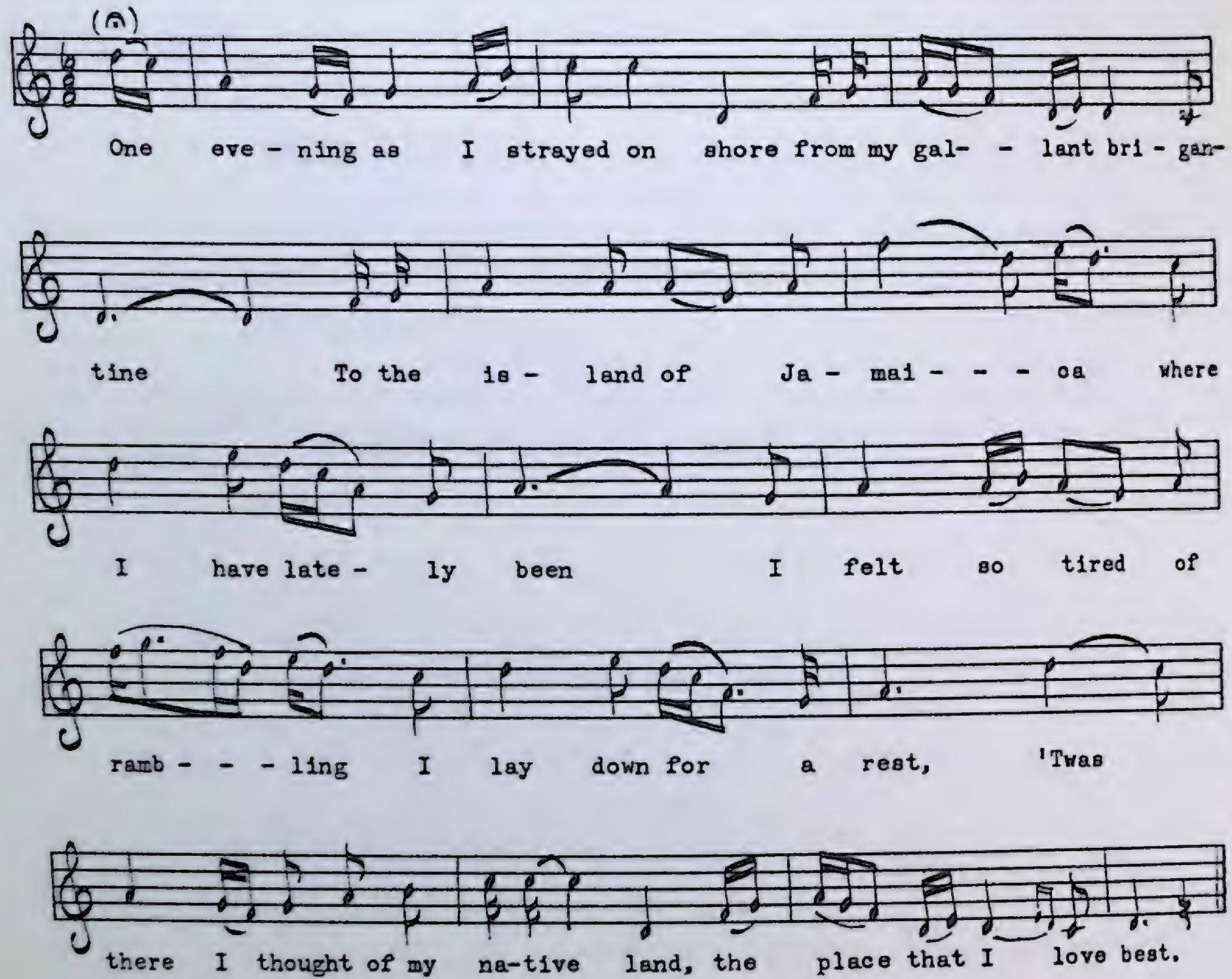
6. And soon then I was introduced to a hearty looking man
Who kindly saluted me and took me by the hand.
With the glasses on the table and the dinner served in soon,
Where we both sat down together, spent a merry afternoon.

7. "I thank you for your kindness I'll have you to understand,
My name is Harry Rice, I am a married man,
Three weeks before we left the shore my parents did on me frown,
It was all about a girl I left at home in St. John's town."

B

MS 82
Michael Aylward
King's Cove, July, 1952

Moderately slow



1. One morning as I strayed on shore from my gallant brigantine,
   To the island of Jamaica where I have lately been,
   I felt so tired of rambling I lay down for a rest,
   'Twas there I thought of my native land, the place that I love best.

2. My parents dwell in harmony, sure they're living to their ease,
   Whilst I am doing my foolishness and plowing the raging seas,
   Whilst I am doing my foolishness and laboring night and day,
   I will sing you a song of old Ireland to drive dull cares away.

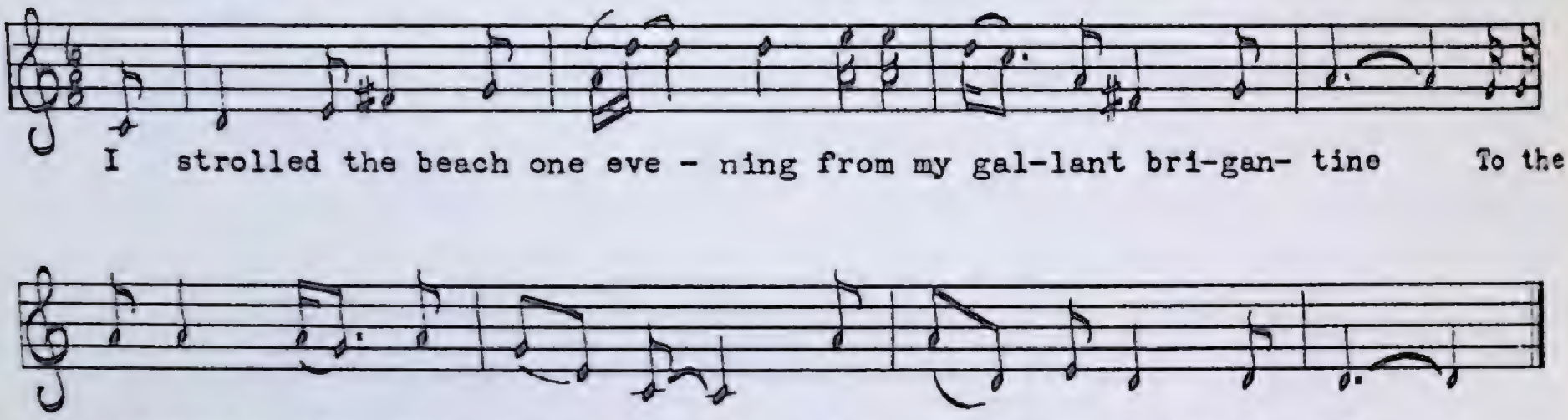
3. It is now my song being ended my mind being more at ease,
   I arose to pluck a few oranges, they were dropping from the trees,
   I arose to pluck a few oranges, they were hanging in my sight,
   When a female form attracted me, she filled me with delight.

4. The dress she wore was snowy white, she had a spencer of the green,
A silken sash around her throat, her shoulders for to screen,
Her hair hung down in ringlets brown and her eyes were dark as sloes,
And she wore the robes of Lilligate, her cheeks were like the rose.

C

PEA 17 No. 102
Mike Kent
Cape Broyle, July, 1952

Moderately slow



1. I strolled the beach one evening from my gallant brigantine
   To the island of Jamaica where I have lately been.
2. Being tired of my rambling I sat down for to rest,
   And sung a song about Newfoundland, the land I love the best.
3. And when my song was finished my mind felt more at ease,
   I arose to pick those oranges that hung down from the trees.
4. 'Twas there I spied a comely lass, she filled me with delight,
   She wore the robes of innocence, her neck was snowy white.
5. Her neck was snowy-white, me boys, most glorious to be seen,
   With a silken shawl hung over all her shoulders for to screen.
6. "Good evening, handsome fair one," I unto her did say.
   And with a smile she answered me, "Good evening sir," said she.
7. "Are you a brisk young sailor lad, or what brought you this way?"
   "I'm belonging to that little barque lies anchored in the bay."
8. "Come, sit down on those primrose banks and we'll discourse a while."
   I told her pleasant stories which caused her for to smile.
9. When she arose to go away she asked me my address.
   "Come in and see my husband, he will treat you to the best."
10. And very soon I was introduced to a noble-looking man
    Who kindly saluted me and shook me by the hand.
11. The glasses on the table and the dinner was served soon;
    We both sat down together, spent a jolly afternoon.
12. I'll thank you for your kindness, I'll give you to understand
    That Harry Rice it is my name, I am a married man.

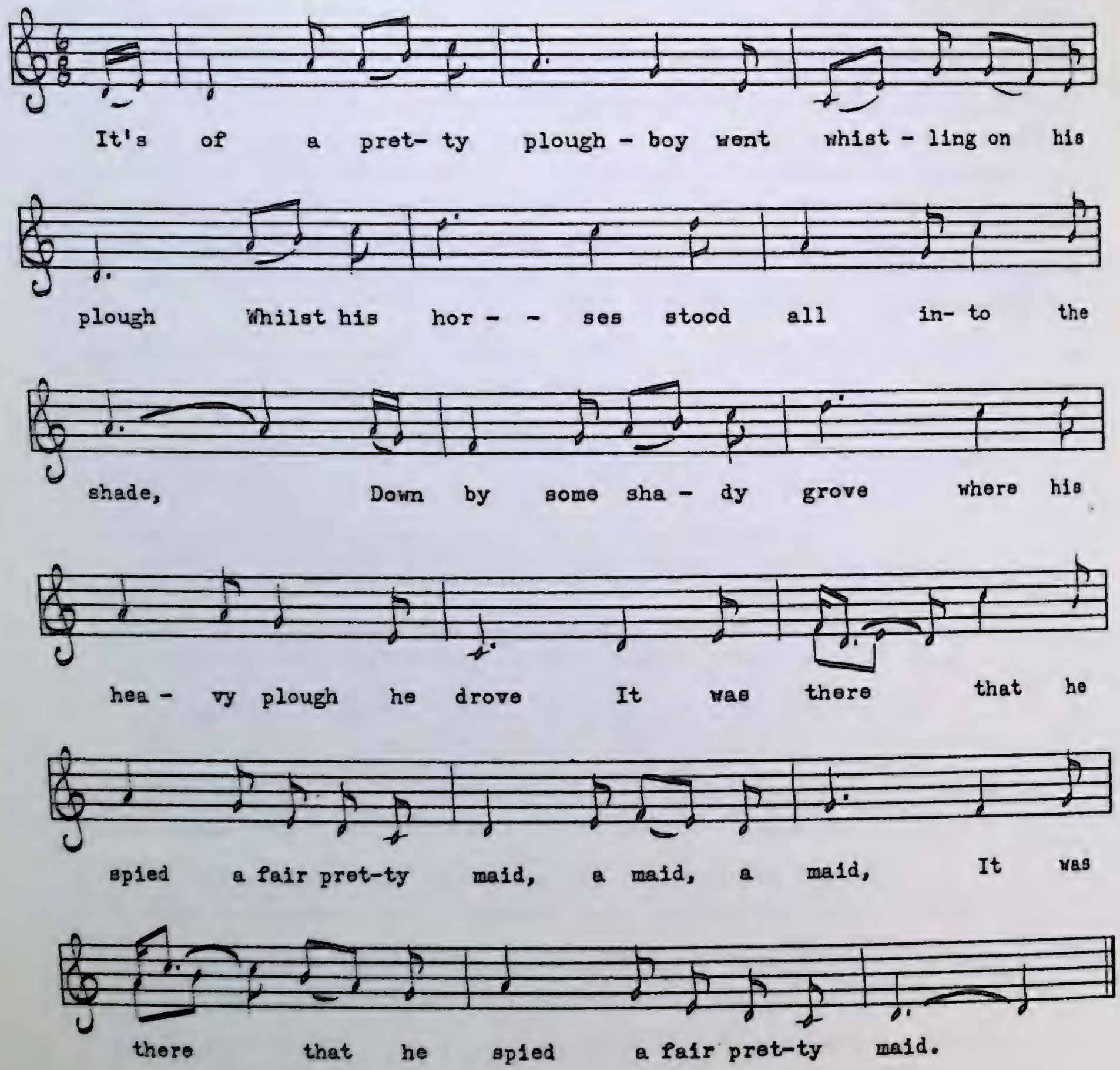
13. Three weeks before I left this shore my friends on me did frown;
'Twas all about a wife and child I left in St. John's town.

I have included all three texts for those who will want to make their own collation. The four verses of variant *B* are complete as far as they go and may be substituted for the first three verses of *A*. *A* and *C* would seem to be localized versions of what appears to be an Irish song, though it is possible the song originated in Newfoundland. The word 'spencer' (a bodice or short jacket) would have been in common usage during the 1815 Irish immigrations to Newfoundland. And Rice is a common Newfoundland name. Whatever its origin, the song boasts three quite superb melodies. *B* is Dorian, *C* is Mixolydian, and *A* is a fascinating mixture of both modes. A brigantine is a two-masted vessel, square-rigged forward, schooner-rigged aft; and so is sometimes called a hermaphrodite brig.

The Pretty Ploughboy

PEA 196 No. 1156
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, September, 1961

Moderate



1. It's of a pretty ploughboy went whistling on his plough
   Whilst his horses stood all into the shade,
   Down by some shady grove where his heavy plough he drove
   It was there that he spied a fair pretty maid, a maid, a maid,
   It was there that he spied a fair pretty maid.

2. On this was the song that he sang then all along:
   "Oh fair maiden of higher degree,
   If I in love should fall and my parents should know it all,
   They would surely send me far across the sea, the sea, the sea,
   They would surely send me far across the sea.

3. Oh when his agèd father came that all for to know
Soon the ploughboy was ploughing over the main,
For the press-gang came one day and they pressed my *love away,*
And they sent him down into the war to be slain, be slain, *be slain,*
And they sent him down into the war to be slain.

4. She dressed herself all in her best, her riches they did shine,
And her pocket was well-filled with gold.
See how she trod the street while the tears fell at her feet,
She's lamenting for her jolly sailor bold, so bold, so bold,
She's lamenting for her jolly sailor bold.

5. The first one she did meet was the commander of the fleet.
"Sir, have you seen my pretty ploughboy?" she cried,
"He's just across the deep, he's a-sailing in the fleet."
And he said, "My fair pretty maid, will you ride, a-ride, a-ride?"
And he said, "My fair pretty maid, will you ride?"

6. My pretty ploughboy so gay now in my arms he lays,
Where I ofttimes have had him there before.
We'll set those bells to ring, we'll so merrilye dance and sing,
For I can enjoy that lad whom I adore, adore, adore,
For I can enjoy that lad whom I adore.

Though shorter than some other variants, this Newfoundland version of *The Pretty Ploughboy* is one of the most charming I have seen. Particularly unusual is the old device of internal repetition used to good effect in such diverse ballads as *Captain Kidd* and *The 'Greenland' Disaster*. It has been noted in Nova Scotia by Roy Mackenzie and Helen Creighton, and a variant from the southern Appalachians has been recorded by Cecil Sharp. However, it seems to have been much more popular in England and Scotland than on this side of the Atlantic.

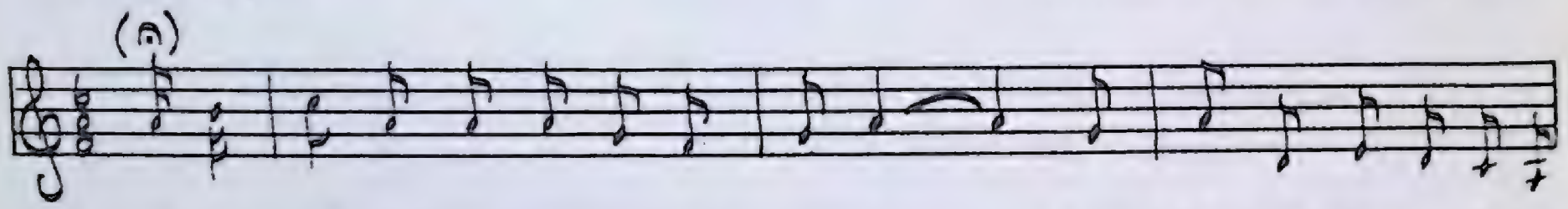
The Rich Merchant's Daughter

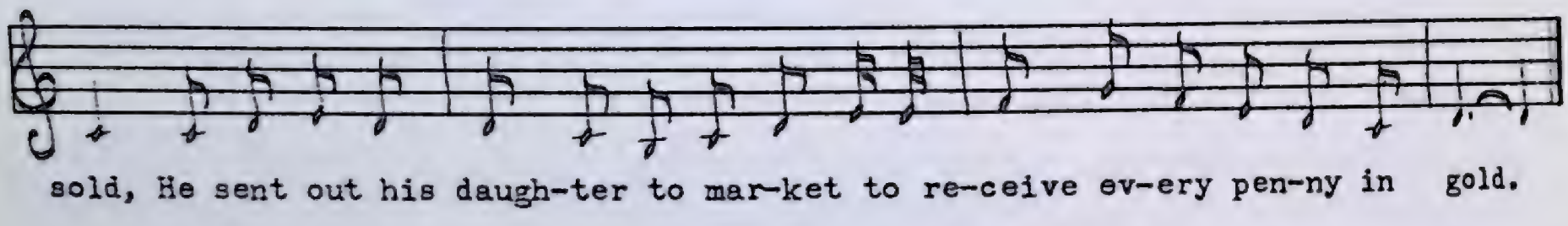
(see Child 283)

A

PEA 15 No. 91
Gordon Willis, Fogo,
recorded in St. John's, July, 1952

Moderately fast





1. It was of a rich merchant in London
   With plenty of corn to be sold,
   He sent out his daughter to market
   To receive every penny in gold.

2. She sewed the gold up in her saddle,
   For fear of some danger she'd find;
   She sewed the gold up in her saddle,
   And that was good leather well-lined.

3. She sewed the gold up in her saddle,
   And started home on the highway;
   By chance a young man came to meet her,
   He bade this fair damsel to stay.

4. Three blows of his whistle he gave her,
   A pistol he clasped to her breast,
   Saying, "Deliver your gold, oh my darling,
   Or else you will die of protest."

5. This fair pretty damsel get frightened,
   And so did old dobbin, her steed;
   'Twas down from his back she alighted,
   Old dobbin trot off with good speed.

6. He stripped this young maiden stark naked,
   Gave her his own horse for to hold;
   'Twas there she stood shivering and shaking,
   Like anyone dying of cold.

7. This fair pretty damsel took courage,
While he was in search of his prey;
She said, "It's no time to stand idle,
I'll show you a trick on highway."

8. From stirrup to saddle she mounted,
She swung her legs 'cross like a man;
She put the thief's horse at a gallop,
Saying, "Catch me now, rogue, if you can!"

9. He ran and he puffed and he shouted;
He ran and he puffed and he blowed,
Saying, "Come back my fair pretty darling,
And I will give you your clothes."

10. "My clothing it's not of much value,
You may keep it kind sir, if you please."
He ran and he puffed and he shouted,
Till his boots they did anchor his knees.

11. She rode over mountains and valleys,
And places she knew very well;
She left him a trifle in fortune,
With about five shillings to tell.

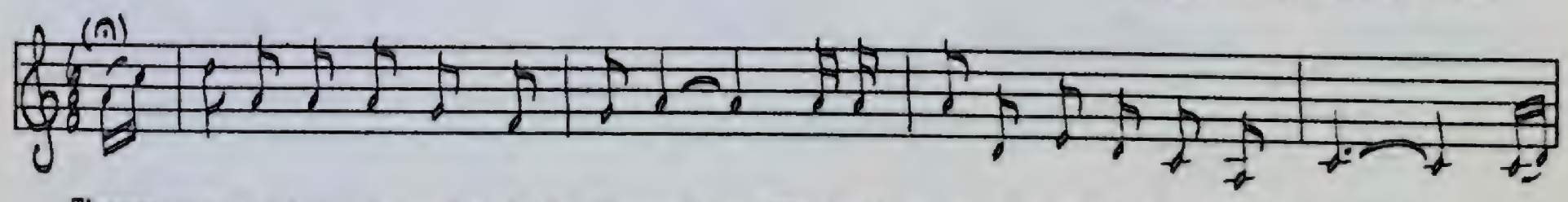
12. She rode over hills and o'er meadows,
Arrived home about twelve o'clock;
Her daddy was terrible frightened
To see her ride home in her smock.

13. She put her thief's horse in the stable,
And in his portmantle she found
Some hundreds of sparkling diamonds,
The value of ten thousand pounds.

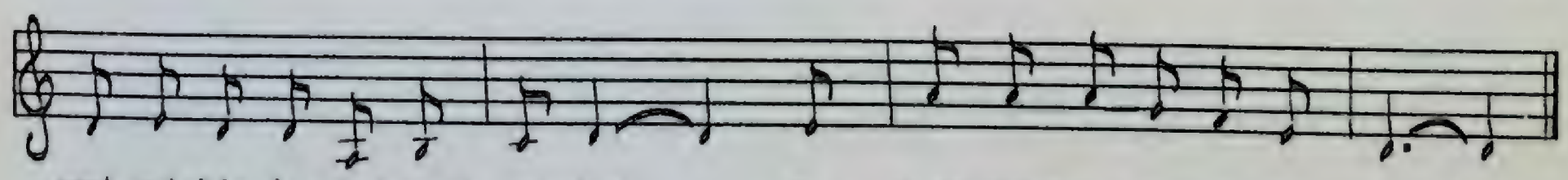
B

PEA 8 No. 50
Mike Kent
Cape Broyle, July, 1951

Moderate



There was a rich mer-chant in Lon-don, He had plen-ty of sil-ver and gold, He



sent out his daugh-ter to mar-ket To save ev-ery pen-ny he could.

14. "Now you will take five thousand pounds dad,
And I will take five thousand more,
I think that's a suitable fortune,
To keep the great wolf from the door."

This ballad is related to *The Crafty Farmer* (Child 283) who goes off to pay the rent. He meets a robber who "gave him his horse to hold," just as he does the daughter in this version. *The Yorkshire Boy* is another member of this group of ballads, in which the person who outwits the thief is amply rewarded for his or her cleverness. In Logan's *A Pedlar's Pack,* a ballad called *The Maid of Rygate* seems to be related as well. See also Pitt's broadside *The Highwayman Outwitted by the Farmer's Daughter.* In variant *A* the singer consistently elides the last three lines of each verse, producing a seven-bar tune. Variant *B* was reproduced to illustrate the more usual treatment of the melody.

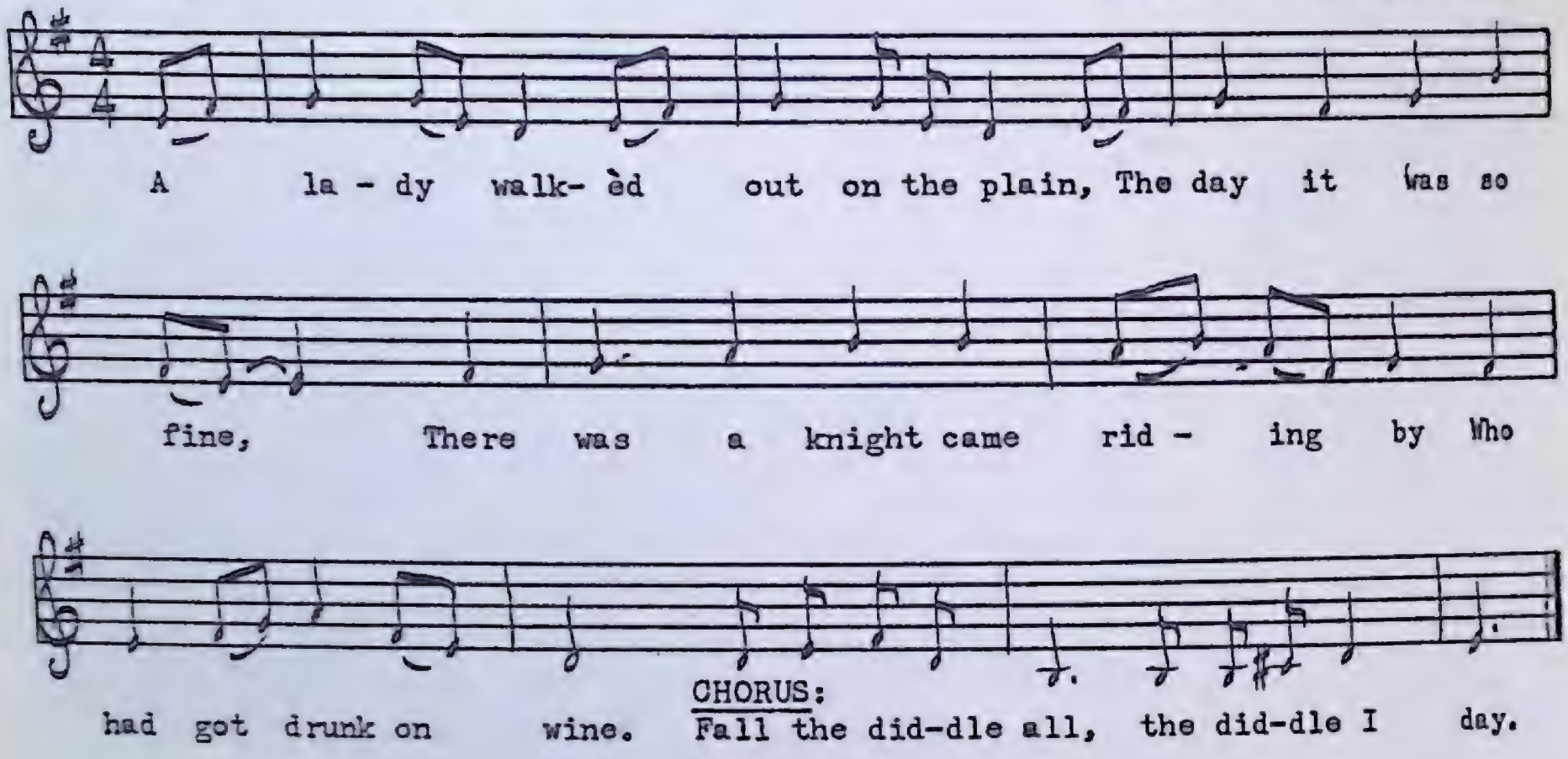
James Decker, Parsons Pond

Sir William

(The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter, Child 110)

PEA 153 No. 997
James Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1959

Moderate



1. A lady walkèd out on the plain,
   The day it was so fine,
   There was a knight came riding by
   Who had got drunk on wine.
   Fall the diddle all, the diddle I day.

2. He took her by the middle so small
   And he gently laid her down,
   And when he had his will of her
   He left her on the ground.

3. "Now you have had your will of me
   Come tell to me your name,
   For when my baby it is born
   I may call it the same."

4. "My name, my name, my fair pretty maid,
   I cannot tell to thee,
   For some call me tinker and more call me Tom,
   And when I am in the king's court
   They call me Sir William."

5. He mounted on his milk-white steed
   So fast as he could ride,
   She tied a handkerchief around her middle
   And she ran by the horse's side.

6. She ran till she came to the riverside,
And then she jumpèd in,
She swam till she came to the other side,
And then jumped out again.

7. She ran till she came to the king's fair court,
She dingled at the ring,
And who came out but the king himself
To let this fair maid in.

8. "Good morning to you my fair pretty maid."
"Good morning to your majesty,
There is a man within your gates
This day has a-robbèd me."

9. "What did he rob you of, my fair pretty maid,
Of any store at all?"
"No, he robbed me of my maidenhead
And that's the worst of all."

10. "Oh if he is a married man
All hangèd he shall be,
And if he is a single man
His body I will give to thee."

11. The king he then called up his men
By one, by two, by three,
Sir William who used to be the very first man
The last of all came he.

12. Sir William then took out his purse,
He offered her some gold.
"Take hold of this, my fair pretty maid,
And the tale will never be told."

13. She said, "I won't accept your gold
Nor any of your store,
But I will have your fair body
That the king granted me before."

14. He said, "Oh cursèd be the night
That I got drunk on wine,
That any farmer's daughter dear
Would be a true lover of mine."

15. She said, "If a farmer's daughter I be
I pray leave me alone,
If you make me the lady of one thousand
I will make you the lord of ten."

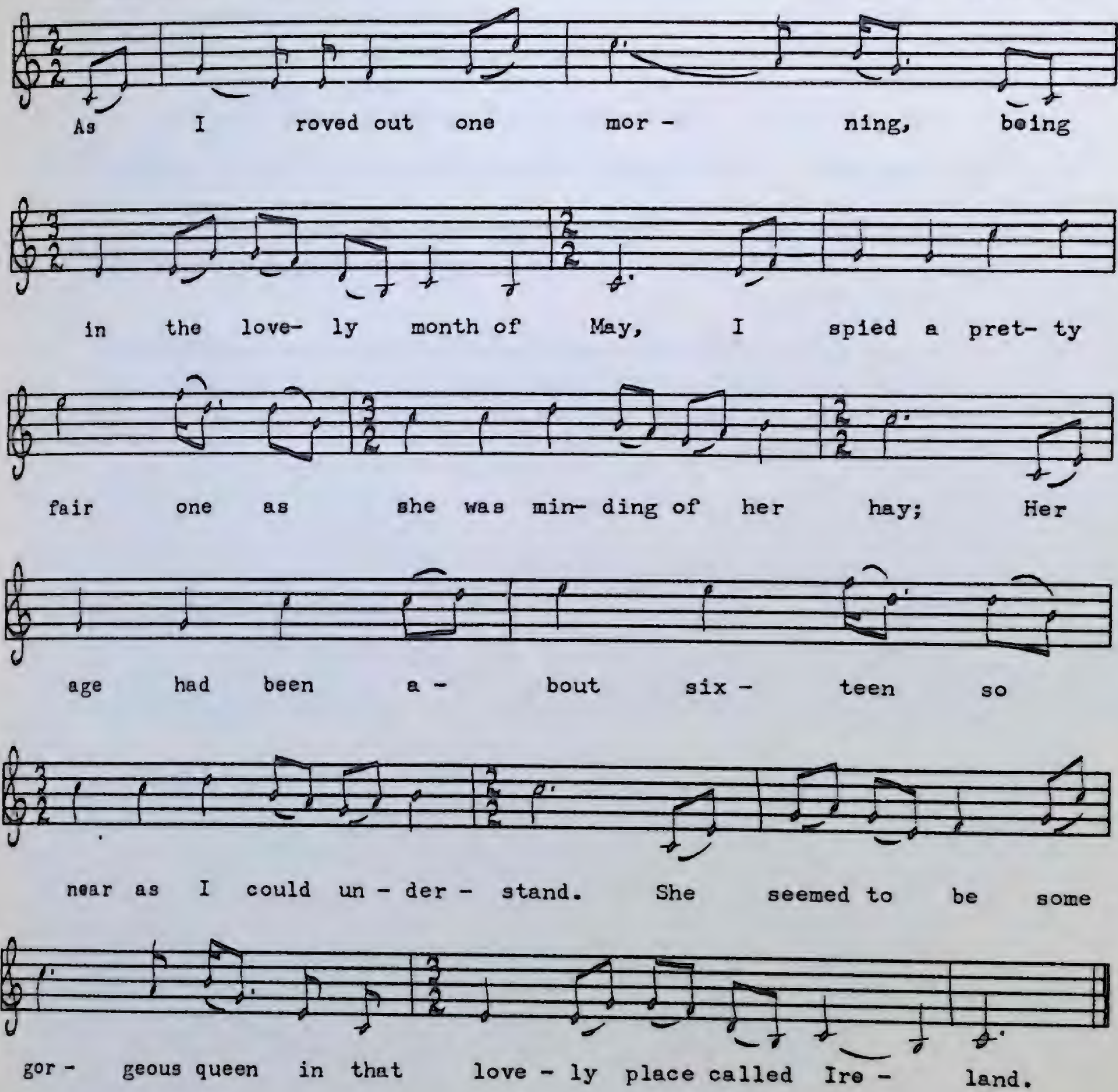
16. It was early the next morning
To the church then they did run,
She provèd to be a duke's daughter
And he but a tinker's son.

This Newfoundland variant is most closely related to variant *K* in the Child collection which, in turn, comes from Motherwell's MS., page 220—"from the recitation of Widow McCormick, Westbrae, Paisley, 1825; learned of an old woman in Dumbarton, thirty or forty years before." In the note accompanying *Fair Marjorie's Ghost,* certain conventions concerning the art of ballad-making were noted. As a further illustration of this repertory of stock situations and characters, many will notice that verses 6 and 7 of *Sir William* correspond exactly to verses 7 and 8 of *Lord Donald.*

Yankee Shore

PEA 103 No. 793
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderately slow, steady time



1. As I roved out one morning, being in the lovely month of May,
   I spied a pretty fair one as she was minding of her hay;
   Her age had been about sixteen so near as I could understand,
   She seemed to be some gorgeous queen in that lovely place called Ireland.

2. "Good morning, pretty fair one." Good morning kindly sir," she did say.
   "Oh can you fancy a sailor belonging to Americay?
   If you could fancy a sailor it's married then we would be,
   And then we would sail over to that lovely place called Americay."

3. "Oh yes," replied this fair one, "I likes your offer very well,
There are sailors in this country but no one of them can you excel,
Just step up to my father and try what he has to say,
And then we will sail over to that lovely place called Americay."

4. 'Twas hand in hand together this lovely young couple went,
They went unto her father to try what he had to say,
He kindly saluted her and he asked her who I may be,
And she told him I was a sailor belonging to Americay.

5. "Kind sir, this is your daughter, she's the only one that I do adore,
.....
She's the only one I do adore and the only one that I do prize,
She is one of the fairest creatures that ever shined in under the watery skies."

6. To see her agèd father I am sure 'twould grieve your heart full sore,
To see her agèd mother I am sure 'twould grieve you ten times more,
When I took her from her parents and land her safe on the Yankee shore.

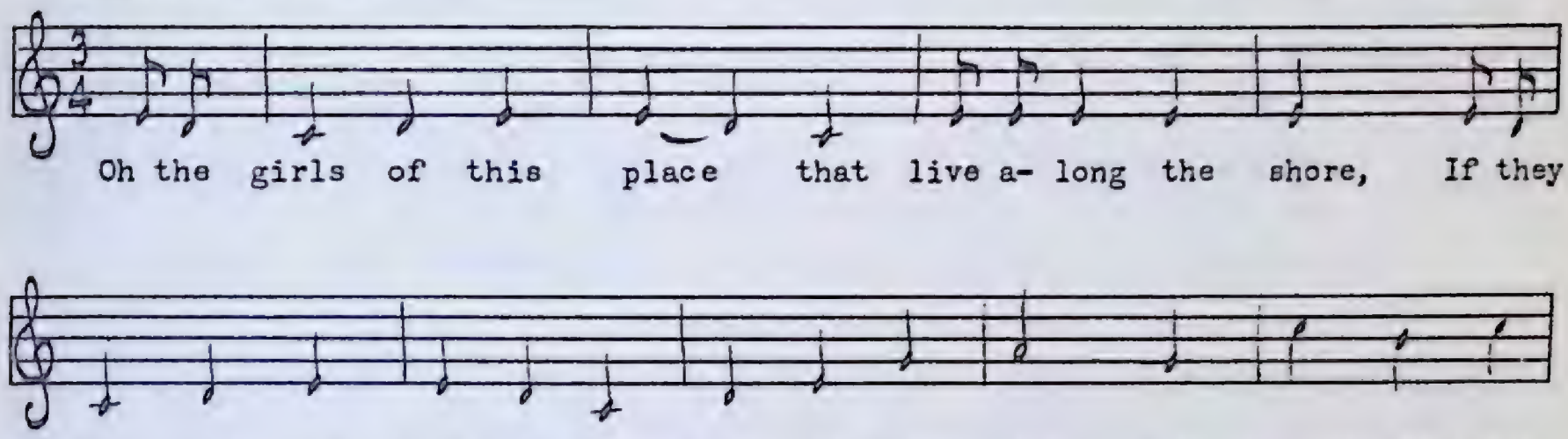
Love Comedies

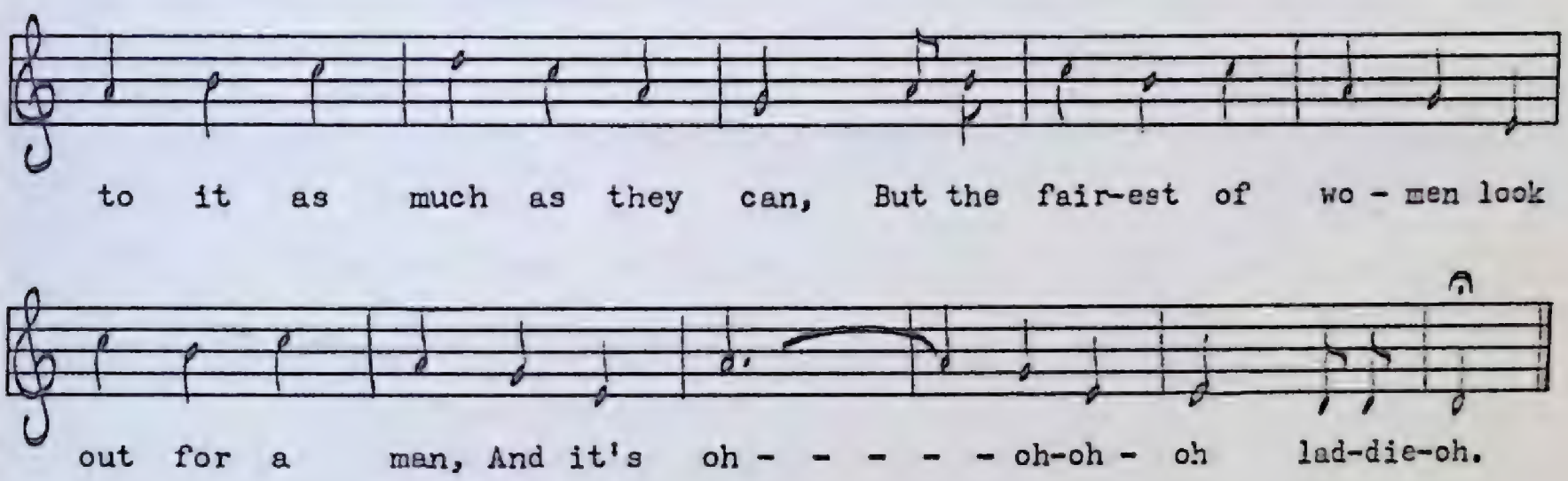
Kenneth Peacock with Howard Morry of Ferryland

Bachelor's Hall

PEA 10 No. 69
Howard Morry
Ferryland, July, 1951

Moderately fast, free time





1. Oh the girls of this place that live along the shore,
   If they hear but one word they will speak it twice o'er;
   And then they'll add to it as much as they can,
   But the fairest of women look out for a man,
   And it's oh——————oh - oh - oh laddie-oh.

2. The boys that dress up in the very best style
   To court the young girls sure it is their incline;
   They'll go to their houses and there they will stay,
   And they'll keep the girls up till it's almost day,
   And it's oh——————oh - oh - oh laddie-oh.

3. The girls go to bed and sleep all the next day;
   Their mothers get up, there's the devil to pay;
   "Oh, mother, dear mother, sure I'm not to blame,
   For when you were young you were fond of the same."
   And it's oh——————oh - oh - oh laddie-oh.

4. The boys they get up and they stagger and reel,
   They curse on the girls how unsteady they feel,
   "If this what's called courting I'll court none at all,
   I'll live by myself and keep Bachelor's Hall."
   And it's oh——————oh - oh - oh laddie-oh.

5. Of Bachelor's Hall it is always the best,
Be you sick, drunk, or sober you are always at rest;
Come in when you like and lie down on the straw,
You can eat the whole cake be it done or be it raw.
And it's oh——————oh - oh - oh laddie-oh.

6. Oh Bachelor's Hall it is always the best,
Be you sick, drunk, or sober you are always at rest;
No wife for to scold you, no children to bawl;
Oh happy's the man that keeps Bachelor's Hall.
And it's oh——————oh - oh - oh laddie-oh.

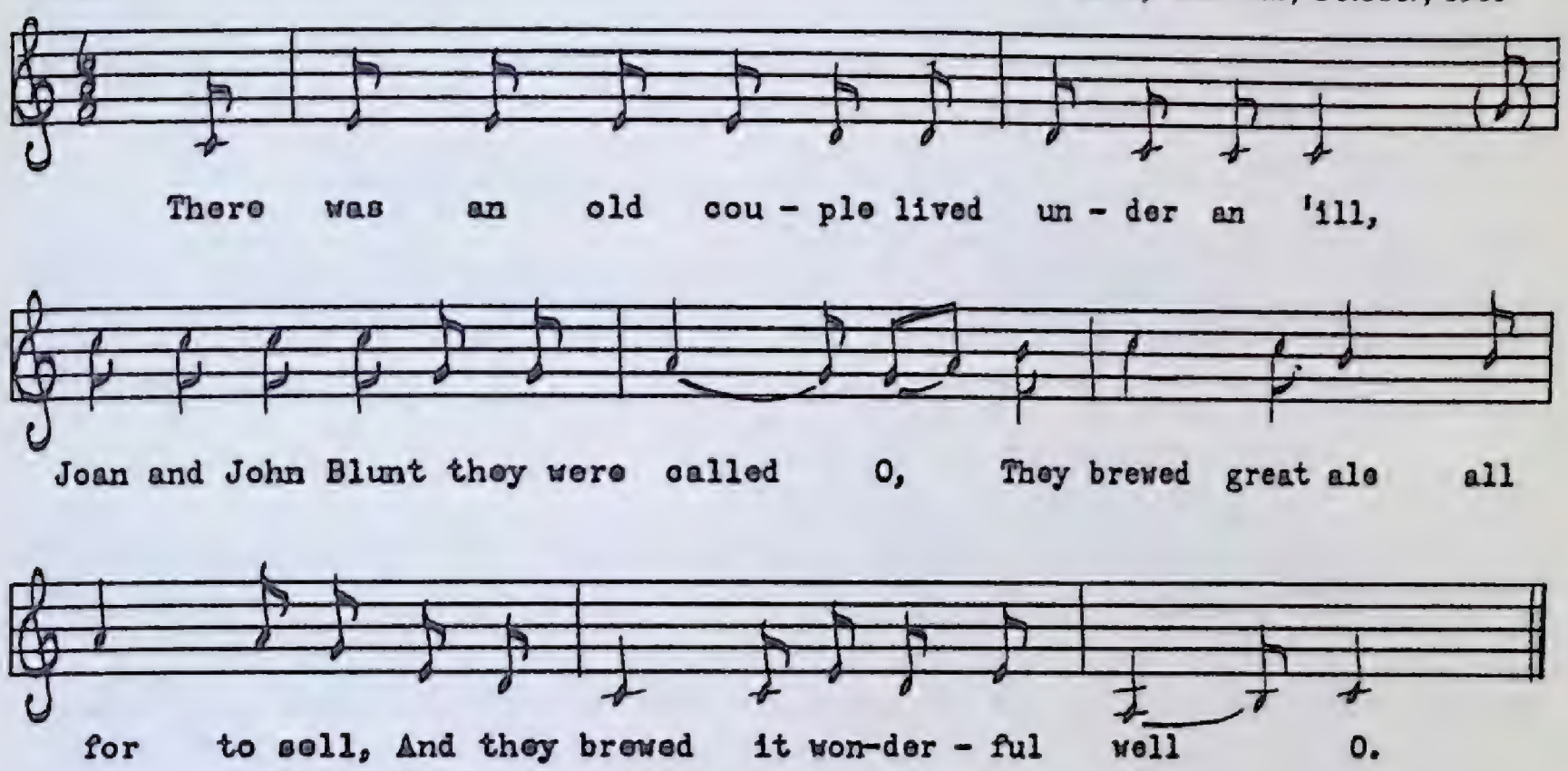
7. And now my little song it is nearly done,
I hope that I have not offended anyone;
If there's anyone here who takes any offence,
They can go to the devil and seek recompense!
And it's oh——————oh - oh - oh laddie-oh.

This amusing little Irish ditty is also known in Nova Scotia. Cecil Sharp collected a variant in the Southern Appalachians called *When Boys Go A-Courting*.

Bar the Door O

(Child 275)

PEA 200 No. 1165
Mrs. Thomas Walters
Rocky Harbour, October, 1961



1. There was an old couple lived under an 'ill,
   Joan and John Blunt they were called O,
   They brewed great ale all for to sell,
   And they brewed it wonderful well O.

2. John Blunt and his wife drank some of those ales
   Till they could drink no more O,
   They both went to bed with a drop in their head
   And forgot to bar their door O.

3. A bargain, a bargain this old couple made,
   A bargain firm and sure O,
   The very first one who would speak the first word
   Would go down and bar the door O.

4. Along came travellers, travellers three,
   Travelling in the night O,
   No house nor shelter could they find,
   No fire nor candle light O.

5. And straight to John Blunt's house they went,
   And boldly opened the door O,
   But not one word did the old couple say
   For fear they should bar the door O.

6. They ate of his vittles, they drank of his drinks,
   Till they could drink no more O,
   But not one word did the old couple say
   For fear they should bar the door O.

7. And straight upstairs those travellers went,
And crossed the bedroom floor O,
But not one word did the old couple say
For fear they should bar the door O.

8. They pulled the old woman out of her bed,
And kissed her on the floor O,
But not one word did the old man say
For fear he should bar the door O.

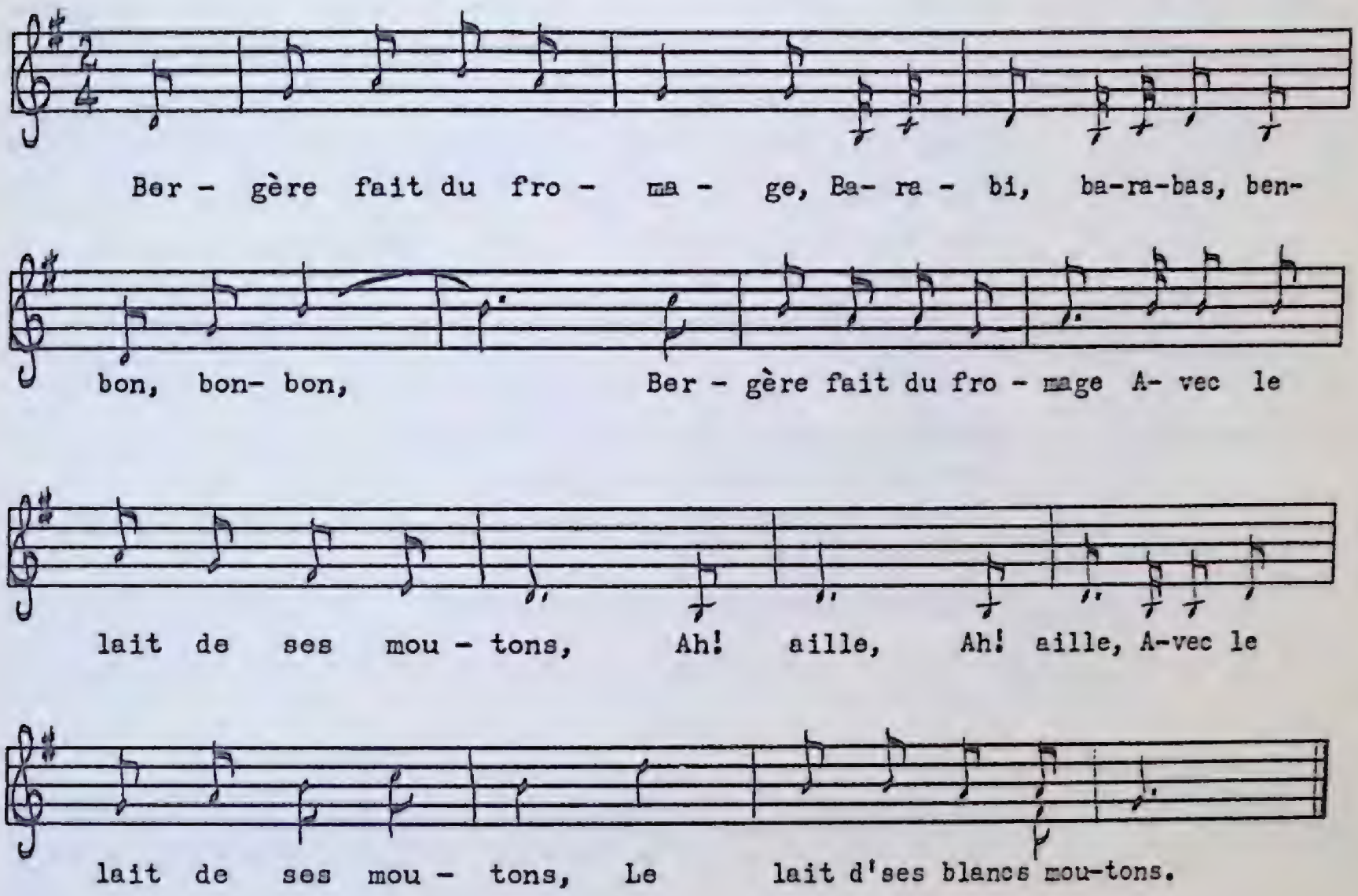
9. "You've eat of my vittles, you drank of my drinks,
Till you could drink no more O,"
"John Blunt," she said, "you spoke the first word,
Go down and bar the door O!

10. "If you don't like what they did unto me,
They kissed me on the floor O,
Take this to be as a warning:
Stay every night and bar your door O."

A vow of silence maintained throughout a variety of tribulations is a humourous little gimmick used in songs and tales all over Europe. Such tales, which are also well known in Turkey and Arabia, might indicate an Oriental origin. In this Newfoundland variant the husband breaks down first, and one receives the distinct impression that his wife rather enjoyed the tribulations associated with the vow.

Bergère fait du fromage

PEA 143 No. 961
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1959



Bergère fait du fromage,
Barabi, barabas, ben-bon, bon-bon,
Bergère fait du fromage
Avec le lait de ses moutons,
Ah! aille, Ah! aille,
Avec le lait de ses moutons,
Le lait d' ses blancs moutons.

Bergère tout en colère,
Barabi, barabas, ben-bon, bon-bon,
Bergère tout en colère,
Al' a tué son chaton,
Ah! aille, Ah! aille,
Al' a tué son chaton. (*bis*)

A' s'en fut à confesse,
Barabi, barabas, ben-bon, bon-bon,
«Mon père, je m'accuse
D'avoir tué mon chaton,
Ah! aille, Ah! aille,
Avoir tué mon chaton.» (*bis*)

—La belle, pour pénitence,
Barabi, barabas, ben-bon, bon-bon,
La belle, pour pénitence,
Nous nous embrasserons,
Ah! aille, Ah! aille,
Nous nous embrasserons. (*bis*)

—J'embrasse pas les prêtres,
Barabi, barabas, ben-bon, bon-bon,
J'embrasse pas les prêtres,
Que les jolis garçons,
Ah! aille, Ah! aille,
Que les jolis garçons. (*bis*)

Surtout les hommes de guerre,
Barabi, barabas, ben-bon, bon-bon,
Surtout les hommes de guerre,
Qu'ont la barbe au menton,
Ah! aille, Ah! aille,
Qu'ont la barbe au menton. (*bis*)

The Bold Trooper

A

MS 12

Harry Curtis
Joe Batt's Arm, July, 1952

Fast

There was a rich mer-chant in Lon-don did dwell, He had but one

daugh-ter whom his heart loved well, He had but one daugh- ter whose

name it was Nell, And her hus-band was called the bold troo - - -

CHORUS:

per. Right fall the did-dle I, right fall the did-dle

I, Right fall the did-dle loo rah lie doh.

1. There was a rich merchant in London did dwell,
   He had but one daughter whom his heart loved well,
   He had but one daughter whose name it was Nell,
   And her husband was called the bold trooper.
   Right fall the diddle I, right fall the diddle I,
   Right fall the diddle loo rah lie doh.

2. There was a poor tailor who lived very nigh,
   And on this fair damsel he soon fixed his eye.
   "Five pounds I will give you one night for to lie
   While your husband is out upon duty."

3. "Oh yes mister tailor you speak very right,
   My husband is out upon duty tonight,
   But if he comes home you'll get a good fright,
   Beware of my husband the trooper."

4. They took off their clothes and they got into bed,
And thoughts of the trooper never ran in their head.
"Oh hide me, oh hide me," the poor tailor said,
"For I heard a loud knock from the trooper."

5. "There's a three cornered cupboard behind the hall door,
Go jump into that you'll be safe and secure,
And I will go down and open the door
And welcome my husband the trooper."

6. Nellie went down and opened the door,
And welcomed her husband with kisses and curls.
"For your kisses and curls I don't care a pin,
Light in a good fire," said the trooper.

7. "There is no fire in and no fire stuff,
So jump into bed, you'll be soon warm enough."
"That three-cornered cupboard behind the hall door,
I'll burn it this night," said the trooper.

8. "Oh husband, dear husband, grant my desire,
The three-cornered cupboard's too good for the fire,
And in it I keep my game-cock I admire."
"Show me your game-cock," said the trooper.

9. He went to the cupboard and opened the door,
And there sat the tailor so safe and secure,
One pluck by the neck he came out on the floor.
"Is this your game-cock?" said the trooper.

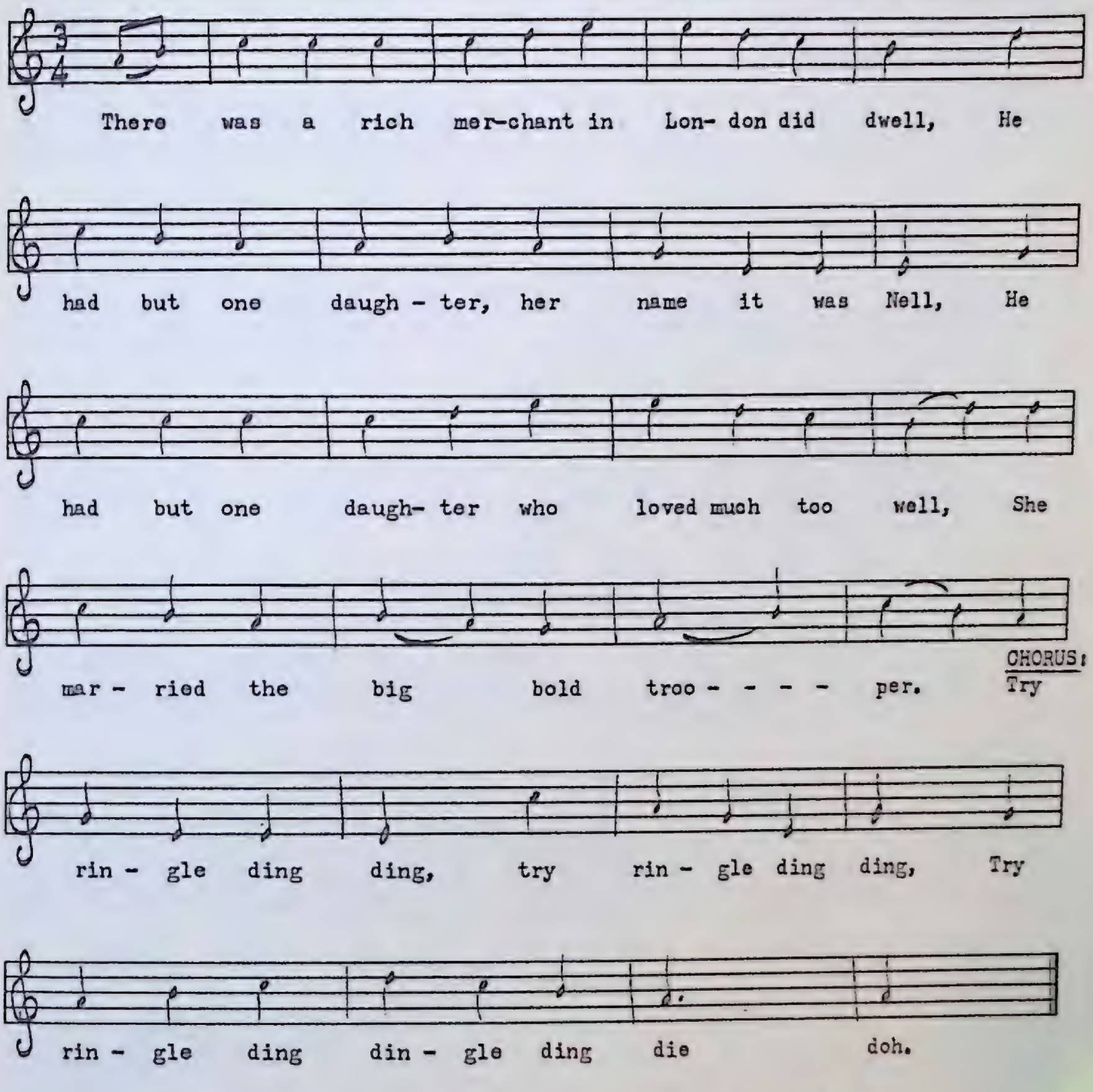
10. He took a short whip and called for his shears,
And then he cropped off the tailor's ears
Who for his night's lodging was going to pay dear,
Adieu to the poor croppèd tailor!

11. And he took out his sword and cut off his head,
And took it to Nellie who lay in the bed,
Saying, "Nellie, oh Nellie, your game-cock is dead,
He received his last blow from the trooper."

B

PEA 175 No. 1089 & MS
Joshua Osborne
Seal Cove, White Bay, June, 1960

Fast



2. Mister tailor he called with a smile wide and bright
With forty bright shillings to lodge all the night,
To sport and to play with the bold trooper's wife
If the trooper was out on duty.
CHORUS:

4. Mister trooper came back in the middle of the night,
He gave mister tailor the devil's own fright.
"Oh hide me, oh hide me, for God's sake be spright
For I hear the bold tramp of the trooper."
CHORUS:

6. She then went out and she opened the door
With kisses and squeezes to make him want more.
"Your kisses and squeezes they make me full sore,
Show me on a light," cried the trooper.

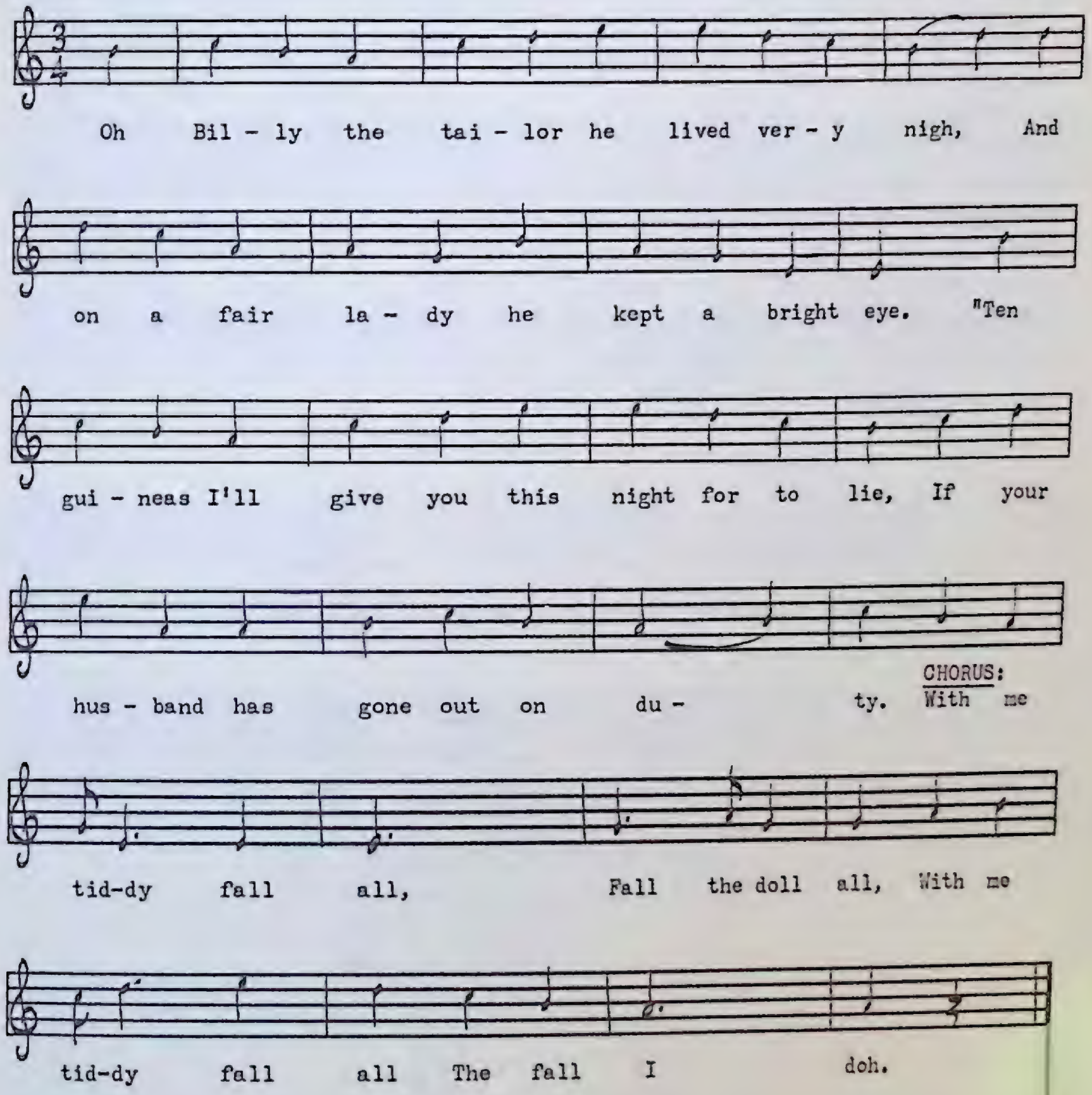
CHORUS:

C

(*The Croppèd Tailor*)

PEA 114 No. 844 & MS
Arthur Nicolle
Rocky Harbour, August, 1958

Fast



5. She went downstairs and she opened the door,
She welcomed her husband right in on the floor,
Such hugging and squeezing he never saw before
When she welcomed her husband the trooper.

CHORUS:

6. "Your hugging and squeezing is not worth a pin,
For I'm hungry and cold and I'm wet to the skin,
And I'll never be warm till the hearth fire's laid in,
So crack on a fire," said the trooper.

CHORUS:

Tailors are often objects of ridicule and scorn in traditional literature. Perhaps that is why the cuckolded trooper exacted such an elaborate and harsh revenge. However, the castration symbolism is so obvious that I think we may safely assume that the tailor was not actually killed, merely maimed. Notice in the last verse that the trooper says "your game-cock is dead," not "your tailor is dead." Cutting off the tailor's "ears" seems to be drastic enough surgery to end his philandering career, but apparently the trooper was taking no chances and did a complete job. For a related ballad where the tailor hides in a chest, see *The Old Bo's'n*. Except for the verses given, variants *B* and *C* are similar to the full text. Each is ten verses. All three variants of the basic tune are reproduced for comparative studies.

Le bon vin

PEA 199 No. 1163
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, septembre 1961

Modéré

En pas-sant par Pa - ris, Ca - res-sons la bou-teil-

le. En pas-sant par Pa - ris, Ca - res-sons la bou-teil-

le. Un de mes a - mis Me dit à l'o - reil-le. Bon, bon,

bon, Le bon vin m'en - dort, L'a-mour me ré-veil-

le. Le bon vin m'en - dort, L'a-mour me ré-veille en - core.

En passant par Paris,
Caressons la bouteille. } (*bis*)
Un de mes amis
Me dit à l'oreille.
Bon, bon, bon,
Le bon vin m'endort,
L'amour me réveille.
Le bon vin m'endort,
L'amour me réveille encore.

Un de mes amis
Me dit à l'oreille:
—Prends bien garde à toi,
Allons poursui're la belle.
—Poursuit qui la veut,
Moi je me moque d'elle. } (*bis*)
J'ai couché trois ans
La nuit avec elle.

J'ai couché trois ans
La nuit avec elle.
Sur un beau lit blanc
Garni de dentelle.

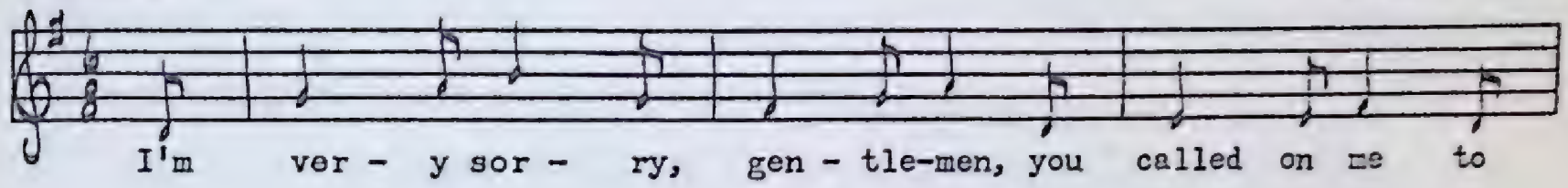
Ell' a eu trois garçons,
Tous trois capitaines. } (*bis*)
Un à Bordeaux
Et l'autre à La Rochelle.

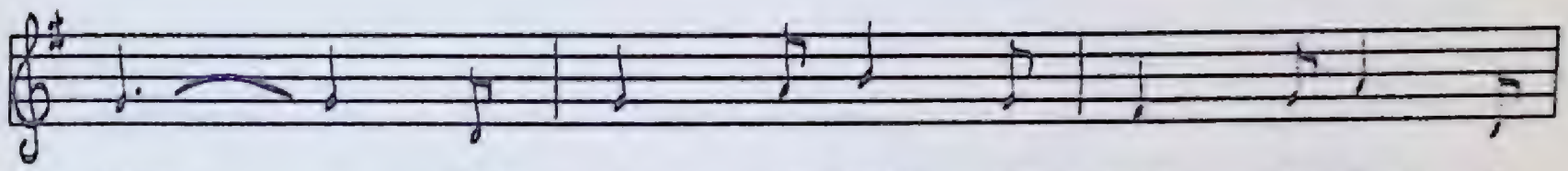
Un à Bordeaux
Et l'autre à La Rochelle,
Et l'autre à Versailles
A faire la canaille.

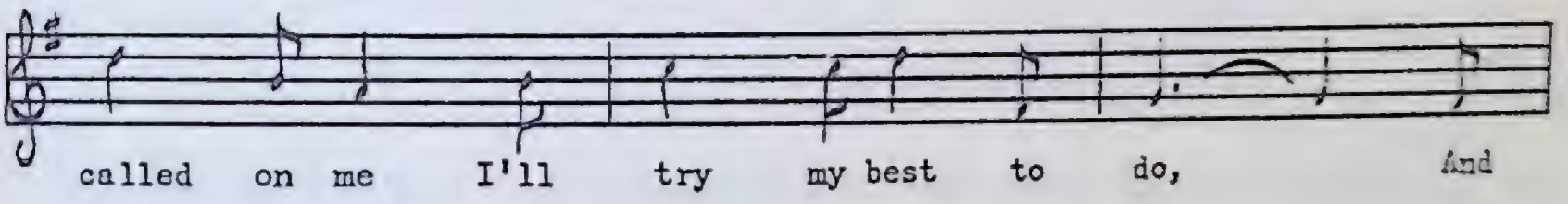
Butter and Cheese

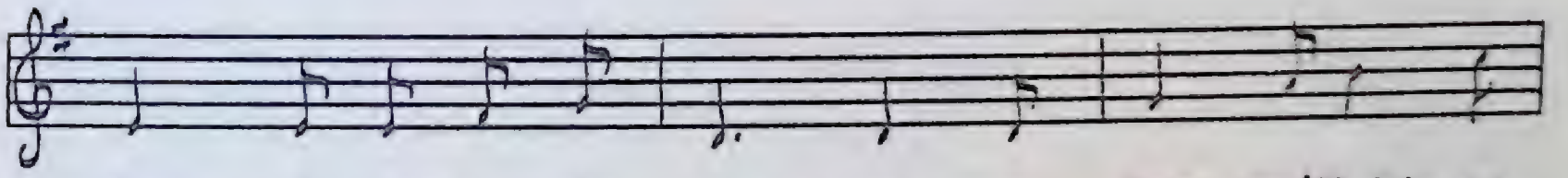
PEA 164 No. 1046
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959

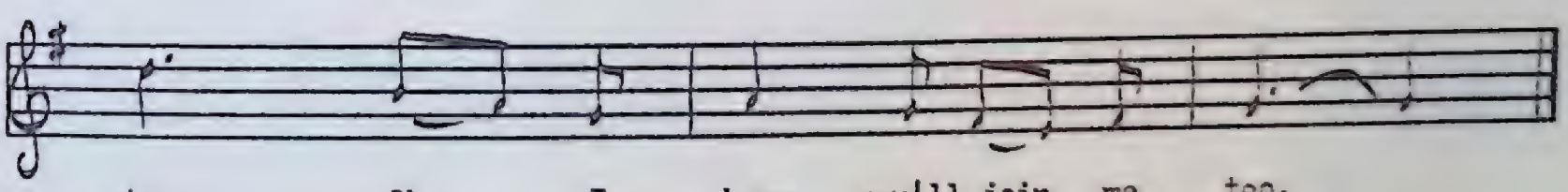
Moderately fast











1. I'm very sorry, gentlemen, you called on me to sing,
   For I can well assure you that I can do no such thing,
   But since you have a-called on me I'll try my best to do,
   And when I come to the chorus I hope you'll join me too,
   Oh I hope you'll join me too.

2. I fell a-courting of a cook, I'll tell you the reason why,
   'Cause when I did get hungry she would give me reply,
   Because when I was hungry she would give me relief,
   She fed me on the best of pies and plenty of fat beef,
   Oh and plenty of fat beef.

3. She invited me to supper, I quickly gave consent,
Along with her that very night to the master's house I went,
The master he was not at home and I was much displeased,
For one pocket she filled with butter and the other she stuffed with cheese,
And the other she stuffed with cheese.

4. Then after my supper was over and I could eat no more,
Right to my sad surprise a knock came at the door,
And where to go and hide myself, by gosh I did not know,
It was up in the chimney top I went so black as any old crow,
Oh so black as any old crow.

5. They then put on a rousing fire and almost touched my knees,
It melted all my butter and it roasted all my cheese.
The master he was standing by, he thought the Rogue was there,
For every time the butter did drop the fire went up in a flare,
Oh the fire went up in a flare.

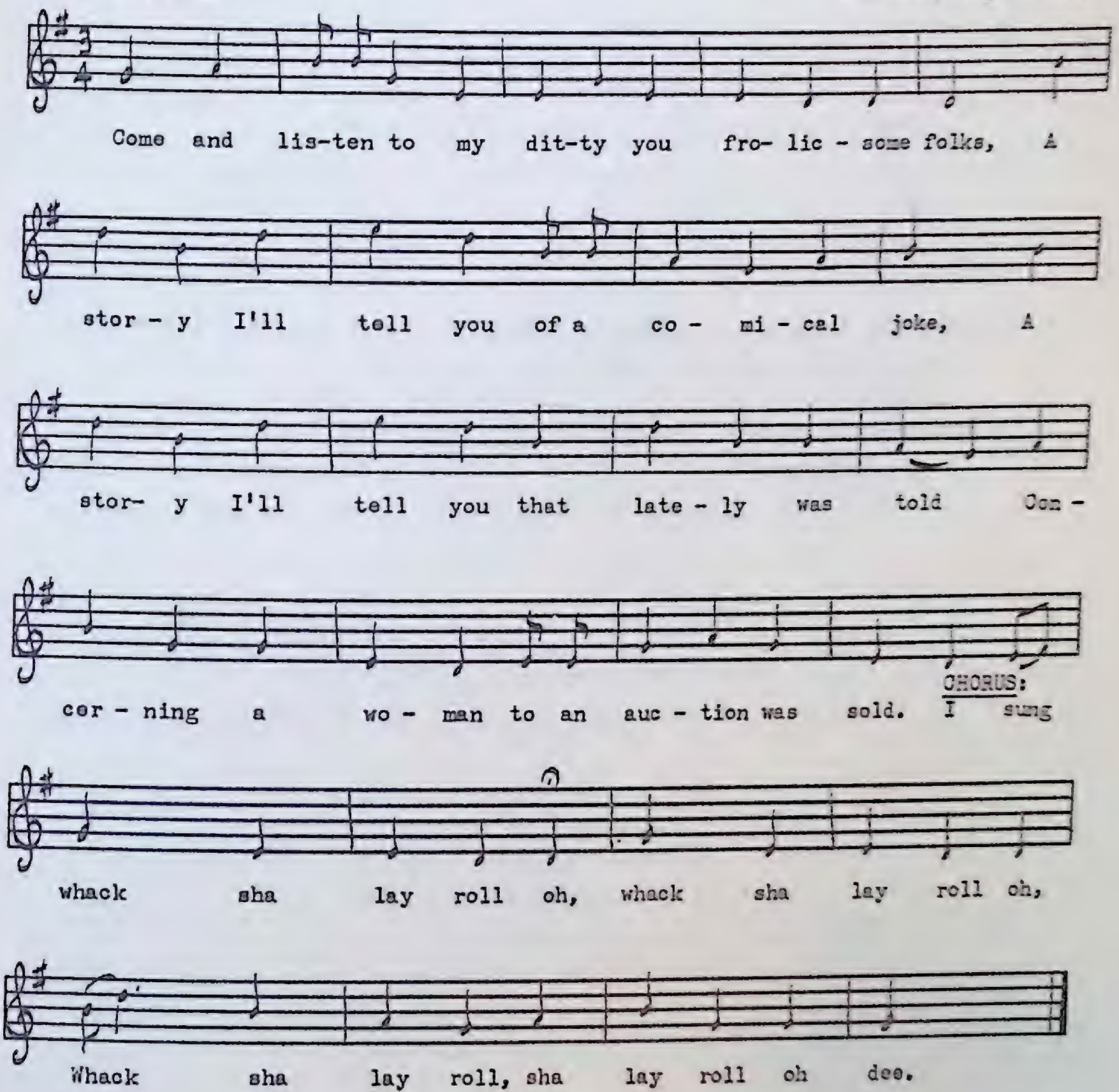
6. Then out in the street I had to go, my shameful face to show,
My butter and cheese all melted, and I so black as a crow.
The dogs began to bark at me and the women began to squall,
The boys looked out of the window, there goes butter and cheese and all,
There goes butter and cheese and all!

This is a music-hall type ditty popular in the mid-nineteenth century and possibly before. It appeared in a collection called *Owen Fawcett's Paul Pry Songster,* Philadelphia, 1869.

Cabbage and Goose

PEA 111 No. 828
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderately fast



1. Come and listen to my ditty you frolicsome folks,
   A story I'll tell you of a comical joke,
   A story I'll tell you that lately was told
   Concerning a woman to an auction was sold.

   I sung whack sha lay roll oh, whack sha lay roll oh,
   Whack sha lay roll, sha lay roll oh dee.

2. A ship's carpenter lived out a mile a-from here,
   He being a little too fond of the beer;
   Being hard up for brass it was true, 'pon my life,
   For a ten-shilling auction he sold off his wife.

3. Oh the bargain was made as the cart it came down,
The first was the tailor who bid half a crown.
Said he, "I will make her a lady so spruce,
I will fatten her up upon cabbage and goose."

4. "Five-and-six and three cents," the old butcher he said.
"Six-and-ten," cried the barber with his curly head.
And up speaks the cobbler, says he, "And three cracks,
I will give you nine shillings and two balls of wax."

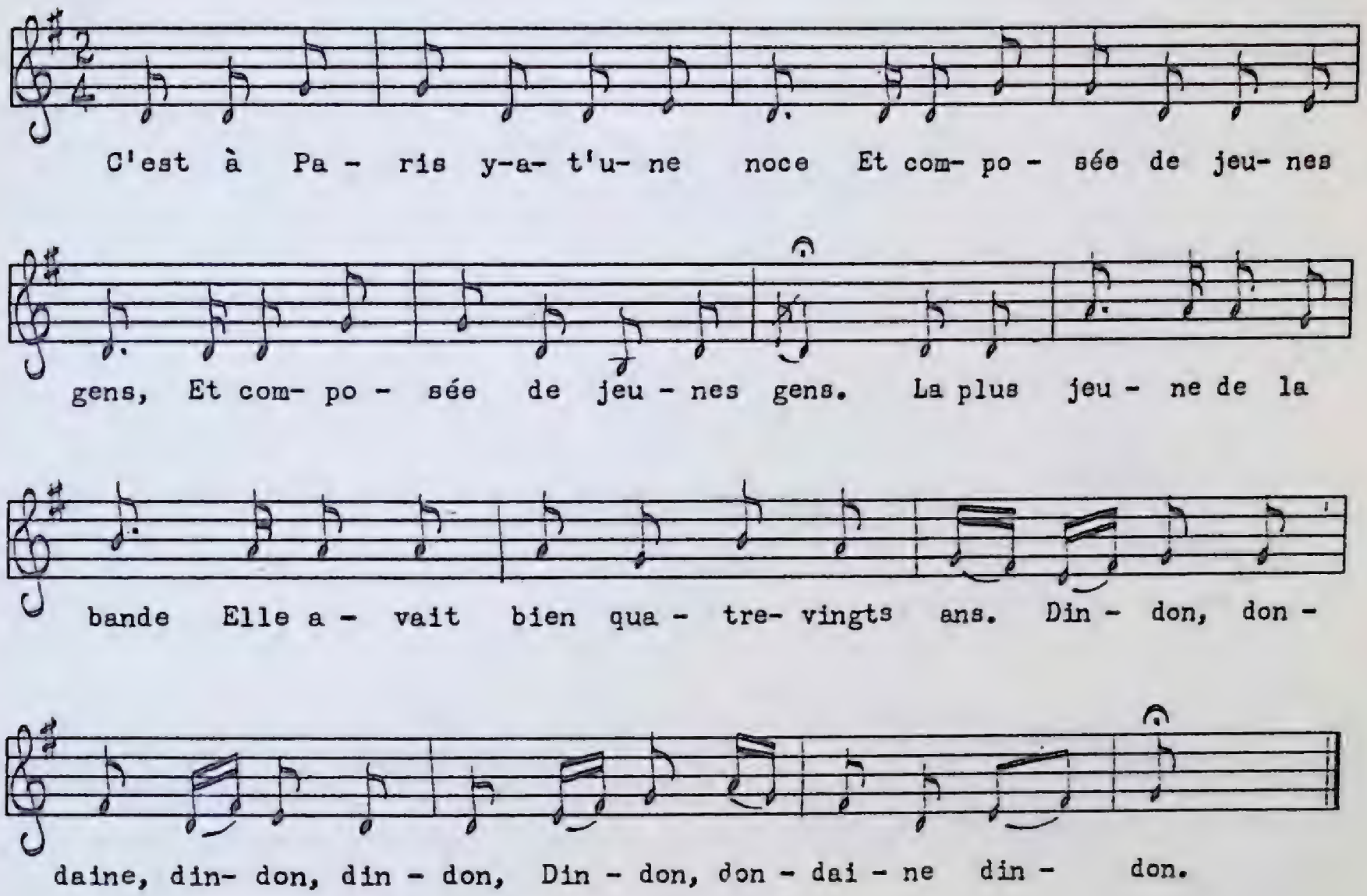
5. "Thank you sir, thank you sir," said the bold auctioneer,
"Thank you sir, thank you sir,—ain't there nobody here
That will bid any more, isn't that a bad job?
Going, going," I say, "now she's gone for ten bob."

6. Oh the bargain was made and concluded the sale,
The sailor he paid the brass down on the nail.
He shook and twirled Betsy and gave her a slap,
And took her right home up on top of his back.

C'est à Paris y-a-t'une noce

PEA 199 No. 1162
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, septembre 1961

Assez vif



C'est à Paris y-a-t'une noce
Et composée de jeunes gens. (*bis*)
La plus jeune de la bande
Elle avait bien quatre-vingts ans.
Dindon, dondaine, dindon, dindon,
Dindon, dondaine, dindon.

La plus jeune de la bande
Elle avait bien quatre-vingts ans. (*bis*)
Ell' lui dit bas à l'oreille:
—Mène-moi bien doucement.

I' lui regardit dans la bouche,
Ell' n'avait plus que trois dents.

Y' en a une qu'il bouge,
Et l'autre qu'il grouille,
Et l'autre qui s'en va au vent.

C'est le lundi qu'il fit les noces,
Le mardi, l'enterrement.

Mais je n'épousai pas la vieille,
J'épousai son argent.

Ell' a bien dans sa boursette
Quatre-vingt-dix mille francs.

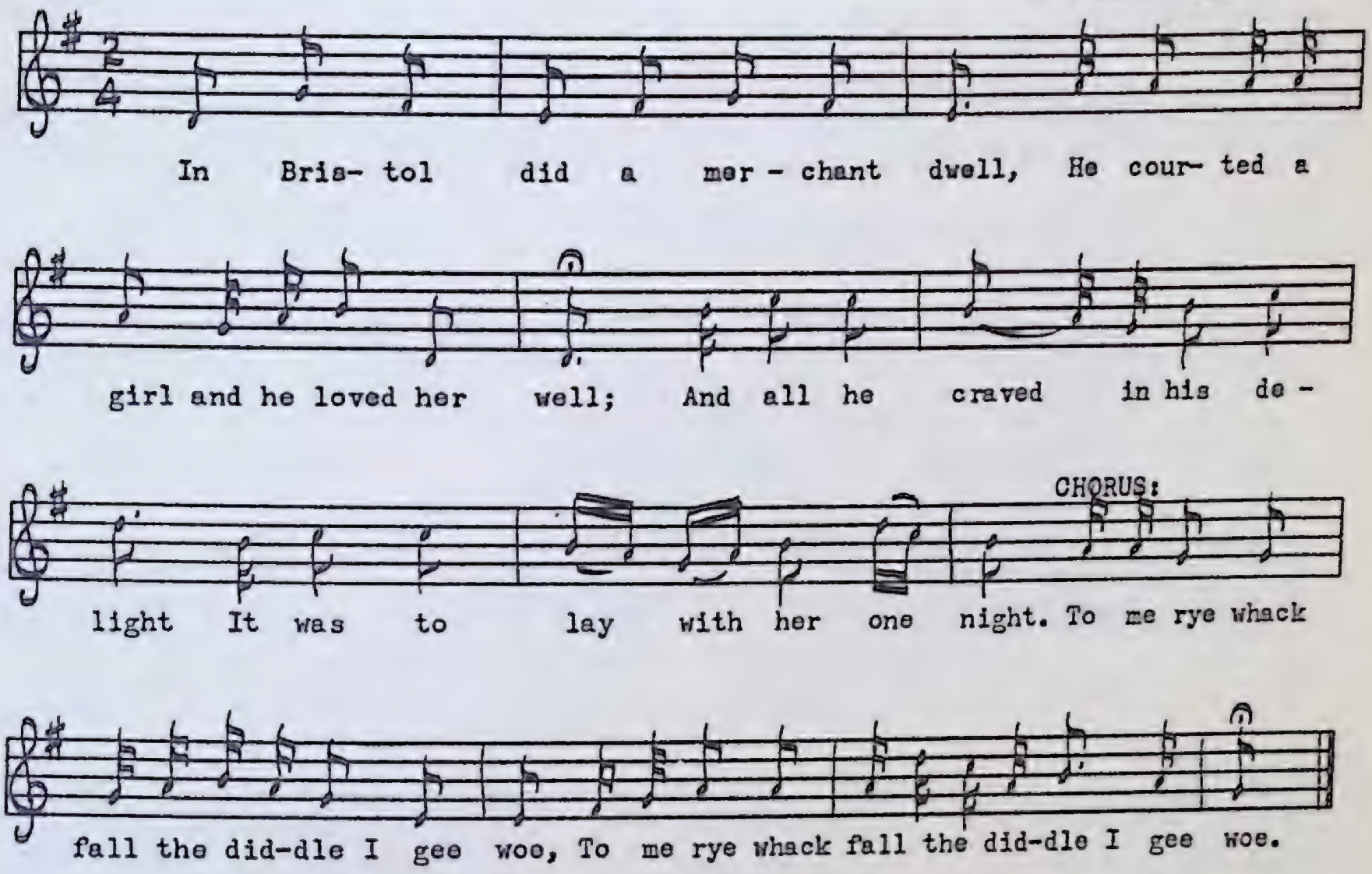
Ell' a bien dans son étable
Quatr' vaches et dix bœufs blancs.

Mais si jamais je m' marie,
J'en prendrai une de quinze ans.

Elle leur a dit que sa chemise
Aurait du contentement.

Crockery Ware

PEA 97 No. 763
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958



1. In Bristol did a merchant dwell,
   He courted a girl and he loved her well,
   And all he craved in his delight
   It was to lay with her one night.
   To me rye whack fall the diddle I gee woe,
   To me rye whack fall the diddle I gee woe.

2. As this fair maid on her bed did lay
   A-thinking on the trick on him she'd play,
   And in his way she placed a chair,
   And on the chair put crockery ware.

3. As this young man come in the dark
   A-looking for his old sweetheart,
   He hit his toe against the chair,
   And upset all the crockery ware.

4. The old woman ran downstairs in a fright,
   And straightways callèd for a light.
   She said, "You villain, what brought you here,
   A-breaking all of my crockery ware?"

5. He said, "Old woman don't speak so cross,
I missed my way, I'm feared I'm lost,
I missed my way, I do declare,
I broke me shin on your crockery ware."

6. As this fair maid on her bed she layed
A-laughing at the trick on him she'd played,
She said, "Young man, don't speak so queer,
Now pay my mother for the crockery ware."

7. The police were sent for right away,
And sure enough I had to pay
A dollar for a broken chair,
And a-one pound ten for the crockery ware.

8. Come all you rakes and rambling sports
That goes a-courting in the dark,
Don't hit your toes against a chair,
Or else you'll suffer for the crockery ware.

The Cuckoo's Nest

(Chin Music)

PEA 167 No. 1057
Mrs. Nellie Musseau
Mouse Island, June, 1960

Fast

Da dal la da da dal la dee dal la da da dal la, Da dal
Oh some love the girls who are pret-ty in the face, And

la da da dal la dal dee dal la da da dal la, Dal
more love the girls who are neat a - round the waist, But

la da da dal la dee dal la da da dal la da Da dal
give me the girl with a wig-gle and a twist, At the

la da da dal la da da dal la die ya. Dal la da da dal la dee dal
bot-tom of her bel-ly is a cuck-oo's nest.

la da da dal la, Da dal la da da dal la dal dee dal

la da da dal la, Da dal la da da dal la dal dee dal

la da da dal la da Da dal la da da dal la da da dal la die ya.

Da dal la da da dal la dee dal la da da dal la,
Da dal la da da dal la dal dee dal la da da dal la,
Dal la da da dal la dee dal la da da dal la da
Da dal la da da dal la da da dal la die ya.

Dal la da da dal la dee dal la da da dal la,
Da dal la da da dal la dal dee dal la da da dal la,
Da dal la da da dal la dal dee dal la da da dal la da
Da dal la da da dal la da da dal la die ya.

Oh some love the girls who are pretty in the face,
And more love the girls who are neat around the waist,
But give me the girl with a wiggle and a twist,
At the bottom of her belly is a cuckoo's nest.

Da la da da dal la dee dal la da da dal la,
Da dal la da da dal la dal dee dal la da da dal la,
Da dal la da da dal la dal dee dal la da da dal la da
Da dal la da da dal la da da dal la die ya.

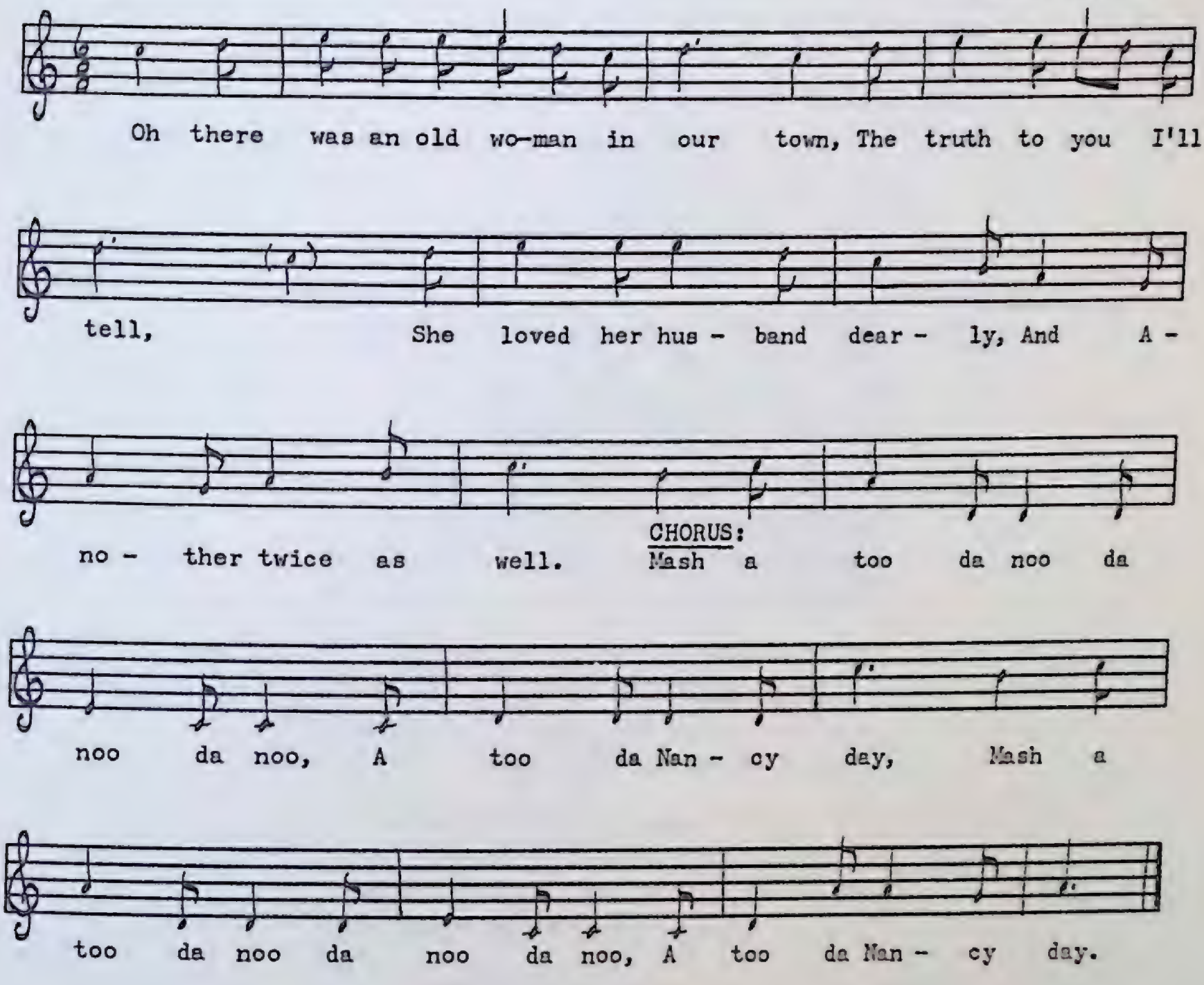
For a note on 'chin' music, see *I Got a Bonnet Trimmed With Blue.*

Eggs and Marrow-Bones

A

PEA 81 No. 698
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958

Fast



1. There was an old woman in our town,
   The truth to you I'll tell,
   She loved her husband dearly,
   And another twice as well.
   Mash a too da noo da noo da noo,
   A too da Nancy day,
   Mash a too da noo da noo da noo,
   A too da Nancy day.

2. Oh she went down to the doctor's
   To see what she could find,
   To see what she could get
   To make her old man blind.

3. "Oh you get three a-marbles
And pound them very small,
And give them to your old man
And make him suck them all."

4. Oh she got three a-marbles
And pound them very small,
And gave them to the old man
And made him suck them all.

5. "Oh and now I'm old and feeble
And tired of my life,
I think I'll go and drown myself
If you will lead me, wife."

6. "Oh for you to go and drown yourself
I think it is a shame,
But I will go along with you
And help you just the same."

7. Oh they walked along together
Till they came to the river's brim,
Now he said, "I will not drown myself
Unless you push me in."

8. The old woman made an offer
For to push the old man in,
And so nimbly he stepped one side
And foremost she went in.

9. Oh she screamed and she hollered
Just as loud as she could bawl;
Now he said, "My dear beloved wife
I can't see you at all."

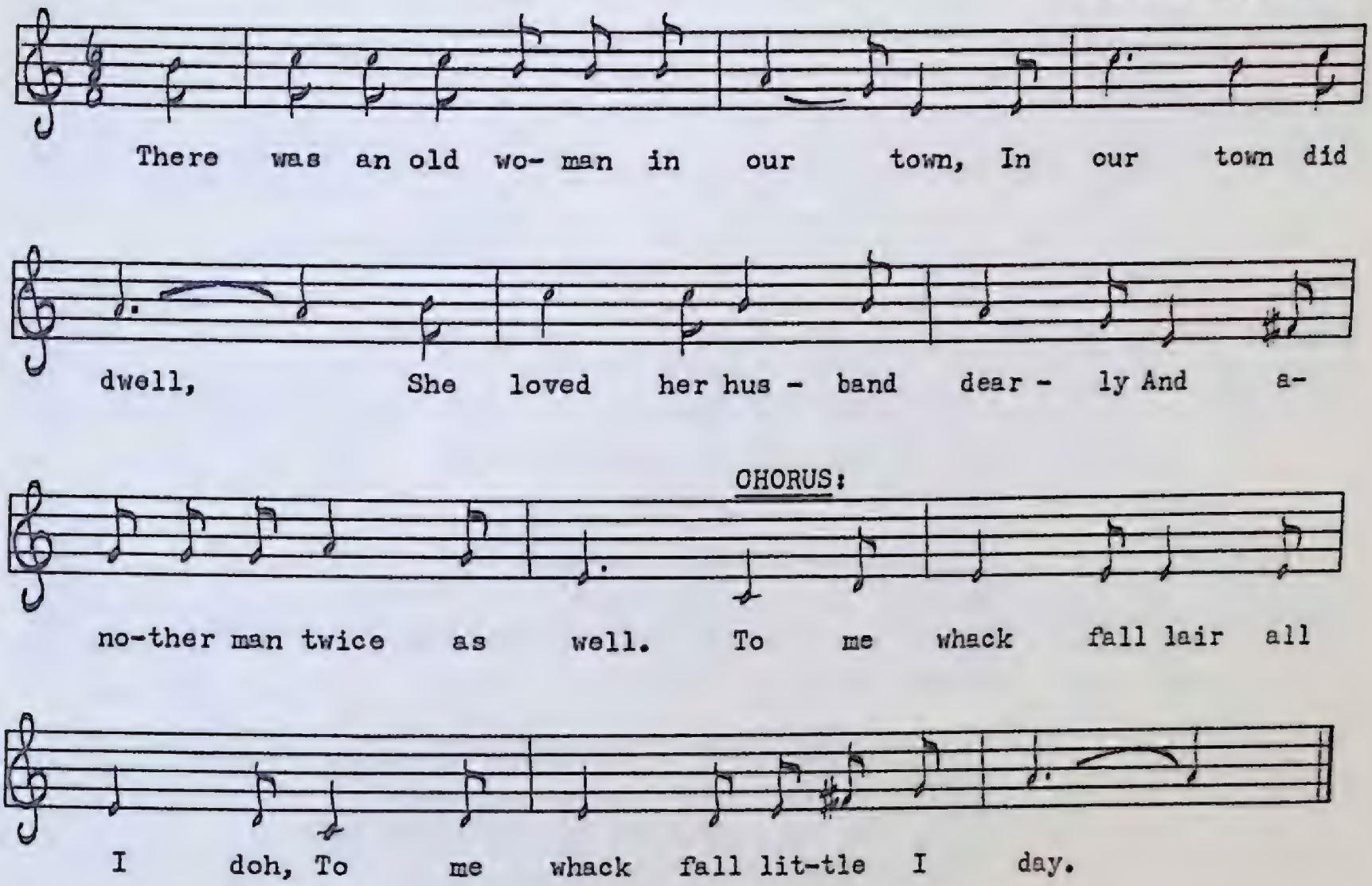
10. The old man was weak-hearted
To think that she could swim,
So he got a great long cedar pole
And pushed her further in.

11. Oh now she is gone,
She is gone into some hole,
Where the sharks will eat her body
And the devil will take her soul.

B

PEA 186 No. 1127
Leonard Hulan
Jeffrey's, July, 1960

Fast



1. There was an old woman in our town,
   In our town did dwell,
   She loved her husband dearly
   And another man twice as well.
   To me whack fall lair all I doh,
   To me whack fall little I day.

2. The woman went to the doctor
   Some medicine for to find,
   Saying, "Doctor, have you medicine
   To set my old man blind?"

3. "You give him eggs and marrow-bones,
   And give them to him raw,
   They'll make your old man so blind
   He won't see you at all."

4. She gave him eggs and marrow-bones,
   She gave them to him raw,
   It set her old man so blind
   He couldn't see her at all.

5. "I'm getting old and feeble,
I'm tired of my life,
I think I'll go and drown myself
And make away with my life."

6. "For you to go and drown yourself
I think 'twould be a sin,
But I will go along with you
And help to shove you in."

7. They rod' along together
Till they came to the river's brim.
"He sent you here to drown yourself,
I'm here to shove you in."

8. The old woman made a rush
For to push her husband in,
But the old man he stepped aside
And she went tumbling in.

9. She hollered and she yelled it out
As loud as she could bawl,
But the answer that he said to her:
"I can't see you at all."

10. She fended up and down the shore
Along the river's brim,
When the old man took his walking-stick
And pushed her farther in.

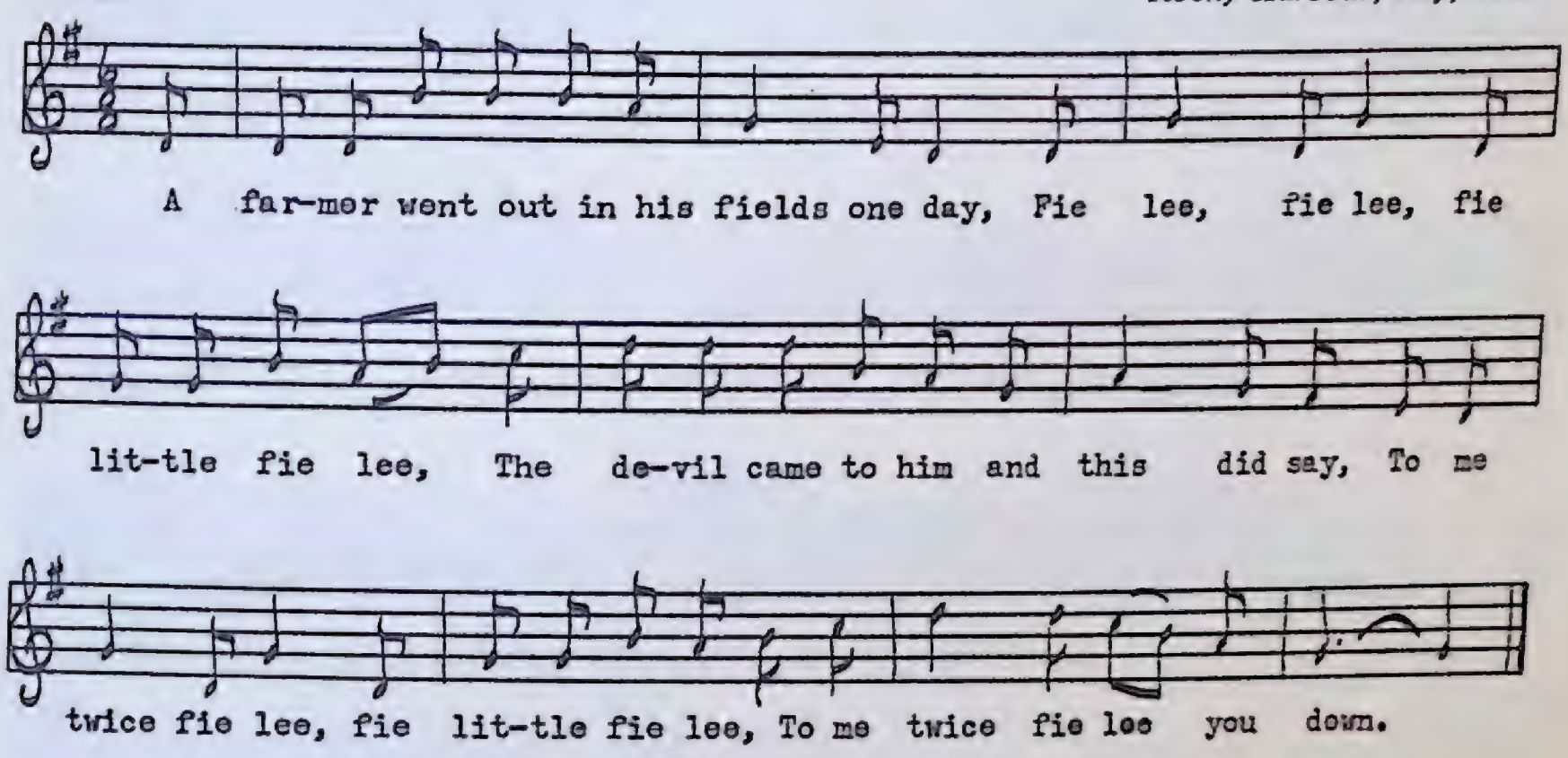
There is more in this charming little homicidal ditty than first meets the eye. It is possible the old lady was a witch, because in a fragment from New England, society gains its revenge by drowning her. In *Witchcraft in Old and New England,* Kittredge tells of a witch's punishment by drowning recorded in a ninth or tenth century land deed in Northamptonshire. But the explanation I favour goes back much further than this—to the times of Hammurabi in ancient Babylonia. A woman suspected of adultery was required to jump into the sacred river and take her chances with the fates. If she floated, she was fished out as innocent; but if she sank, her body was allowed to descend into the nether regions where presumably 'the sharks would eat her body and the devil would take her soul.'

The Farmer's Curst Wife

(Child 278)

A

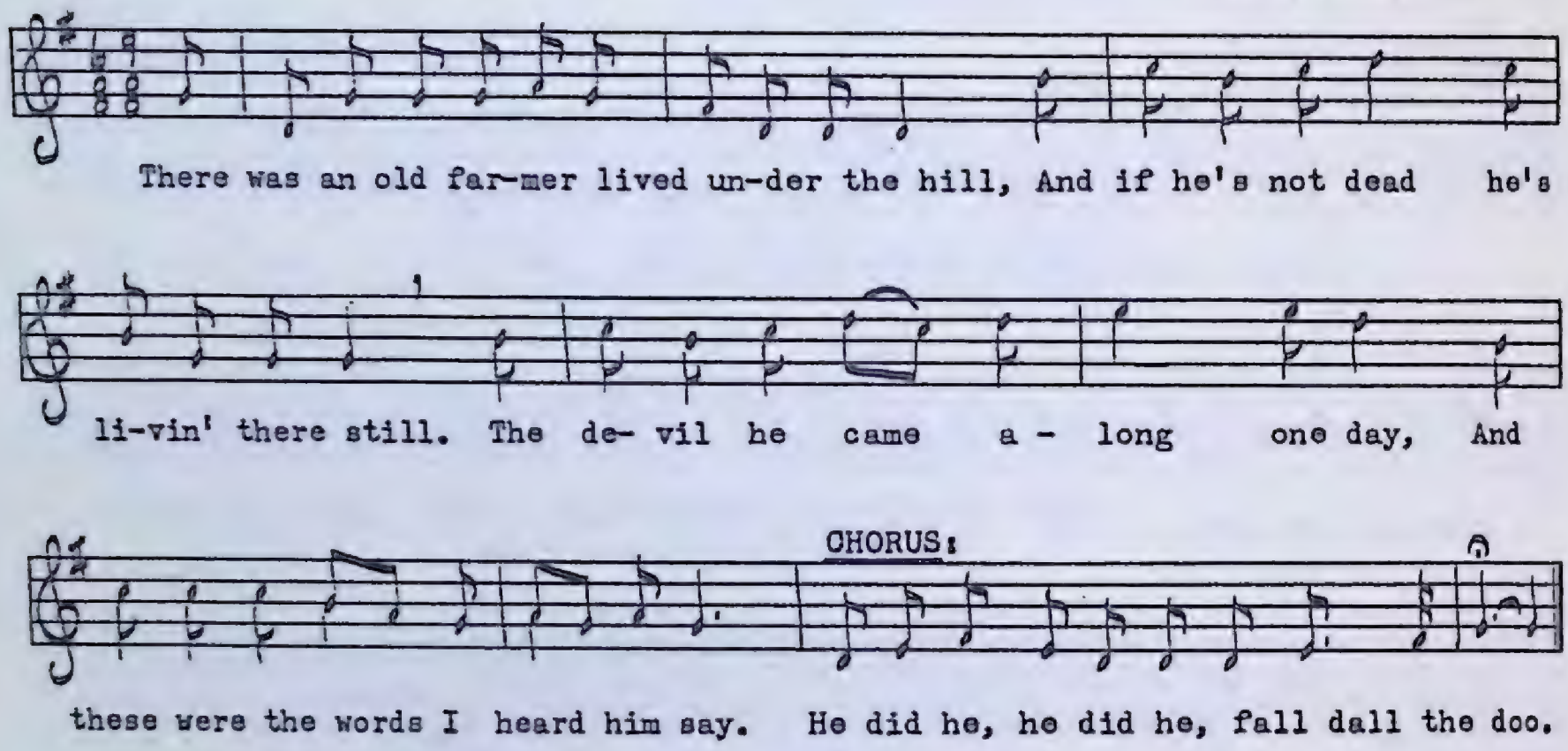
PEA 148 No. 977
George Decker
Rocky Harbour, July, 1959



1. A farmer went out in his fields one day,
   Fie lee, fie lee, fie little fie lee,
   The devil came to him and this did say,
   To me twice fie lee, fie little fie lee,
   To me twice fie lee you down.
2. I don't want you nor your oldest son,
   But it is your old scolding wife at home.
3. The devil he took her up on his back,
   And when he reached hell he delivered his pack.
4. All the young devils jumped over a wall,
   Saying, "Carry her home or she'll kill us all!"
5. There was a big devil sat down on a block,
   She took up a stick and she gave him a knock.
6. All the young devils jumped over a wall,
   Saying, "Carry her home or she'll kill us all!"
7. The devil he took her up on his back,
   And like a damn fool he carried her back.
8. Oh women they can be cursed if they will,
   They go to the devil, get kicked out of hell.
9. Oh when he got her in sight of home
   She kicked all the skin off the devil's back-bone.
10. Oh women, oh women, they're born with a curse,
    When they've been to hell they're ten times worse.

B

PEA 201 No. 1172
Patrick W. Nash
Branch, October, 1961

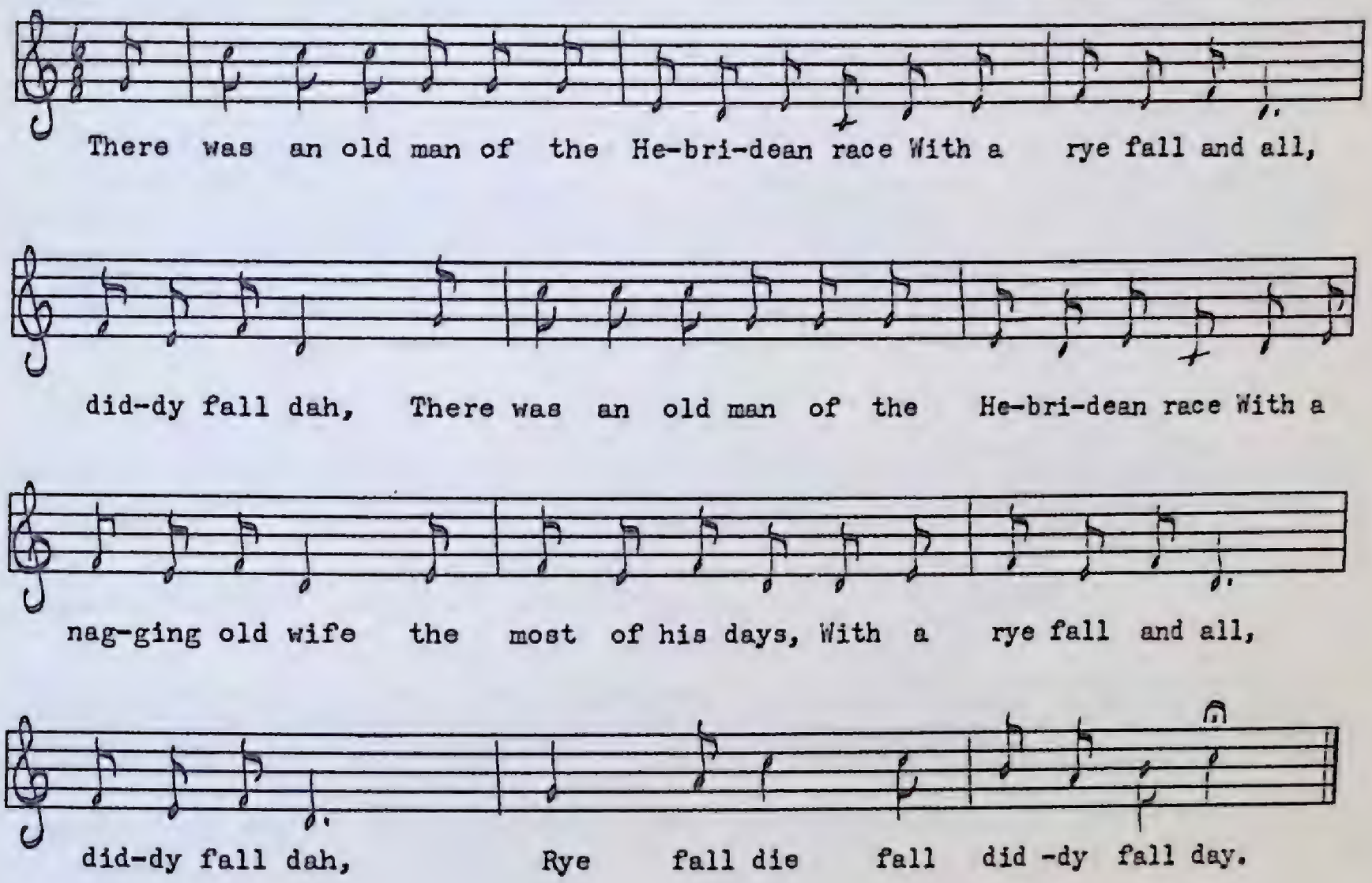


1. There was an old farmer lived under the hill,
   And if he's not dead he's livin' there still.
   The devil he came along one day,
   And these were the words I heard him say.
   He did he, he did he, fall dall the doo.
2. "I need a good hand to help me in hell,
   You or your son would do very well."
   "Now you can't have me nor my good son,
   You can have me old wife for she drinks rum."
3. And then he pelted her up on his back,
   Just like an old peddler carrying his pack;
   But then he came in sight of hell
   Saying, "This is the place where you have to dwell."
4. And then he opened a big iron door,
   He pelted her in with a thousand or more.
   Ninety-nine devils strung up on a wire,
   She up with her leg and kicked nine in the fire.
5. So then he pelted her up on his back,
   And like an old fool he carried her back;
   But when he came in sight of home
   She tore the flesh off of the devil's backbone.
6. Some of the women are worse than the men,
   When they go down to hell they're sent back again.
   I went back for the jug that I left on the shelf,
   If you want any more you can sing it yourself.

C

PEA 209 No. 1187
Howard Morry,
Ferryland, October, 1961

Fast



1. There was an old(wee) man of the Hebridean race
   With a rye fall and all, diddy fall dah,
   There was an old(wee) man of the Hebridean race
   With a nagging old wife the most of his days,
   With a rye fall and all, diddy fall dah,
   Rye fall die fall diddy fall day.

2. One day the old man was a-walking the glen,
   And he met the old devil saying, "How have you be'n?"

3. Says he, "My good man, I have come for your wife,
   For I've heard that she is the plague of your life."

4. The old devil he got her up on his back,
   And he set off for hell with a terrible crack.

5. And when the old devil arrived at Hell's Gate
   He tumbled her down with a bump on her pate.

6. And then the old woman got up on her pins,
   And she gave the old devil a lash in the shins.

7. There were three more devils a-climbing the wall
   Saying, "Take her away or she'll murder us all!"

8. The old devil again got her into the sack,
   He was three weeks going, three days coming back.

9. Says he, "My good man, here's your wife safe and well,
   For the likes of herself we won't have in hell!"

10. Now this proves that the women are worse than the men,
    When they go down to hell they're sent back again.

Women who are too much of a handful, even for the devil, are found in folklore right across Asia and Europe. These three Newfoundland versions of the tale, which are surprisingly dissimilar both in text and tune, have been reproduced in full. Mr. Morry's Irish variant is very similar to a version sung by Burl Ives and collected from Irish immigrants in the American midwest.

The Finnigan Lasses

PEA 93 No. 748
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderately fast

When I was a box-ing young fel-low, Just tur-ning in twen- ty and

four, I mar- ried a hand- some young la - dy As

ma-ny have done be - fore. She was ten - der - ly

reared from her cra- dle, And was in a boar-ding school bred;

My sor- row be - gin to creep on me The ver-y first

CHORUS:

night I was wed. So be - ware of the Fin - ni - gan las-ses,

Don't ne - ver by beau-ty be led; For the girls of all

oth- ers sur - pas- ses A she that can work for her bread.

1. When I was a boxing young fellow,
Just turning in twenty and four,
I married a handsome young lady
As many have done before.
She was tenderly reared from her cradle,
And was in a boarding-school bred;
My sorrow begin to creep on me
The very first night I was wed.
So beware of the Finnigan lasses,
Don't never by beauty be led;
For the girls of all others surpasses
A she that can work for her bread.

2. I purchased a good leg of mutton,
I told her to cook it for dinner
For feared of my new undertaking
'Twould make my jaws quickly grow thinner.
The potatoes she boiled in the dirt,
She skimmed off the fat with a fork,
She mistook the sand for oatmeal,
And spoiled all my mutton and broth.

3. It happened on Christmas Eve
When I hadn't a keg of brown beer,
I invited a party of friends
For to come to me Christmas cheer.
I asked them to sit down to supper,
Good lack, how ashamed was I!
When a knobble I found in the custard,
My shavin' brush in a mince pie.

4. When first I agreed with my landlord
My rent once a quarter to pay,
And three or four times a week
I could see him a comin' this way.
One night as I happened to watch her
Just as for a watch I was bent,
I catched her below in the cellar
Just as she was paying the rent.

5. She's always a-reading of novels
Instead of repairing my clothes,
If her finger she chance for to soil
Like a rabbit she'll turn up her nose.
She washes her face once a week,
Her stockin's they are always down,
She lights up the fire with her gloves on,
And wipes the coals off in her gown.

6. If ever she washes my shirt
She complains that her fingers is sore,
It happens 'bout once a month,
For her troubles she sets so much store.
If ever she irons a seam
I'd venture to wager a dollar
She swingès both body and sleeves,
And she leaves half the dirt in the collar.

7. When I comes home to my breakfast
I found her a-sleeping in bed,
Such antics I could not abide,
I wished in my heart she was dead.
With a basin of thin water gruel
She quickly got ready for me,
And when to my work I was gone,
For herself she got hot rolls and tea.

8. There's another bad habit she has
That I had a-liked to forgot,
She never goes out to the privy,
She always makes use of the pot.
One night as I happened to catch her,
A candle stood by the bed-stead,
She stumbled and fell on the floor,
Broke the pot and set fire to the bed.

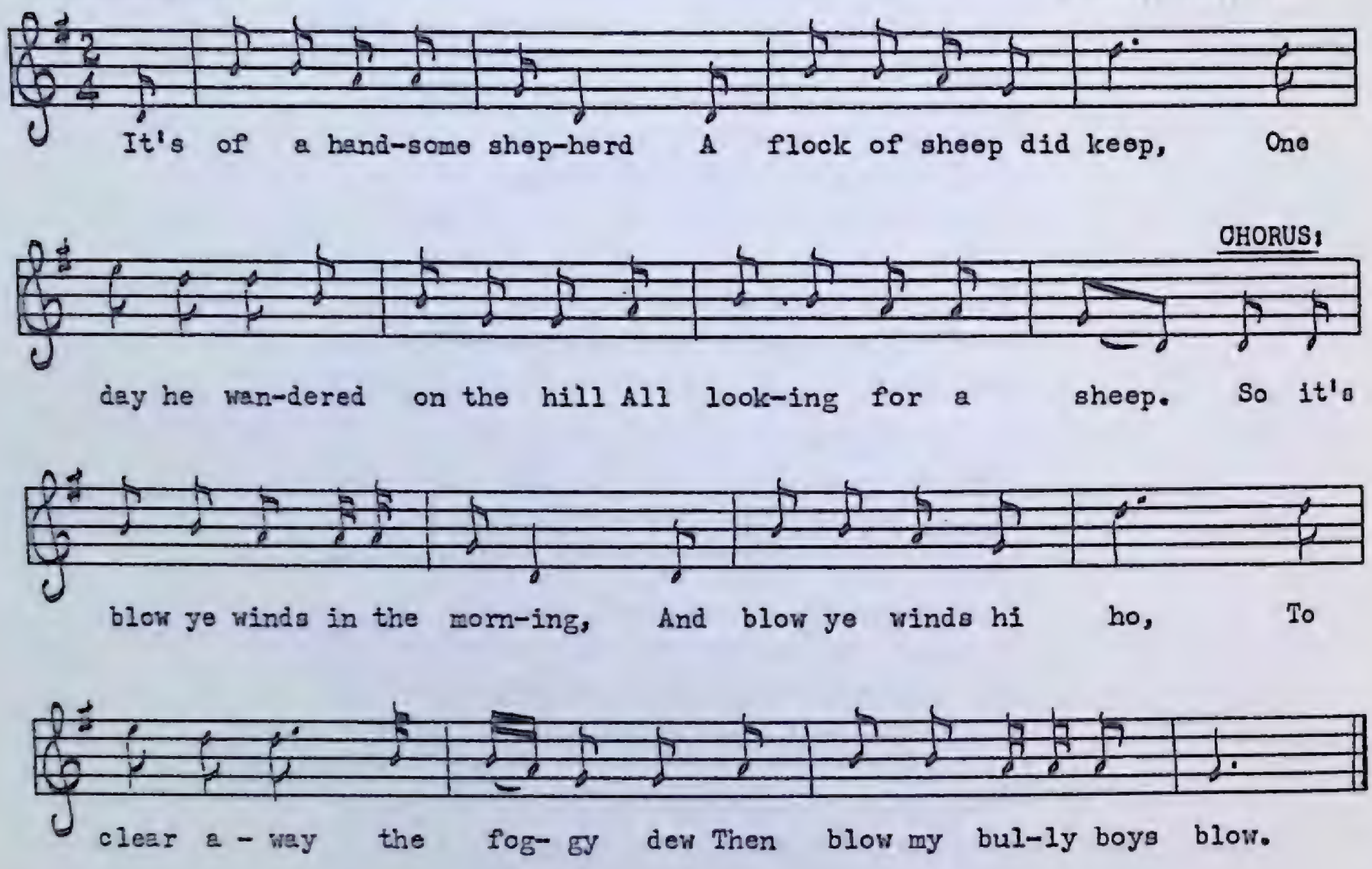
9. Was there ever a mortal on earth
So plagued with a woman as I?
I'd give half the shoes in my shop
If I could persuade her to die,
Then I would be free from all care,
My time would so merrily pass,
I'd rather marry the devil
Than wed with a boarding-school lass.

The Foolish Shepherd

(The Baffled Knight, Child 112)

A

PEA 193 No. 1144
George Samms
Codroy, July, 1960



1. It's of a handsome shepherd
   A flock of sheep did keep,
   One day he wandered on the hill
   All looking for a sheep.
   So it's blow ye winds in the morning,
   And blow ye winds hi ho,
   To clear away the foggy dew
   Then blow my bully boys blow.

2. He lookèd east, he lookèd west,
   Then had another look,
   'Twas there he spied a fair pretty maid
   All bathing in the brook.

3. "You leave my satchel on the shore,
   You leave my clothes alone,
   And when I come out of the brook
   You can make me as your own."

4. They marched along together
Till they came to a pook of hay,
Saying, "Isn't this a very nice place
For boys and girls to play?"

5. "Oh you come to my papa's house,
You'll get a bed of down,
For the dew has fallen on the ground
And I'll spoil my nice silk gown."

6. They marched along together
Till they came to her father's house.
"Now I'm a girl inside the gate
And you're a fool without."

7. He took a knife all from his sheath,
He rubbed it on his sleeve.
"The curse of God on any girl
That makes a fool of me!"

8. She took the scissors from her side,
And she stabbed them in the ground.
"The curse of God on any man
Who's afraid to spoil a gown!

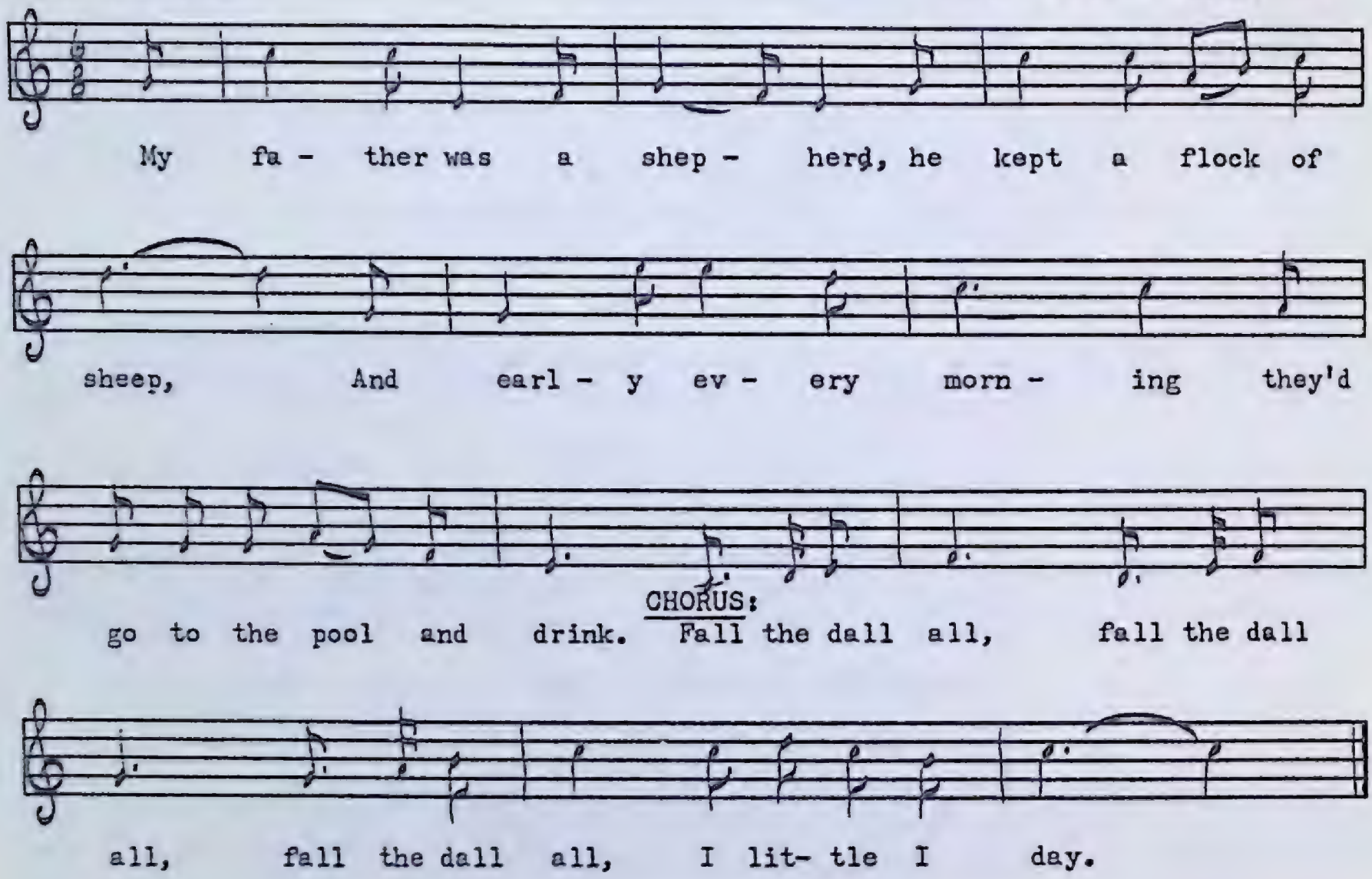
9. "My papa has a rooster
Who lives among the hens,
He seldom crows and never struts,
And I think you're one of them!"

10. And when we passed by Liverpool Cape
A hell of a squall they took,
For the girl stood on the bank, me boys,
And her shimmy towels they shook.

B

PEA 158 No. 1020
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1959

Moderately fast



1. My fat[illegible] shepherd,
   He k[illegible] heep,
   An[illegible] ing
   Th[illegible] and drink.
   [illegible] *all the dall all,*
   [illegible] *little I day.*

[illegible] gether
[illegible] ck of hay.
[illegible] place
[illegible] ty?"

3. "I'll [illegible] to my father's house
   And swallow it all round."
   "I'm afraid I'll spoil your new silk gown
   Which cost so many a crown."

4. They stopped when they came to her father's house
   To swallow it all round,
   But she slipped herself inside of the gate
   And locked him from the ground.

5. "My father keeps a rooster,
He lives amongst the hens,
He flitters his wings but he dare not strut,
And you're like one of them.

6. "My father keeps a dibby horse,
He lives in yonder barn,
He nods his head into the crib,
But he dares not touch the corn."

Although not the same in all details, these two Newfoundland variants are obviously related to *The Baffled Knight* of the Child collection. Variant *A* with its "blow my bully boys blow" chorus is a sailor's version of the tale. 'Shimmy' in the last verse is probably an anglicism for 'chemise.' In variant *B* the second line of verse 3 could be a corruption of the house which "was wallèd all round." This story of the timid young man who is slow on the uptake is a favourite in European balladry as well.

The Gay Maid of Australia

PEA 151 No. 991
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1959

Moderately fast

As I ro - vèd out by those rasp-ber-ry banks Where the

maids of Aus - tral - ia they played their wild pranks, By a

green sha - dy bush I sat my - self down A -

view - ing the fields and the mea - dows all 'round. There I

spied a fair maid of Aus - tral - ia, There I

spied a fair maid of Aus - tral - ia Where the

maid - ens are hand - some and gay.

1. As I rovèd out by those raspberry banks
   Where the maids of Australia they played their wild pranks,
   By a green shady bush I sat myself down
   A-viewing the fields and the meadows all 'round.
   There I spied a fair maid of Australia, (*twice*)
   Where the maidens are handsome and gay.

2. She stood up before me, she stripped off her clothes,
Her innocent body so white as the snow,
She gazèd all on me and this she did say:
"I hope you won't harm a poor innocent maid,
I'm the daughter of happy Australia, (*twice*)
Where the maidens are handsome and gay."

3. She jumped in the water without fear or dread,
Her lily-white limbs o'er the water she spread,
Her hair hung in ringlets of color so black,
She said, "Oh kind sir, I can swim on my back
Near the streams of my happy Australia, (*twice*)
Where the maidens are handsome and gay."

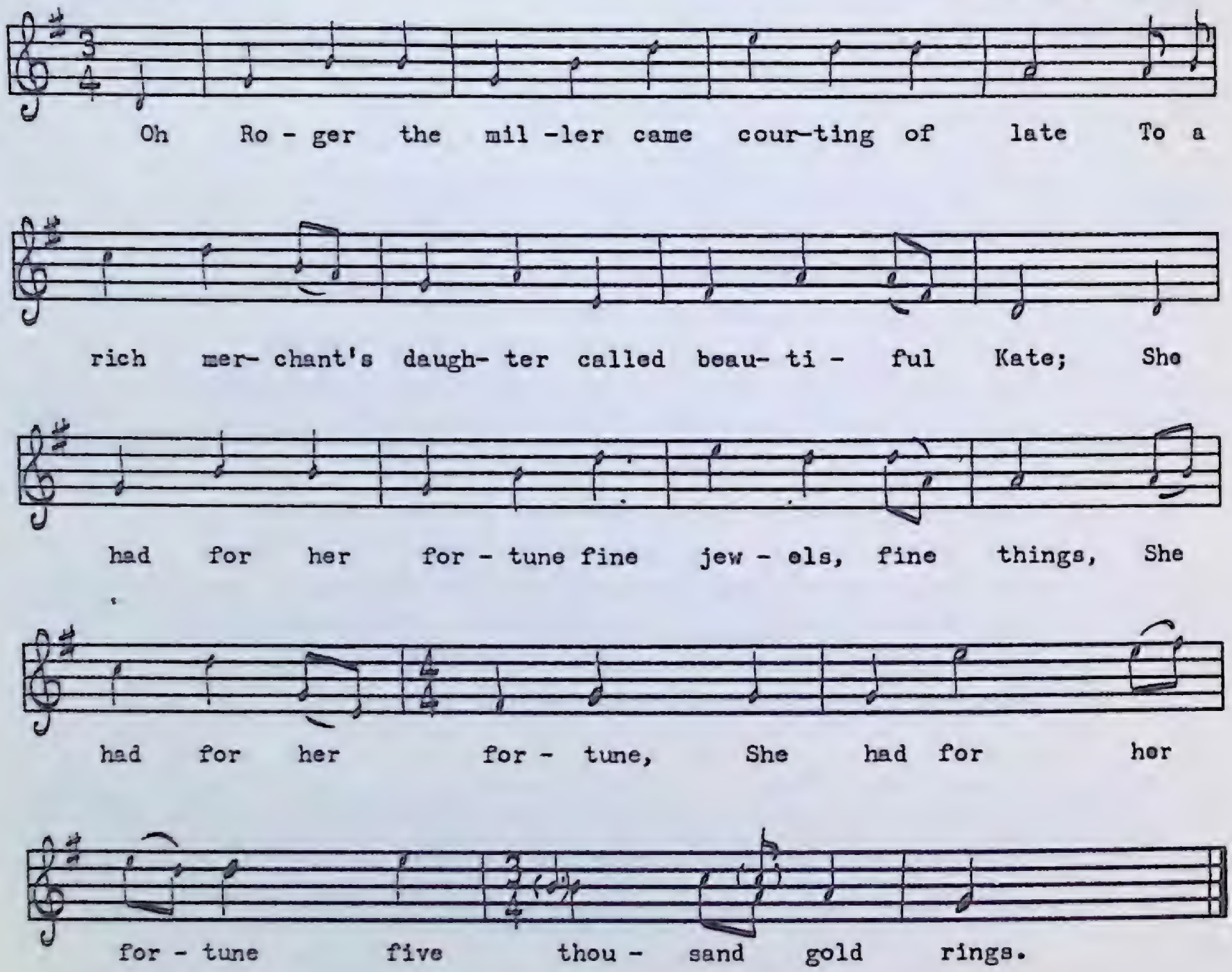
4. She being tired of swimming she came to the brink,
"I beg your assistance for fear I will sink."
Like lightning I flew, I caught hold of her hand,
When her foot chanced to slip, we both fell on the sand,
There I entered the bush of Australia, (*twice*)
Where the maidens are handsome and gay.

5. After eight months being over and nine coming on
This pretty little young thing she brought forth a son,
His dadda was looked for and could not be found,
You remember the time you fell back on the ground?
Near the streams of your happy Australia, (*twice*)
Where the maidens are handsome and gay.

The Gray Mare

(Roger The Miller)

PEA 77 No. 679
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958



1. Oh Roger the miller came courting of late
   To a rich merchant's daughter called beautiful Kate,
   She had for her fortune fine jewels, fine things,
   She had for her fortune,
   She had for her fortune, five thousand gold rings.

2. The wedding being ready, the money paid down,
   It was a good wedding, cost five thousand pound.
   And up speaks young Roger, "There is one thing more,
   I won't wed your daughter,
   I won't wed your daughter without the gray mare."

3. Roger the miller was kicked out of doors,
   And ordered to never come in any more,
   Which caused him to pull down his locks of brown hair,
   And wish that he'd never had,
   And wish that he'd never had thought on the gray mare.

4. As Katie was walking one fine summer's day
She meet her old true love all dressed in his gay.
So smiling says Roger, "Now don't you know me?"
"If I'm not mistaking I know you," said she,
"Or a man of your likeness with locks of brown hair,
That once came a-courting,
That once came a-courting my father's gray mare."

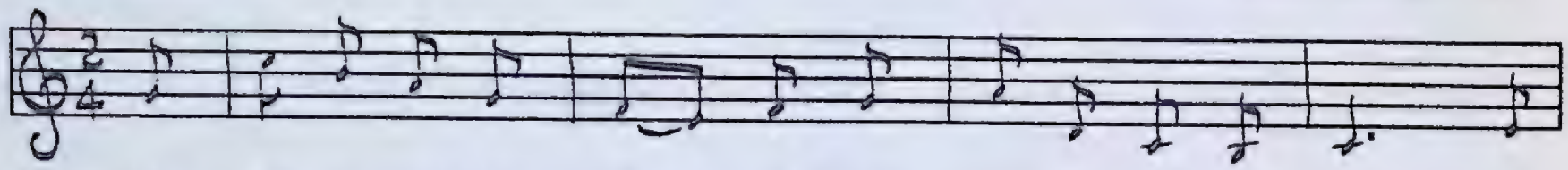
5. " 'Twas not the gray mare, love, a-courting I came,
But 'twas you lovely Katie, colleen Katie by name."
"The pride of the mare there is nothing so great,
So fare you well Roger,
So fare you well Roger, go look for your Kate."

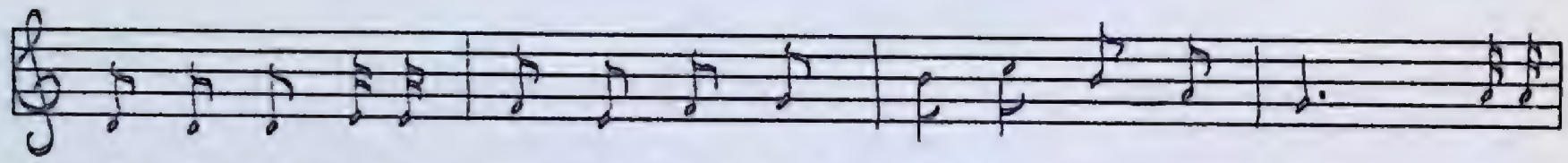
This amusing little ballad has also been collected in Nova Scotia by Helen Creighton, and once before in Newfoundland by Greenleaf and Mansfield. The latter mention an early nineteenth century broadside called *Tid the Gray Mare, or Young Johnny the Miller,* printed in Boston by N. Coverly, Jr. The broadside is in the Isaiah Thomas Collection.

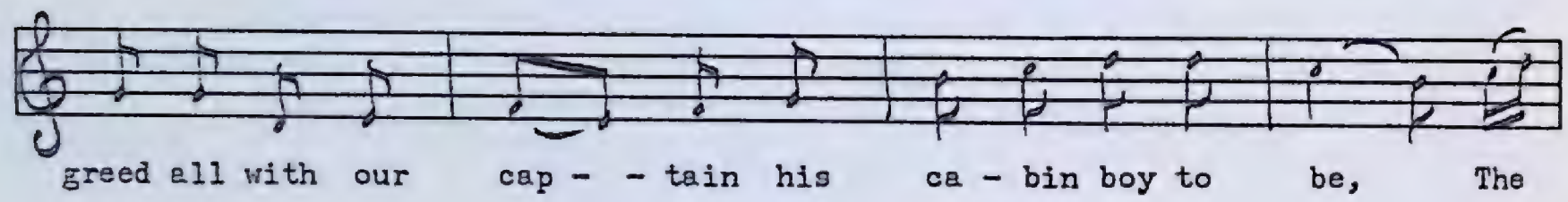
The Handsome Cabin Boy

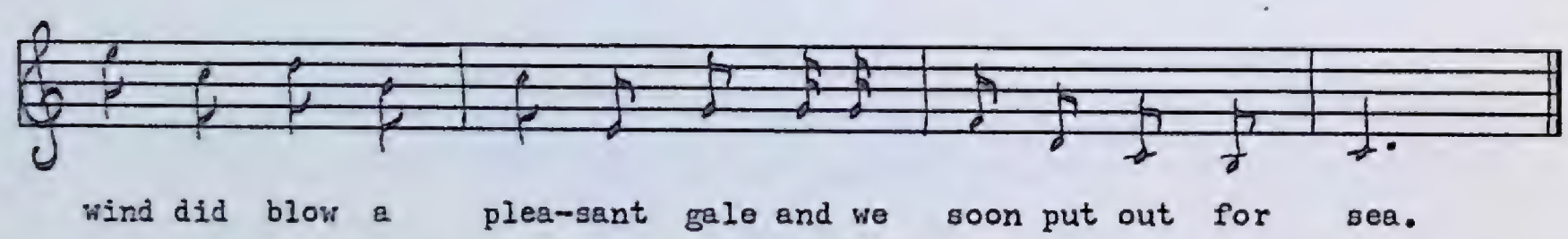
PEA 191 No. 1140
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, July, 1960

Moderately fast









1. It's of a pretty fair maid the truth to you I'll tell,
   She had a mind to go roving where the foaming billows swell,
   She agreed all with our captain his cabin boy to be,
   The wind did blow a pleasant gale and we soon put out for sea.

2. By day the captain worked so hard, at night he took his ease,
   The cabin boy he did his best the captain for to please.
   The captain's wife she was on board and seemed for to enjoy
   For to think the captain had engaged such a handsome cabin boy.

3. The cabin boy was well-behaved and he did his duty well,
   And what next follows after the song itself will tell,
   For the captain with his cabin boy would often kiss and toy,
   And we soon found out the secret of our handsome cabin boy.

4. For his cheeks were red like roses and his side-locks they did curl,
   The sailors used to smile and say he looked just like a girl.
   While eating captain's biscuits his color did destroy,
   And the waist did swell of pretty Phil, our handsome cabin boy.

5. 'Twas across the Bay of Biscay our gallant ship did plow,
   One night among the sailors there rose a bloody row,
   They all bounded from their hammocks, their rest it did destroy,
   For they swore they heard the groaning of their handsome cabin boy.

6. "Oh doctor, oh doctor," the cabin boy did cry,
The sailors swore by all was good their cabin boy would die.
The doctor ran with all his might, came smiling at the fun,
For to think a sailor lad could have a daughter or a son.

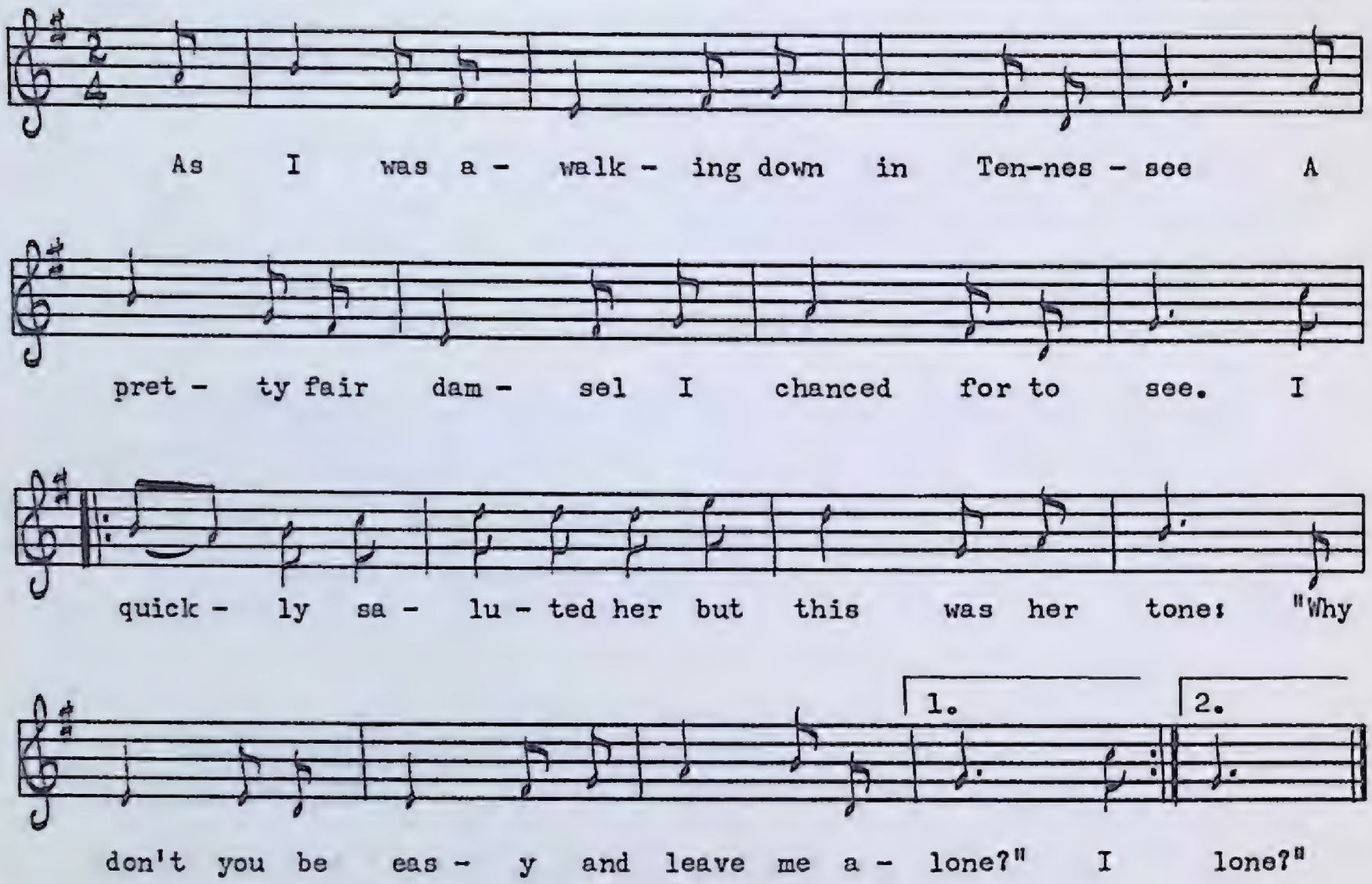
7. The sailors they were all amazed and at that child did stare,
The child belonged to none of them they solemnly could swear.
Said the captain's wife to her husband: "My dear, I wish you joy,
For 'twas either you or me betrayed our handsome cabin boy."

8. So we'll all fill up our bumpers and we'll drink success to the trade,
Here's adieu unto our cabin boy for he's neither a man nor a maid,
But if the war would rise again our country to destroy
We'll try and ship some sailors like our handsome cabin boy.

This is the bawdiest and certainly the best of the cabin-boy-turned-maid ballads. The fact that the captain's wife is along on this voyage adds fascinating complications to the plot. However, I feel I am medically incompetent to deal with the psycho-sexual implications of her remark to the captain in verse 7. (See also the note on *Blue Jacket and White Trousers*).

Harmless Young Jim

PEA 165 No. 1049
Mrs. George Decker
Rocky Harbour, August, 1959



1. As I was a-walking down in Tennessee
   A pretty fair damsel I chanced for to see.
   I quickly saluted her but this was her tone:
   "Why don't you be easy and leave me alone?" } (*twice*)

2. I told her my name it was harmless young Jim,
   I told her five thousand times over again,
   I told her that my love was as cold as a stone.
   "No matter," she said, "you must leave me alone." } (*twice*)

3. I said, "My fair damsel, I'm not making fun,
   I will take you to the bakery and buy you a bun."
   "Oh no kind sir," said she, "I have money of my own,
   My money comes in thousands, so leave me alone." } (*twice*)

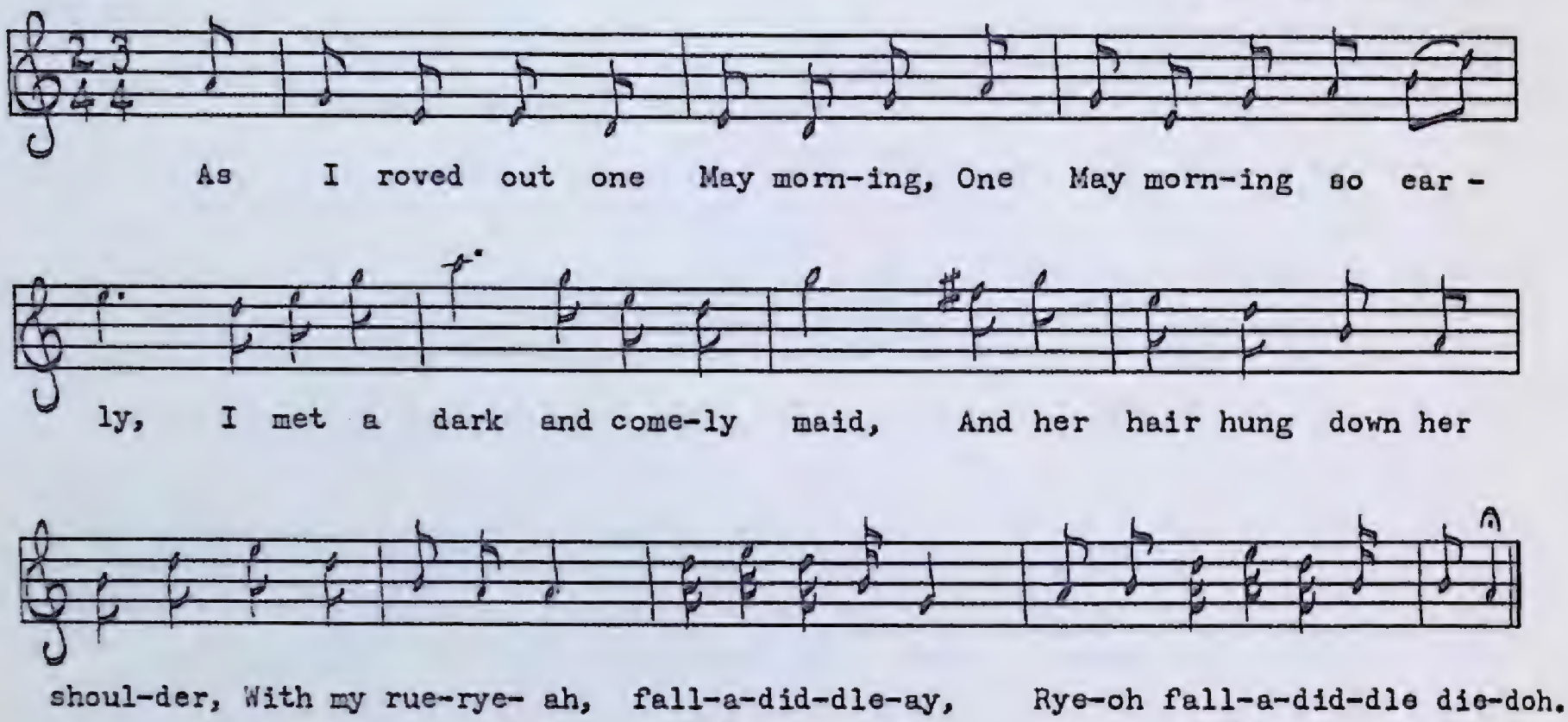
4. Six months being over and seven gone and past,
   I took her to the church and got married at last.
   And after we got married she altered her tone,
   And she teases me now if I leave her alone. } (*twice*)

5. Eight months being over and nine come and gone,
This pretty fair damsel brought forth a young son,
She huddles it, she cuddles it, she calls it her own, } (*twice*)
And I'm sure I'd been better to leave her alone.

I'll Be Seventeen Come Sunday

A

PEA 10 No. 65
Howard Morry
Ferryland, July, 1951



1. As I roved out one May morning,
   One May morning so early,
   I met a dark and comely maid,
   And her hair hung down her shoulder
   With my rue-rye-ah, fall-a-diddle-ay,
   Rye-oh fall-a-diddle die-doh.

2. Where are you going my pretty fair maid,
   Where are you going my honey?
   'Twas with a smile she answered me:
   "I've a message for my mama,
   With my rue-rye-ah, fall-a-diddle-ay,
   Rye-oh fall-a-diddle die-doh."

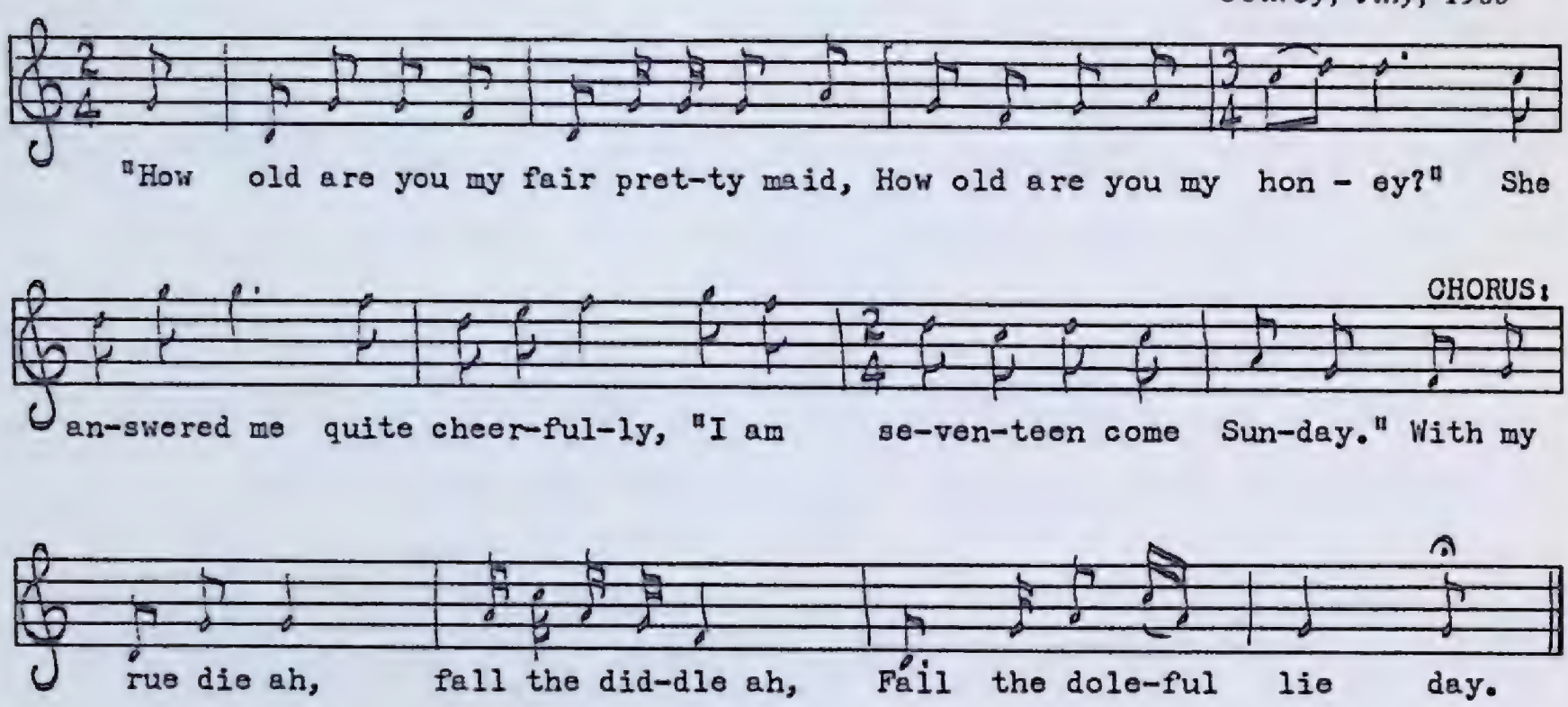
3. How old are you my pretty fair maid,
   How old are you my honey?
   'Twas with a smile she answered me:
   "I'll be seventeen come Sunday
   With my rue-rye-ah, fall-a-diddle-ay,
   Rye-oh fall-a-diddle die-doh."

4. Oh you are too young to take a man,
   You are too young to marry;
   'Twas with a smile she answered me;
   "Just step aside and try me
   With your rue-rye-ah, fall-a-diddle-ay,
   Rye-oh fall-a-diddle die-doh."

5. Oh I went to her mama's house,
When the moon shone bright and clearly;
And she arose and let me in,
And her mama did not hear me
With my rue-rye-ah, fall-a-diddle-ay,
Rye-oh fall-a-diddle die-doh.

B

PEA 193 No. 1145
George Samms
Codroy, July, 1960



1. "How old are you my fair pretty maid,
   How old are you my honey?"
   She answered me quite cheerfully,
   "I am seventeen come Sunday."
   With my rue die ah, fall the diddle ah,
   Fall the doleful lie day.

2. "You're rather young for to take a man,
   You're rather young my honey."
   "Oh if you think I'm not of age
   You can go ahead and try me."

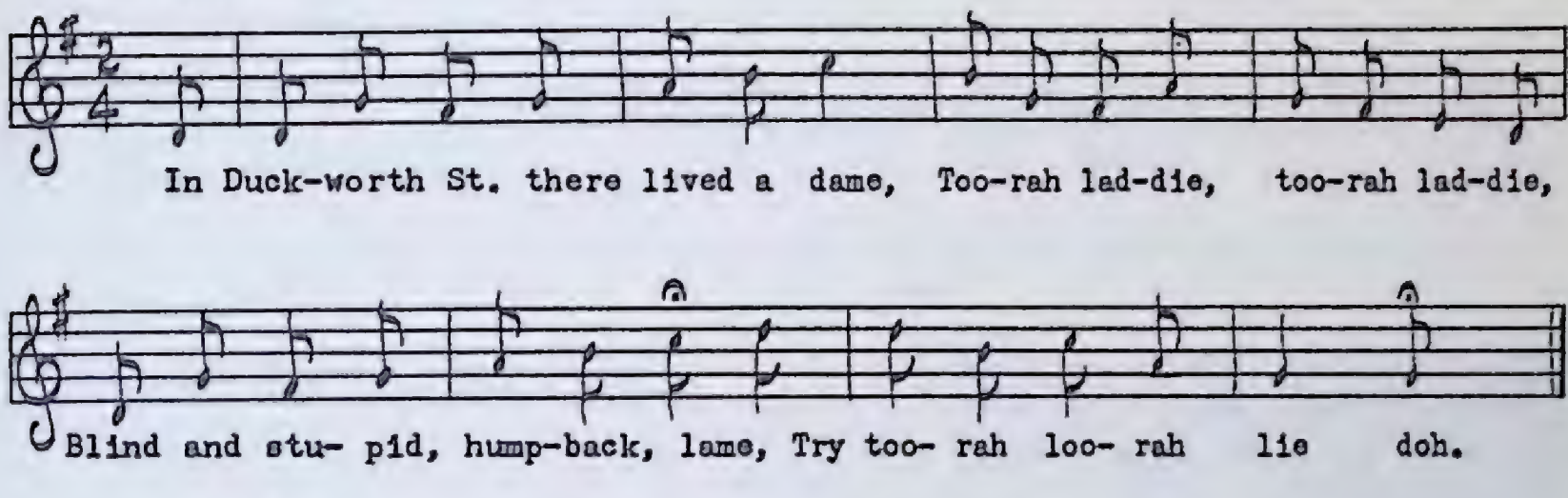
This amusing ditty has wide currency in both North America and in England where it originated. Despite its light-hearted mood there is a sinister undercurrent suggested by use of the word 'rue' in both variants. The double meaning of the word is clearer in the following verse from *The Seeds of Love* collected by Cecil Sharp.

My garden it is run wild
For the want of planting it new
The beds that used to be covered with thyme
Are all run into rue.

In her eagerness to have her garden planted, this 'dark and comely maid,' who will be seventeen come Sunday, also runs the risk of having it 'all run into rue.' Notice also the words 'fall,' 'doleful,' and 'die.' The nonsense vocables in this sort of chorus have more meaning than is generally supposed.

In Duckworth Street There Lived a Dame

PEA 10 No. 64
Howard Morry
Ferryland, July, 1951



1. In Duckworth Street there lived a dame,
   Toorah laddie, toorah laddie,
   Blind and stupid, humpback, lame,
   Try toorah loorah lie doh.

2. I went to see her one dark night,
   By the shower got wet through quite.

3. There I found her faithless she
   Fryin' sausages fer he.

4. Smile my dear before we part,
   You have broke a faithful heart.

5. Scarcely had these words been said,
   With a fryin' pan she broke my head.

6. Now all young men love-sick and sighin'
   Never kiss 'em when they're fryin'.

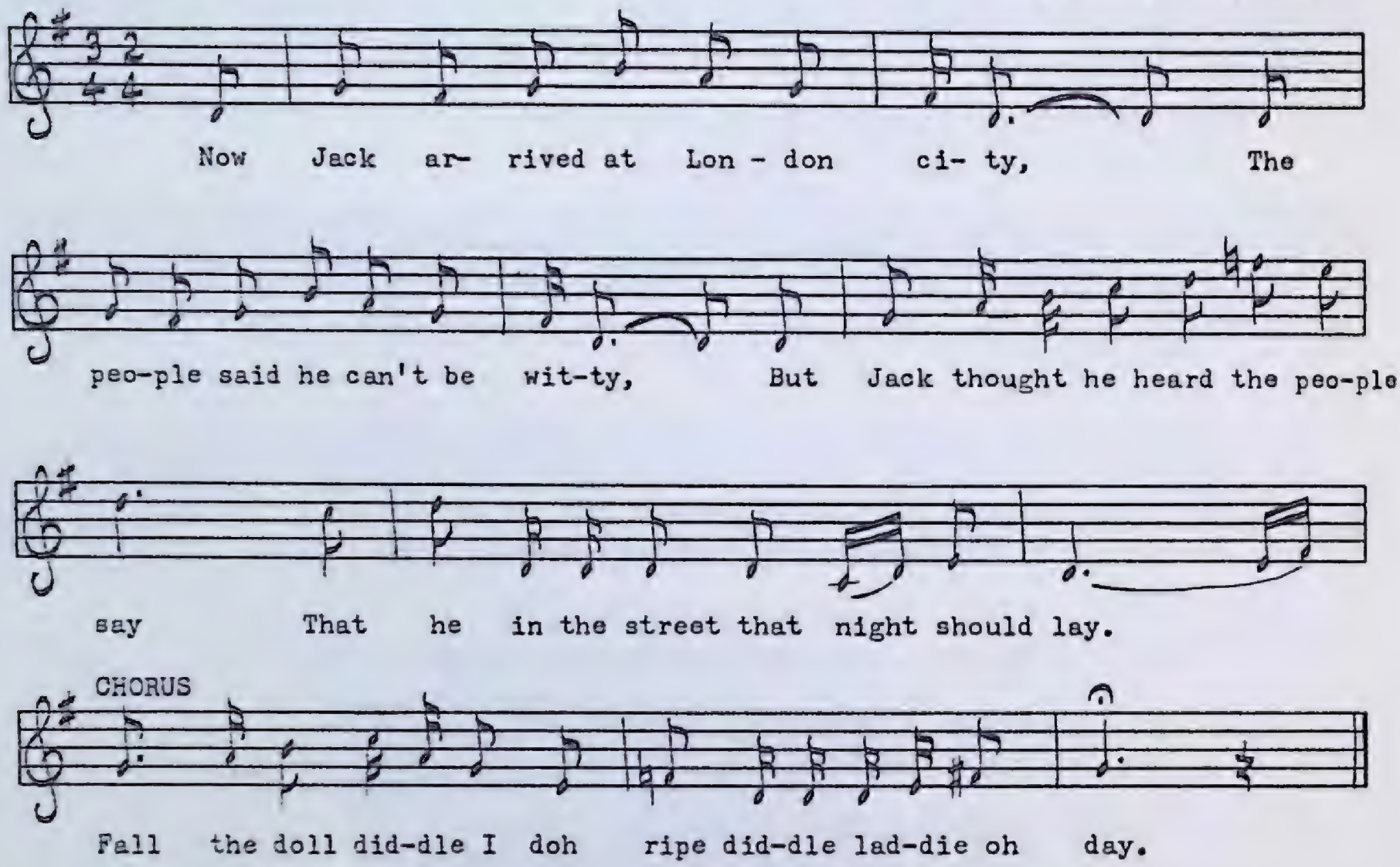
7. For if you do you'll surely get
   A fryin' pan upon your pate.

This amusing native ditty has been in the Morry family for generations and dates well back into the nineteenth century. Duckworth Street in downtown St. John's is now largely converted to commercial premises. Like many local ditties, the song reveals strong Irish influence.

Jack the Jolly Tar

A

MS 52
Bill Holloway
King's Cove, July, 1952



1. Now Jack arrived at London city,
   The people said he can't be witty,
   But Jack thought he heard the people say
   That he in the street that night should lay.
   Fall the doll diddle I doh, ripe diddle laddie oh day.

2. Now to lie in the street was not Jack's fancy,
   The squire walked along with lovely Nancy,
   And Jack thought he heard lovely Nancy say,
   That the squire in her arms that night should lay.

3. She said, "I'll tie a string to my little finger,
   And then pass it through my little room window,
   And you come there and pull the string,
   And I'll come down and let you in."

4. "Well," said Jack, "I'm sure to win her,
   I'll pull the string she'll put through the window."
   And Jack went there and pulled the string,
   And the lady by mistake came down and let him in.

5. Now then Jack gets into his heart's desire,
The lady thought Jack was the squire;
And the squire came there looking for the string,
And Jack was after the pluckin of it in.

6. Now then early in the morning the fair one woken,
She felt like one that was heart-broken,
For to see Jack's tarry pants and shirt,
And his face and his hands all smeared with dirt.

7. She said, "What brought you here you naughty fellow,
To rob me of my virgin pillow?"
"Well," said Jack, "I pulled the string,
And you came down and let me in."

8. She said, "I'll give you gold, I'll give you money,
If you don't mention this to anybody."
"Well," said Jack, "give me the gold,
I'll not mention it to any soul."

9. Now then Jack gets married to lovely Nancy,
She dressed him up just to her fancy;
And he treats his ship-mates with rum and gin,
Saying, "Damn your eyes go pull the string!"

B

PEA 82 No. 703
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958

Moderate

I thought I heard a squire talk-ing To a far-mer's

Very fast

daugh-ter Nan-cy; I thought I heard the peo - ple say 'Twas

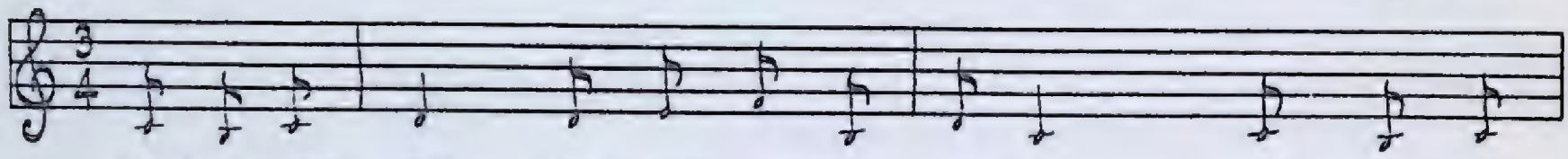
in the streets where Jack did lay. CHORUS: Too ree id- dle-ee

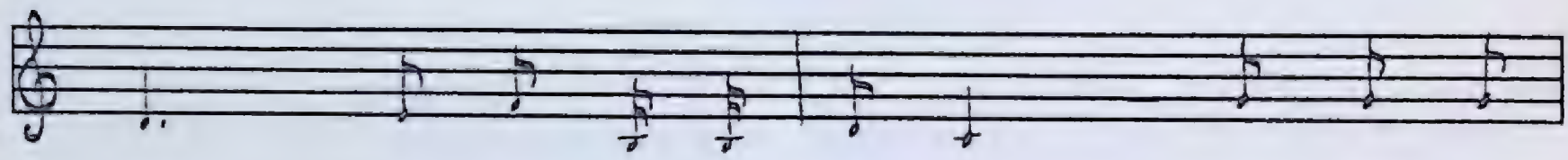
in come, Too ree id- dle-ee - ee.

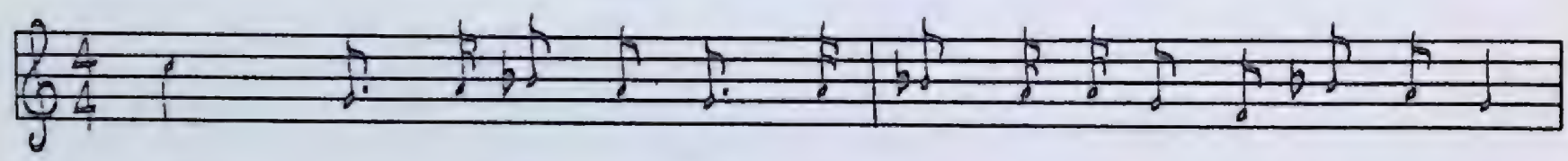
C

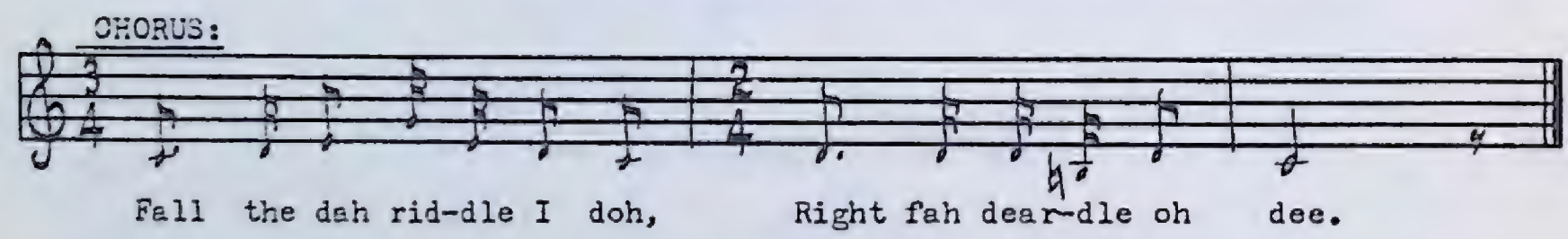
PEA 70 No. 656
Mrs. Alvina Coles
Cormack, June, 1958

Moderate







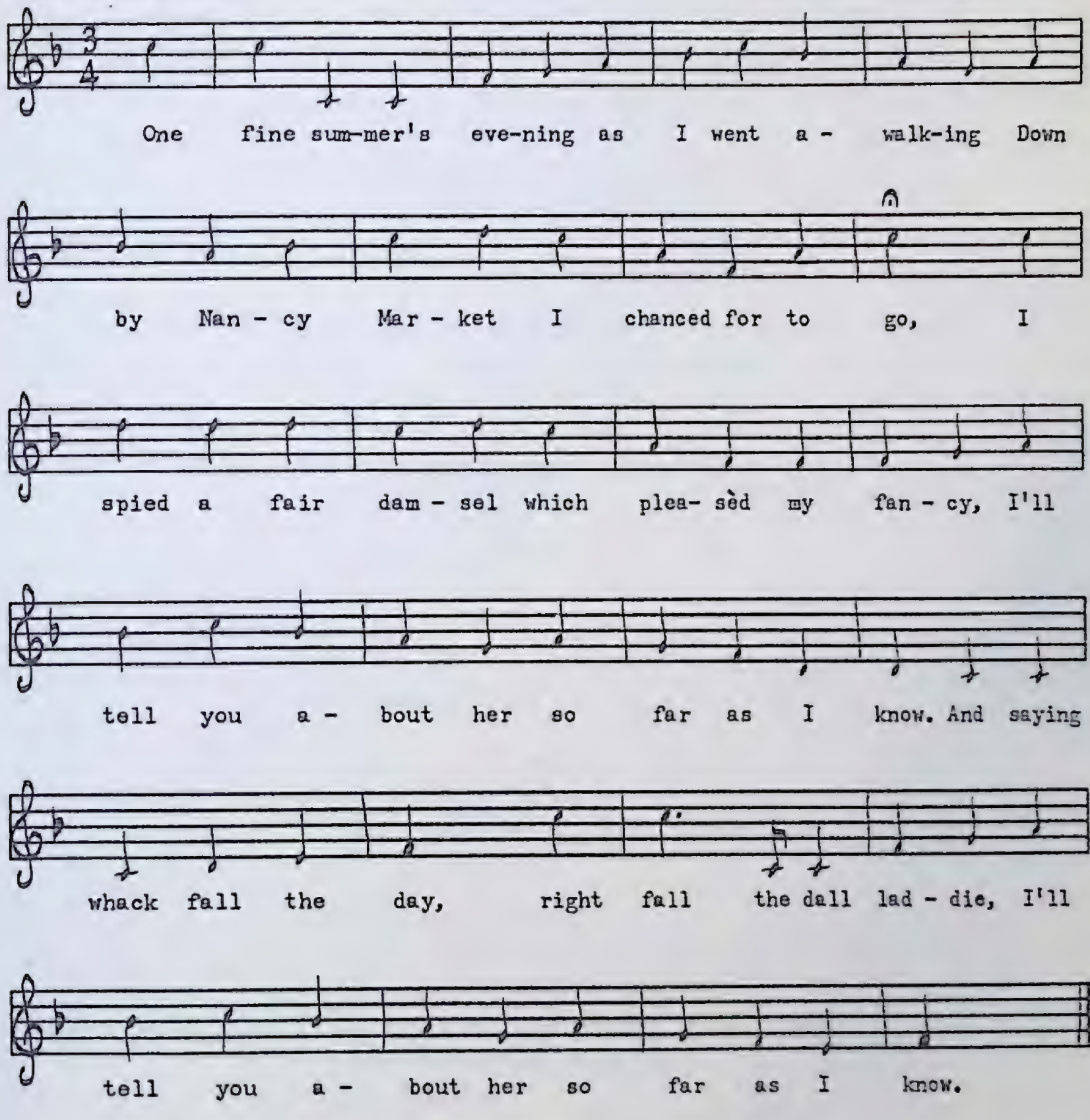


This amusing little ballad is quite popular in Newfoundland. Known widely on both sides of the Atlantic, it has been quoted in various collections. It originated in England, and some variants sound as if it had once been on the stage. This is noticeable in variant *B* with its two-speed verses.

Jessie Munro

PEA 166 No. 1054
George Decker
Rocky Harbour, August, 1959

Moderately fast



1. One fine summer's evening as I went a-walking
   Down by Nancy Market I chanced for to go,
   I spied a fair damsel which pleasèd my fancy,
   I'll tell you about her so far as I know.
   And saying whack fall the day, right fall the dall laddie,
   I'll tell you about her so far as I know.

2. I said, "Lovely creature, oh where are you going,
   And who are your parents?—I'm anxious to know."
   "My father's a blacksmith in the city of Glasgow,
   And I am his daughter young Jessie Munro."
   And saying whack fall the day, right fall the dall laddie,
   And I am his daughter young Jessie Munro.

3. I said, "Lovely Jessie, my heart you have stolen,
Your two pretty eyes they are black as a sloe,
It's into your arms I fain would be rolling
And lie on the bosom of Jessie Munro."
And saying whack fall the day, right fall the dall laddie,
And lie on the bosom of Jessie Munro.

4. She said, "Dearest Johnny, go on with your flattering,
For into your buildings I never will go,
Your chin it do chatter, likewise your tongue flatter,
Some handsomer laddie's for Jessie Munro."
And saying whack fall the day, right fall the dall laddie,
Some handsomer laddie's for Jessie Munro.

5. I said, "Lovely Jessie, I'll now stop my flattering,
And into my buildings alone I will go,
My chin it do chatter, likewise my tongue flatter,
You can go to the devil, young Jessie Munro!"
And saying whack fall the day, right fall the dall laddie,
You can go to the devil, young Jessie Munro!

La jeune fille sans amant

PEA 134 No. 925
Mme Lucie Cormier
Upper Ferry, juillet 1959

Assez vif

2. Tai - se - toi, pe - ti - te sot - te, Tu n'as pas en - core quinze ans Car une fil - le de ton âge De-vrait être sage et res - ter sa - - - - - - ge Jus - qu'à l'â - ge de vingt ans Sans a - mant.

L'autre jour dans une ville,
J'ai entendu parler une jeune fille,
Disant:—Maman, m' faut un amant
Absolument.

—Taise-toi, petite sotte,
Tu n'as pas encore quinze ans.
Car une fille de ton âge
Devrait être sage et rester sage
Jusqu'à l'âge de vingt ans
Sans amant.

—A vingt ans, si je suis morte,
J' n'aurai pas besoin d'amant,
C'est tandis que je suis jeune
Que j' veux en profiter, ma mère,
Et je n' peux pas attendre à vingt ans
Sans amant.

—Tiens, ma fille, voilà la route
Qu'il te conduit z-au couvent,
Tiens, ma fille, voilà la route
Qu'il te conduit z-au couvent,
Sans amant.

—Tiens, ma mère, voilà la mienne
Qui m'y mène, qui m'y ramène
Dedans les bras de mon amant
Qui m'aim' tant.

—Tiens ma fille, voilà six cents piastres,
Qu'il te conduit z-au couvent.
—Tenez, ma mère, avec cette somme
Je m'achèterai z-un homme.
J'aurai le cœur bien plus content
Qu'au couvent.

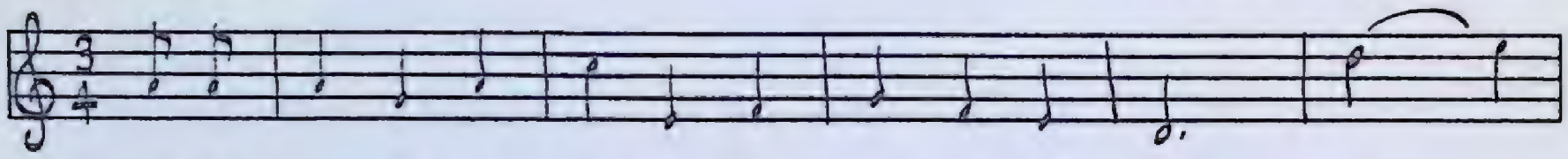
—Taise-toi, petite sotte,
Les garçons te tromperont.
Car les filles sont volages
Quand on leur parle du mariage,
Et les garçons, ils sont trompeurs
Dans leur cœur.

Near Bonne Bay on the west coast

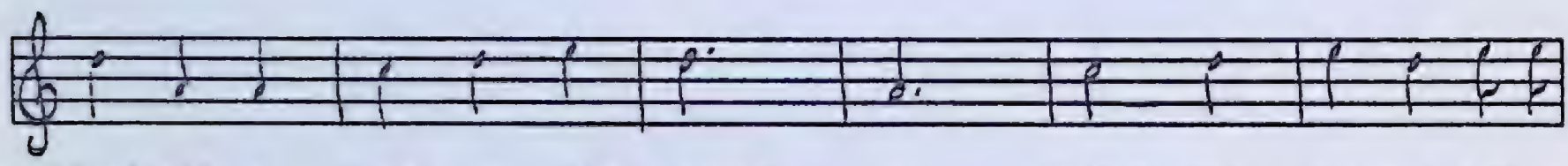
The Maid on the Shore O

PEA 117 No. 854
Mrs. Thomas Walters
Rocky Harbour, August, 1958

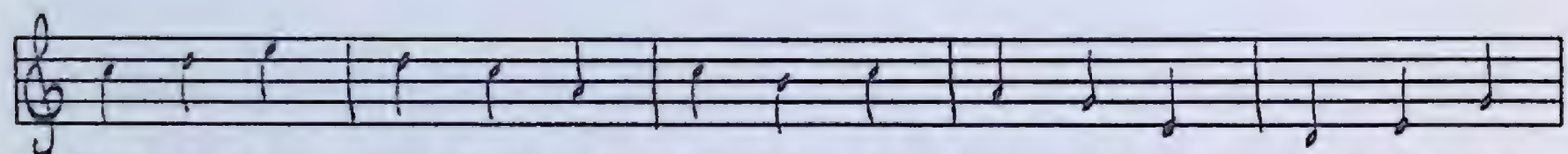
Moderately fast



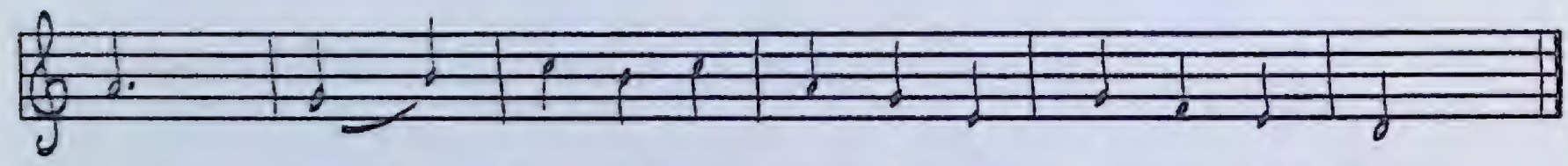
It was of a young mai-den who lived all a - lone, She



lived all a - lone on the shore - o; There was no-thing she could



find for to com- fort her mind But to roam all a - lone on the



shore, shore, shore, But to roam all a - lone on the shore.

1. It was of a young maiden who lived all alone,
   She lived all alone on the shore-o;
   There was nothing she could find for to comfort her mind
   But to roam all alone on the shore, shore, shore,
   But to roam all alone on the shore.

2. It was of a young captain who sailed the salt sea,
   Let the winds blow high or blow low-o;
   "I will die, I will die," this young captain did cry,
   "If I can't get that maid from the shore, shore, shore,
   If I can't get that maid from the shore.

3. "I have lots of silver, I have lots of gold,
   I have lots of costly ware-o,
   I'll divide, I'll divide with my jolly ship's crew
   If they'll row me that maid from the shore, shore, shore,
   If they'll row me that maid from the shore."

4. After long persuadance they got her on board,
   Let the winds blow high or blow low-o;
   Where he placed her a chair in his cabin below.
   "Here's adieu to all sorrow and care, care, care,
   Here's adieu to all sorrow and care."

5. She sot herself down in his cabin below,
Let the winds blow high or blow low-o;
Where she sang sweet, so neat and complete,
She sang captain and sailors asleep, sleep, sleep,
She sang captain and sailors asleep.

6. She robbed him of silver, she robbed him of gold,
She robbed him of costly ware-o;
And she stole his broadsword instead of an oar,
And she paddled her way to the shore, shore, shore,
And she paddled her way to the shore.

7. "My men must been crazy, my men must been mad,
My men must been deep in despair-o,
For to let her go 'way with her beauty so gay,
And to paddle her way to the shore, shore, shore,
And to paddle her way to the shore."

8. "Your men was not crazy, your men was not mad,
Your men was not deep in despair-o;
I deluded your sailors as well as yourself,
I'm a maiden again on the shore, shore, shore,
I'm a maiden again on the shore."

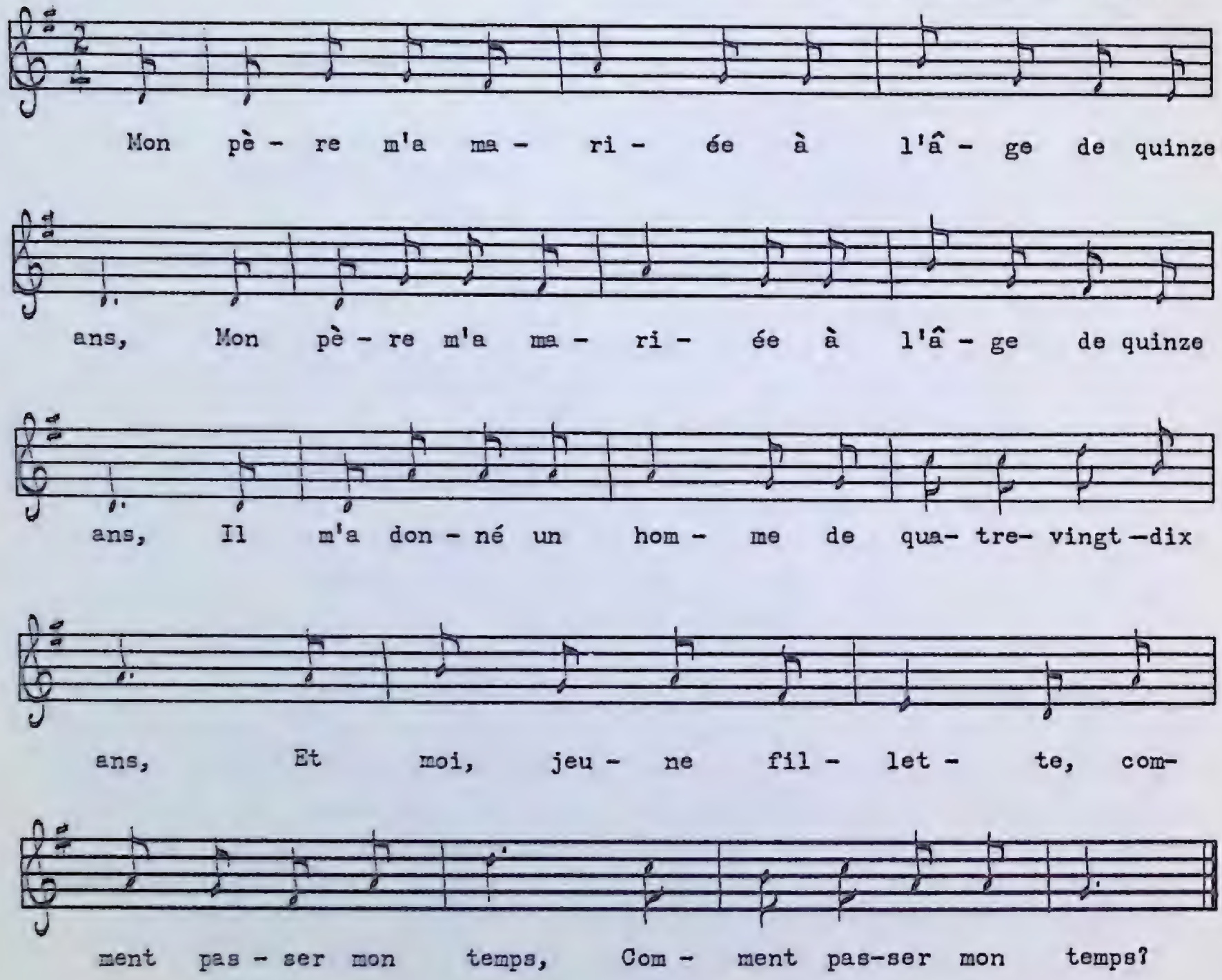
This fine old sea ballad may be regarded as a marine variant of *Bromfield Hill* (Child 43), one of the old pastourelles in which clever maidens managed to protect their innocence by various stratagems. Formerly they possessed many magical powers, but the only supernatural gift left to the maid on the shore is her ability to sing captain and sailors to sleep. Freeman Bennett of St. Paul's sang a six-verse version very similar to this. The only improvement in the wording would be the first line of verse 7:

"Oh were my men drunk, or were my men mad?"

and the corresponding answer at the beginning of verse 8.

Le mari de quatre-vingt-dix ans

PEA 136 No. 934
Mme Joséphine March
Cape St. George, juillet 1959



Mon père m'a mariée à l'âge de quinze ans. (*bis*)
Il m'a donné un homme de quatre-vingt-dix ans,
Et moi, jeune fillette, comment passer mon temps?
Comment passer mon temps?

La première nuit, dit-elle, c'est avec lui j'ai couché. (*bis*)
I' m'a viré l'épaule, tout d' suite i' s'endormit,
Et moi, jeune fillette, comment passer la nuit?
Comment passer la nuit?

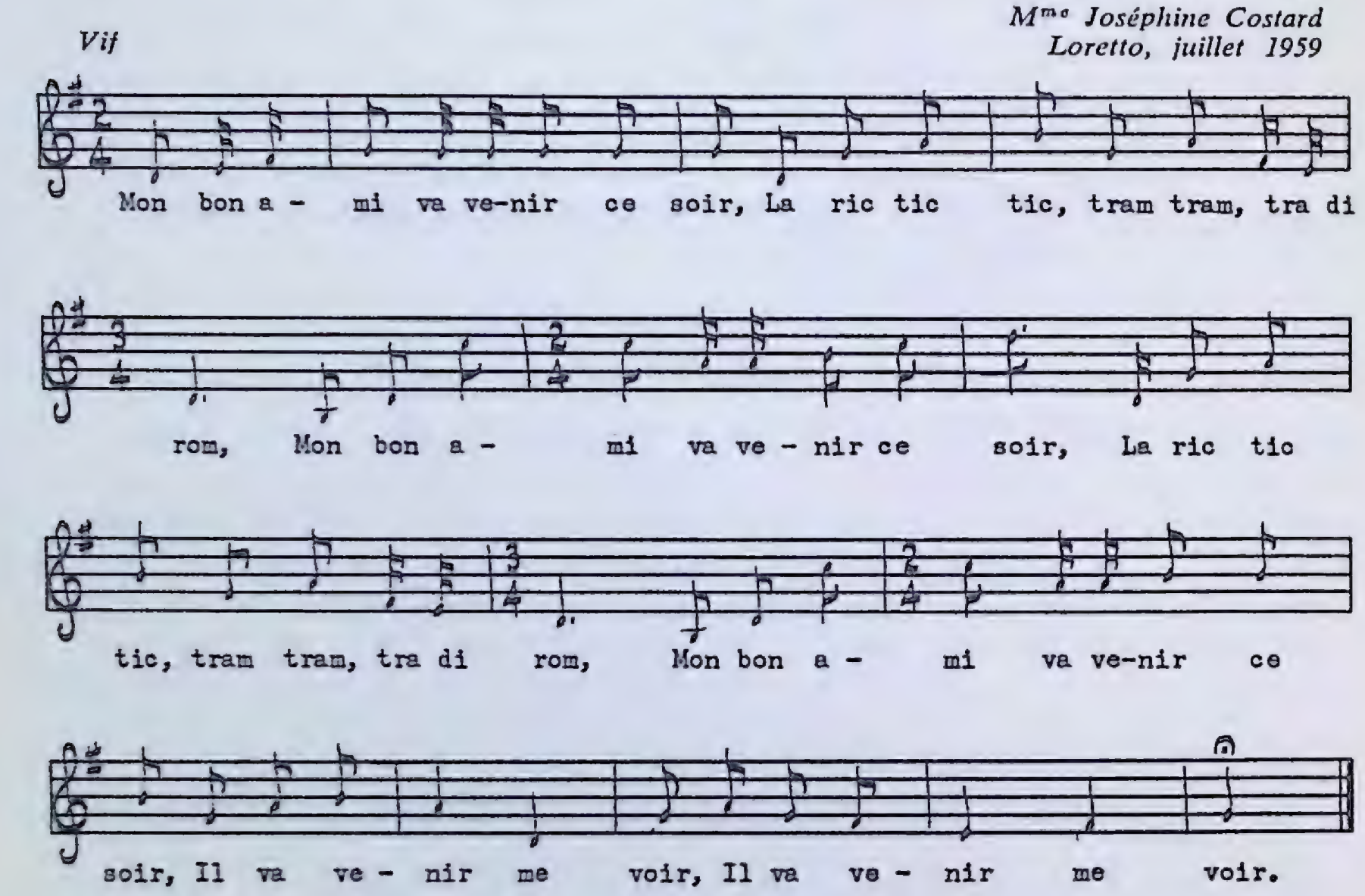
Au lendemain matin, chez mon père je suis. (*bis*)
—Bonjour, bonjour, mon père, bonjour vous soit donné,
Vous m'avez donné un homme, i' vaut rien du tout,
I' vaut rien du tout.

—Ma fille, prends courage, c'est un riche marchand. (*bis*)
Quand i' tombera malade, peut-être qu'i' n'en mourra,
Et toi, jeune fillette, du bien t'en restera,
Du bien t'en restera.

—Au diable la richesse quand qu' le plaisir n'y est pas. (*bis*)
J'aimerais mieux d'avoir un homme de mon contentement
Qu'avoir la richesse oh! d'un vieillard marchand,
Oh! d'un vieillard marchand.

Mon bon ami va venir ce soir

PEA 143 No. 962
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1959



Mon bon ami va venir ce soir,
La ric tic tic, tram tram, tra di rom, } (*bis*)
Mon bon ami va venir ce soir,
Il va venir me voir. (*bis*)

Mon bon ami n'a pas manqué,
La ric tic tic, tram tram, tra di rom, } (*bis*)
Mon bon ami n'a pas manqué,
Il est venu me voir. (*bis*)

—Mon bon ami, déshabillez-vous,
La ric tic tic, tram tram, tra di rom, } (*bis*)
Mon bon ami, déshabillez-vous,
Dans ce lit vous coucherez. (*bis*)

Quand c'est venu de vers minuit,
La ric tic tic, tram tram, tra di rom, } (*bis*)
Quand c'est venu de vers minuit,
Elle lui a dit bonjour. (*bis*)

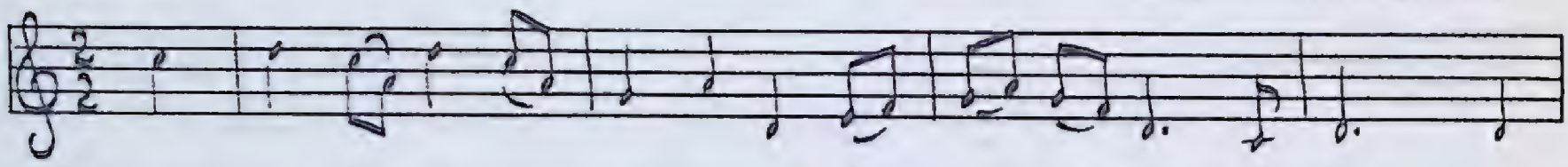
—De vos bonjours, j' vous en remercie,
La ric tic tic, tram tram, tra di rom, } (*bis*)
De vos bonjours, j' vous en remercie,
Pour moi, j'ai plus d'espoir. (*bis*)

Pour conduire la caille au blé, } (*bis*)
La ric tic tic, tram tram, tra di rom,
Pour conduire la caille au blé,
Faut savoir s'en servir. (*bis*)

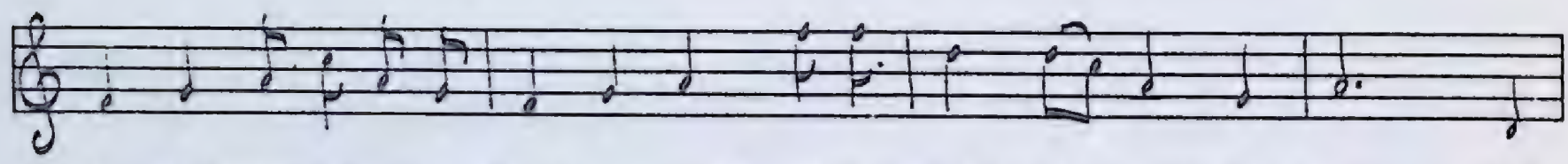
My Good-Looking Man

MS 83
Michael Aylward
King's Cove, July, 1952

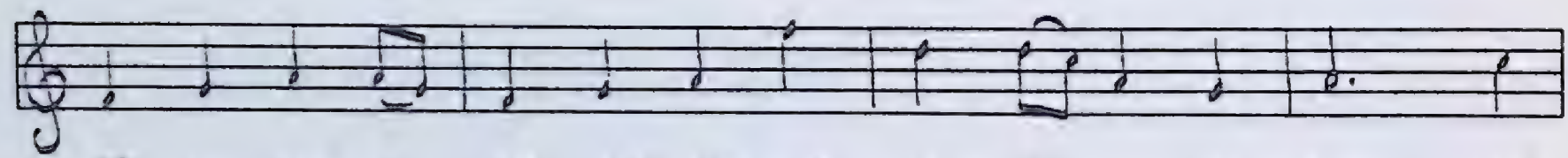
Moderately fast



Come all you pret-ty fair mai-dens of cour- age brave and true, And



I will teach you how to hap-py live and a - void all trou- ble too; And



if you want a wed - ded life now plain- ly un- der - stand, And

don't you e - ver fall in love with some good-look- ing man.

1. Come all you pretty fair maidens of courage brave and true,
   And I will teach you how to happy live and avoid all trouble too;
   And if you want a wedded life now plainly understand,
   And don't you ever fall in love with some good-looking man.

2. When at the age of sixteen years a damsel in my prime,
   I dearly thought on wedded life and how I'd be at that time;
   I dearly thought on wedded life, its pleasure I did scan,
   So I sighed and sobbed both night and day to gain a nice young man.

3. I came by chance as out I stepped to take a pleasant roam,
   I met this handsome gentleman who wished to see me home;
   I fain said 'no' but 'twas no use, to go with me was his plan,
   So to my home I walked along with my good-looking man.

4. He said to me as on we walked, "My dear and only love,
   If you'll consent to marry me I'll ever constant prove;
   I'll ever be a husband kind, and do the best I can."
   And to my home I walked along with my good-looking man.

5. He said to me as on we walked, "My dear and only love."
   He gently pressed me to his breast, saying, "Oh, my Mary dear,"
   He gently pressed me to his breast, to the clergy's house we ran,
   And 'twas there I tied the dreadful knot with my good-looking man.

6. The clock was just striking ten my gentleman walked in,
   I gently said, "My Willie dear, where has thou so long been?"
   "I've been to church, my Mary dear," oh this I could not stand;
   With a rolling pin I did let fly at my good-looking man.

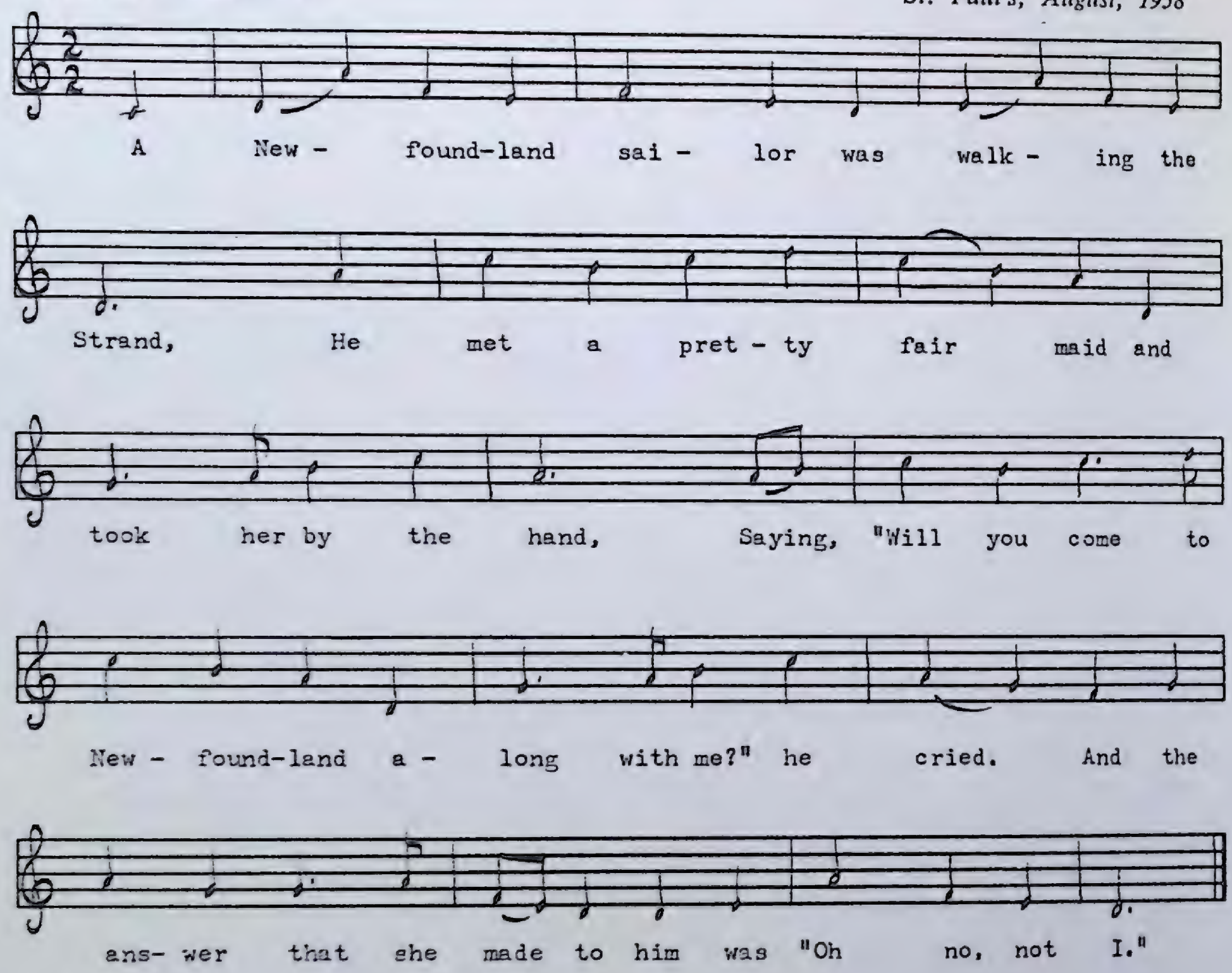
7. I blackened his eyes, I tore his hair, in ribbons I tore his clothes,
   I then picked up a poker and laid it across his nose;
   He just looked like a chimney-sweep as out the door he ran,
   And there was never a lady loved again by my good-looking man.

A similar variant appears in *Irish Com-All-Ye's,* compiled by Manus O'Conor and published in New York in 1901. In this Newfoundland variant, two or three verses are missing in the middle where the husband 'kisses and toys' with a 'flashy girl'—the reason for the rolling-pin incident. Notice the similarity between this tune and the one used for the Irish *Foggy Dew.*

Oh No, Not I

PEA 110 No. 822
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderate, steady time



1. A Newfoundland sailor was walking the Strand,
   He met a pretty fair maid and took her by the hand,
   Saying, "Will you come to Newfoundland along with me?" he cried.
   And the answer that she made to him was, "Oh no, not I."

2. "To think that I would marry you and me to lay the blame,
   Your friends and relations would scorn me to shame,
   If you were born of noble blood and me of a low degree,
   Do you think that I would marry you?—'tis oh no, not me."

3. After six months being over and eight drawing nigh,
   This pretty little young thing begin to look shy,
   Her corsets would not touch, or her apron strings tie,
   Made her think all on the time that she said, "Oh no, not I".

4. After eight months being over and nine come and gone,
   This pretty little young thing she brought forth a son,
   She wrote a letter to her love to come speedily,
   But the answer that he made to her was, "Oh no, not me."

5. He said, "My pretty fair maid, the best thing you can do
   Is take your babe all on your back and begging you may go,
   And when that you get tired you may sit down and cry,
   And think all on the time that you said, 'oh no, not I'."

6. Come all you pretty fair maids a warning take by me,
   Don't never put your trust in a green willow tree,
   For the leaves they will wither and the roots they will die,
   Don't you see what I am come to by saying, 'Oh no, not I'?

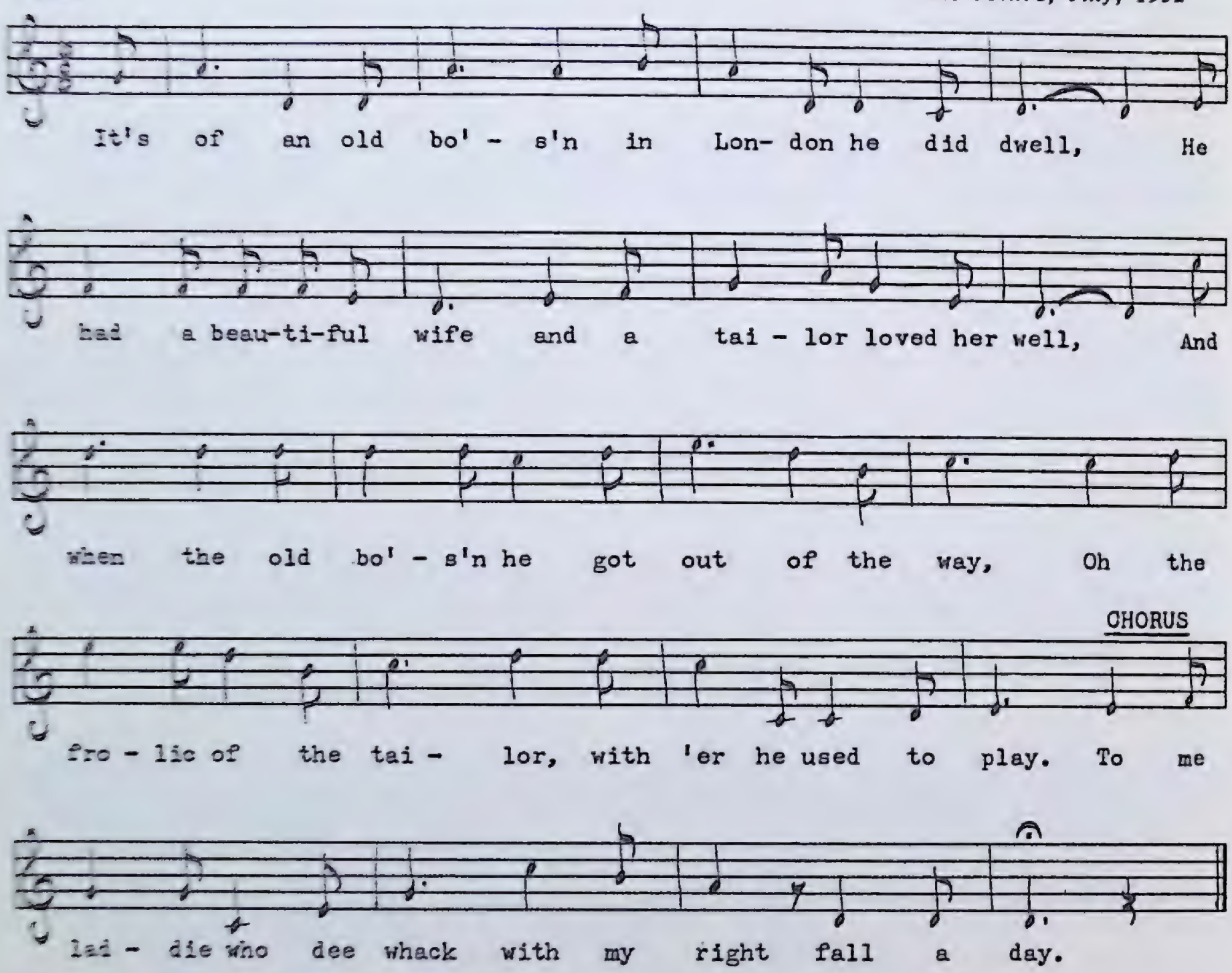
As far as I know, this is the first time this little tragic-comic lyric has appeared in a collection in this form. Mr. Bennett's is the only variant I noted. It would appear to be of eighteenth or early nineteenth century English origin.

The Old Bo's'n

(The Boatswain and the Tailor)

A

PEA 15 No. 85
Gordon Willis
St. John's, July, 1952



1. It's of an old bo's'n in London he did dwell,
   He had a beautiful wife and a tailor loved her well,
   And when the old bo's'n he got out of the way,
   Oh the frolic of the tailor, with 'er he used to play.
   To me laddie who dee whack with my right fall a day.

2. He went into her house and those words to her he said:
   "And we'll go up the stairs and we'll get into the bed."
   They had not been in bed but an hour by the clock
   Oh when down at the door the old bo's'n he did knock.

3. "Oh now," said the tailor, "oh where shall I go?
   And where shall I hide for I'm sure I do not know."
   "You get into my husband's chest and there you will lie still,
   You're as safe into the chest as a mouse is in a mill."

4. "You get into husband's chest and there you will stay,
While I go down for to let my husband in,
Oh while I go down for to let my husband in,
For he's standing at the door with three other of his men."

5. She went down the stairs for to let her husband in,
She flew into his arms and embraced him by a kiss,
She flew into his arms and embraced him by a kiss,
Saying, "My jolly husband, what do you mean by this?"

6. "Oh I did not come here to disturb you of your rest,
But this very night I come after my chest,
My ship she is ready and she's fitted for the sea,
Oh and this very night I must take the chest with me."

7. They went up the stairs and they brought the chest down,
They carried it along but they never laid it down,
They carried it along within a mile from the town
When the sweat from the sailors began to pour down.

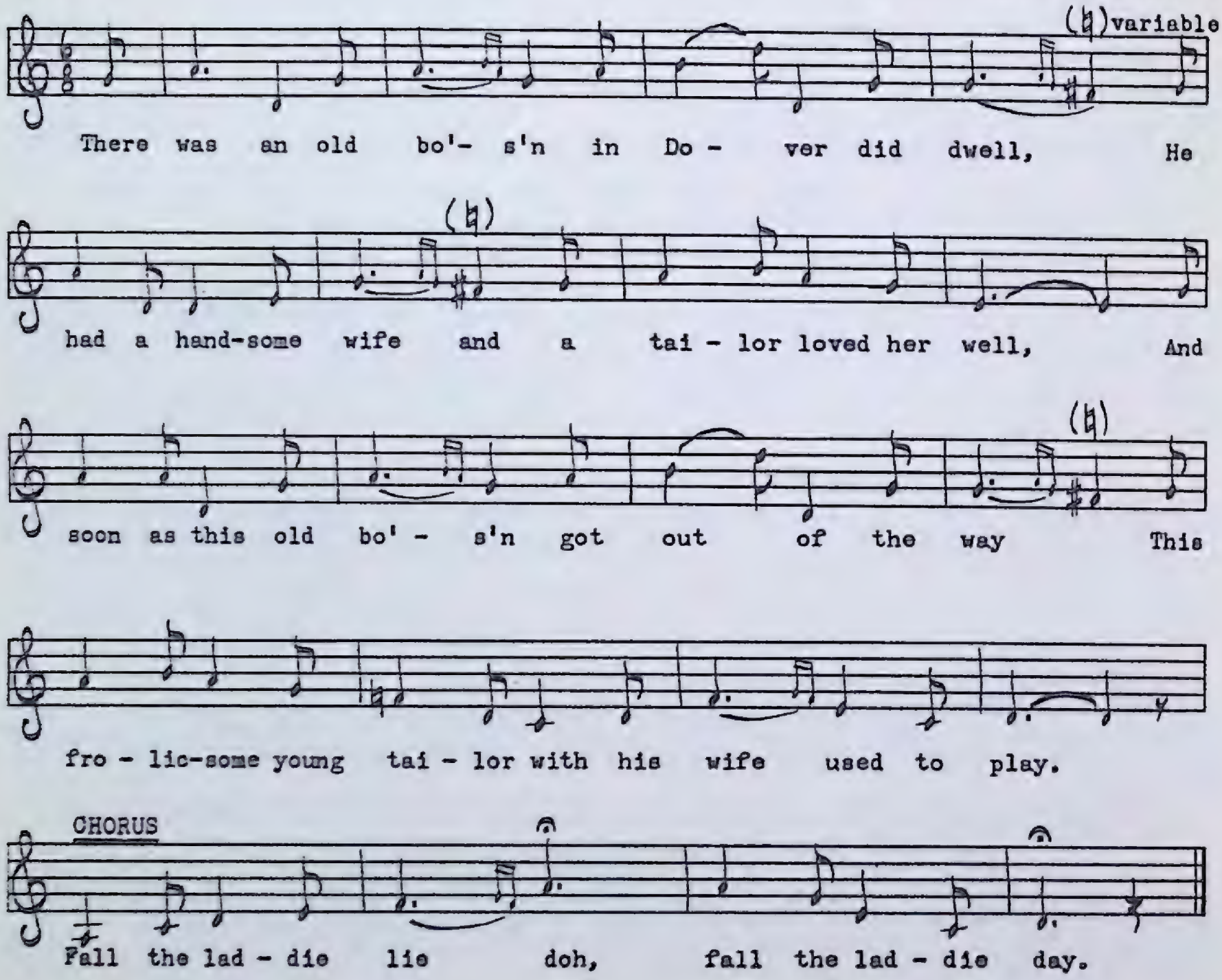
8. When up speaks the sailor, "I think I've done my best."
And up spoke another saying, "The devil is in the chest."
And up spoke another, "Sure, I know I heard him knock!"
When up jumps the old bo's'n the chest for to unlock.

9. "Hello my fine fellow, and what brought you here?
It's some bad misfortune I greatly do fear,
For since it is my lot for to carry you away,
I will sweat myself to death for to carry you to sea."

10. He carried him to Jamaica where they sold this poor man,
For rum and tobacco they sold him there and then,
For rum and tobacco they sold this poor man,
And they leaved him all alone for to plow the Turkey land.

B

MS
Harry Curtis
Joe Batt's Arm, July, 1952



1. There was an old bo's'n in Dover did dwell,
   He had a handsome wife and a tailor loved her well,
   And soon as this old bo's'n got out of the way
   This frolicsome young tailor with his wife used to play.
   Fall the laddie lie doh, fall the laddie day.

2. They went straight home their frolic for to have,
   And they went straight home and jumped into the bed,
   But they had not been in bed an hour by the clock
   When this old bo's'n at the door gave a knock.

3. "Oh hide me, oh hide me, where shall I go?
   Oh hide me, oh hide me, I'm sure I do not know."
   "But you get into my husband's chest and there if you lie still,
   You will be just as happy as a mouse unto a mill."

4. She went downstairs to let her husband in
There stood the old bo's'n and three more of his men,
He flew into her arms and embraced her with a kiss,
"Oh now my jolly husband what do you mean by this?"

5. "I did not come here to disturb you of your rest,
But this very night I come after my chest,
Our ship she is all ready and fitted for the sea,
And this very night I must take my chest away."

6. They went upstairs the chest for to bring down,
And bringing it along, they never heard a sound,
But they had not took the chest a mile from the town
When the sweat from the sailors came rolling to the ground.

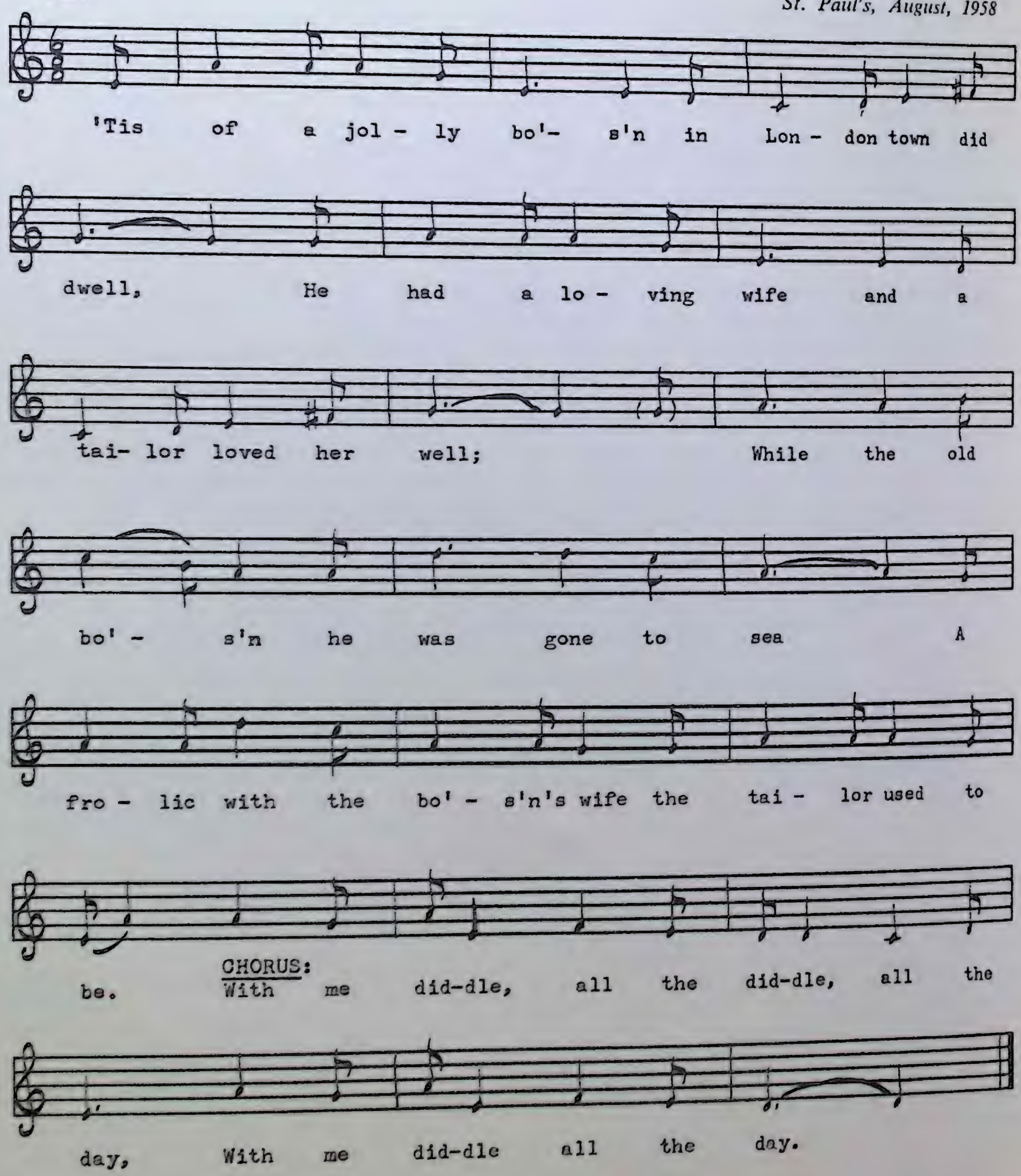
7. Said one unto the other, "Let's lay it down and rest."
"Oh yes," said the other, "the devil's in the chest."
"Yes yes," said the other, "I'm sure I heard him knock!"
Up steps the old bo's'n his chest for to unlock.

8. "Now my jolly fellow, pray what has brought you here?
And since you have deceived me, it is a sad affair,
And since you have deceived me I'll take you out to sea,
And sew you up in canvas and buried you will be."

C

PEA 95 No. 757
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Fast



1. 'Tis of a jolly bo's'n in London town did dwell,
He had a loving wife and a tailor loved her well;
While the old bo's'n he was gone to sea
A frolic with the bo's'n's wife the tailor used to be.
With me diddle, all the diddle, all the day,
With me diddle, all the day.

2. The bo's'n he come home in the middle of the night,
Put the poor tailor in a hell of a fright.
"Oh hide me, oh hide me," the tailor replied,
"It is your loving husband and tonight I got to die."

3. "There is an old chest now, it's standing outside,
Oh you may get in and a-cunning you may hide."
The tailor he went off with his britches and his hose,
Where she followed after with the rest of his clothes.

4. "I'm sorry loving woman to disturb you of your rest,
I'm sorry loving wife now I'm come for my chest,
Our ship she lays anchored and ready for to sail,
We're bounding away with a prosperous gale."

5. Oh in walked the bo's'n and five more so strong,
Picked up the chest and carried it along,
They carried it along to the end of the town,
The weight of the chest caused the sweat for to roll down.

6. Said one to the other, "We will lay it down to rest."
"Oh no, " said the other, "for the devil is in the chest."
"Oh no," said the bo's'n, "you need not a-fear,
It is the Scotty tailor and now I've got him here."

7. "Oh now, mister tailor, 'tis I got you here,
Oh now mister tailor, you need not a-fear,
For I will persume (?) you and send you off to sea,
No longer will you stay on shore a-cuckolding over me."

This ballad is not often found in collections so I am giving three different tunes with their texts. Those who wish may make their own collation. Though shorter than *A*, the texts of both *B* and *C* are in better condition. For a similar treatment of the theme, see *The Bold Trooper*.

The One Thing or the Other

PEA 107 No. 809
James Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1958

Fast

Twen - ty-one me last birth-day, just en - tered in - to

life, Me mo - ther said, "I think it's time for

you to get a wife." But where to go I

did not know an - y - thing a - bout such bo - ther, For just

then I had no i - dea of the one thing or the

oth - er. CHORUS: To dee whack for all the row - dy-dow,

Fall all the lad - die lad - die; Whack for all the

row - dy - dow, Fall all the day.

1. Twenty-one me last birthday, just entered into life,
Me mother said, "I think it's time for you to get a wife."
But where to go I did not know anything about such bother,
For just then I had no idea of the one thing or the other.
To dee whack for all the rowdy-dow,
Fall all the laddie laddie;
Whack for all the rowdy-dow,
Fall all the day.

2. There was a young girl that left a boy, I thought she'd suit me best,
I went down to her house and quite spicy I was dressed;
I whistled three-times-three when in come her mother.
"Oh what do you want?" says she. Says I, "The one thing and the other."

3. She took me in the parlor, I sot by her daughter's side,
Says I, "You're just the girl for me, for I do want a bride."
She began to whimper, and then to simper, her bashfulness she could not smother,
And 'twas there we sot and looked at the one thing and the other.

4. We married in three weeks and everything went right,
Though we was rather awkward when left alone at night.
She winked her eye and then did say, "Oh dogs, what a bother!"
For we didn't know what to do with the one thing and the other.

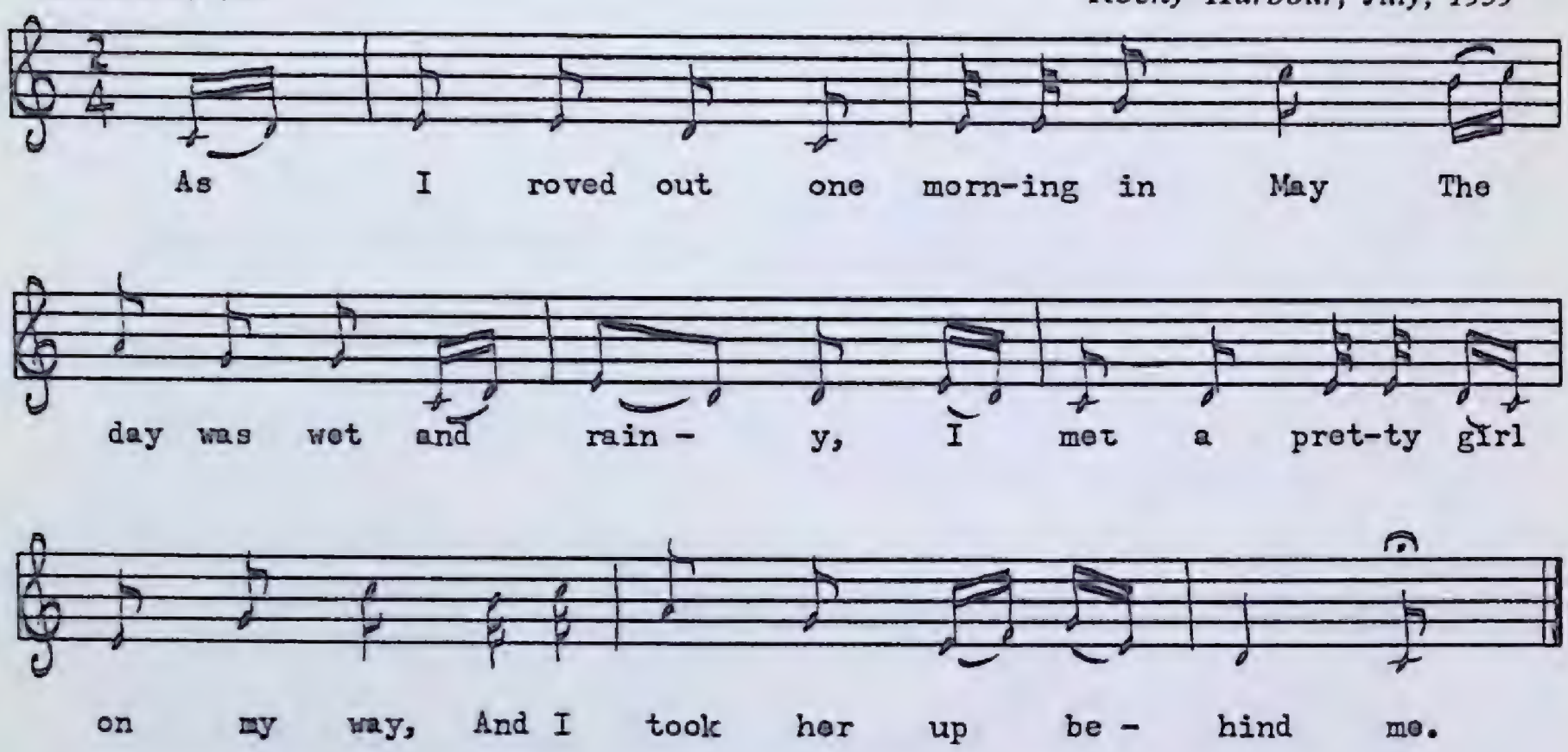
5. We married in three weeks as time flew swiftly on;
Some of my old acquaintances says, "Oh you'll have a son."
Some more says, "No, it won't be so." "'Twill be a daughter," says me mother.
"Oh never mind," says I, "If it's the one thing or the other."

6. Some people they do murmur and perhaps they have a cause;
Me wife soon brought me twins and then it was too late to pause.
I'm obliged to run for doctor Dunn when in come me mother.
"Oh what have she got?" says she. Said I, "The one thing and the other."

7. Some people they do murmur and grumble at their state,
But if she brought me ten-times-two I couldn't help my fate.
So now defy, and now supply, and help one another,
And hope I pleased you all with the one thing and the other.

Sporting Maggie

PEA 148 No. 978
George Decker
Rocky Harbour, July, 1959



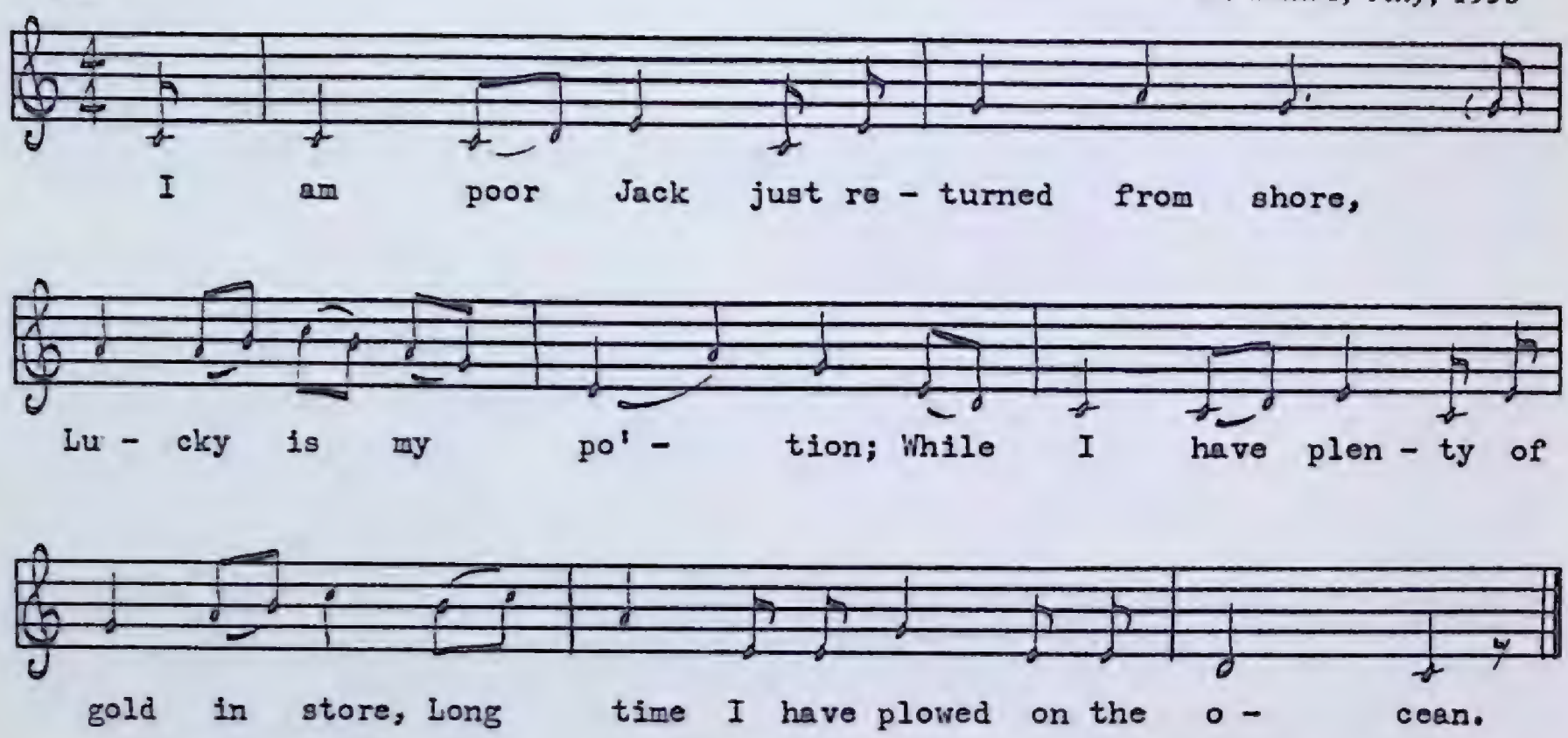
1. As I roved out one morning in May
   The day was wet and rainy,
   I met a pretty girl on my way,
   And I took her up behind me.
2. I asked her the question what was her name,
   She said she wasn't willing to tell me the same.
   She said, "Kind sir, I belong to the game,
   For they call me Sporting Maggie."
3. My Maggie dresses sweet and gay,
   She wears an Irish mantle,
   And the friendships she makes in a very cautious way
   They draw no shame or scandal.
4. Her two rolling eyes so black as sloes,
   And her cheeks just like the blooming rose,
   She is neat and gay as you may suppose
   Which causes young men to marry.
5. She says, "Young man, don't make me afraid,
   For I am the mistress of my trade,
   I long to court with a sporting young blade
   That pleases Sporting Maggie."
6. "If I had you in yonder field
   Where the greensward is a-growing,
   If I had you in yonder valley
   Where the meadow is set for mowing
   I would make you curse every errant rogue
   Who heard your name was Maggie."

7. "But if you love me as I love thee
What a sporting couple we would be,
I would learn you a game called one-two-three,
And I'd play it on your belly!"

The symbolic references to the 'greensward' and the 'meadow' set for 'mowing' in verse 6 place this comic love ballad in the old English metaphorical tradition. The text as a whole, however, betrays a more modern Irish influence.

Tarry Sailor

PEA 78 No. 684
Jim Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958



1. I am poor Jack just returned from shore,
   Lucky is my po'tion;
   While I have plenty of gold in store,
   Long time I have plowed on the ocean.

2. To his sweetheart's house Jack straight did go
   To see whether she would wed or no,
   Saying, "Nancy will you, yes or no,
   Will you wed with a tarry sailor?"

3. Up spoke Nance all with a frown,
   "To think I'd wed a sailor, no, not I,
   If I could get a man of a high renown
   Would you think I'd wed a sailor?"

4. Jack shoved his hand into his purse
   Pulling out handfuls of gold,
   Saying, "Nancy will you, yes or no,
   Will you wed with a tarry sailor?"

5. Up spoke Nance all with a smile,
   (The sight of the money did her heart beguile)
   "So I see you were joking all the while
   To be sure that I love my sailor."

6. "If you were joking I did jest,
   So that's not the question that I asked,
   So I see 'tis the money that you love best,
   And you won't get your sailor."

7. Jack set out in a public line
Plenty of gold and silver coin,
Which made poor Nance to repent and to pine,
That ever she refused her sailor.

Known also as *Jack Tar,* this English sailor's song has been traced back to the 1700's. For another song telling the same story, see *A Paper of Pins.*

The Tinker Behind the Door

PEA 185 No. 1122
Leonard Hulan
Jeffrey's, July, 1960

Fast

In Lon - don town where I do dwell A

bux - om lass I know quite well, In Lon - don town where

I do dwell A bux - om lass I know quite well, A

ser - vant to a gen - tle-man, A tin-ker came to her to

sell her a pan. All to ket-tle fall det-tle fall I gee

oh, Whack fall det- tle fall I gee oh.

1. In London town where I do dwell
   A buxom lass I know quite well, } (*twice*)
   A servant to a gentleman,
   A tinker came to her to sell her a pan.
   All to kettle fall dettle fall I gee oh,
   Whack fall dettle fall I gee oh.

2. The gentleman being out one day
   The tinker came here to sport and play, } (*twice*)
   He got this maid behind the door
   And gently laid her on the floor.

3. The joke was over and for his pan
She slipped him twenty guineas in hand, } (*twice*)
Saying, "If you pass this way again
My kettle is ready to boil the same."

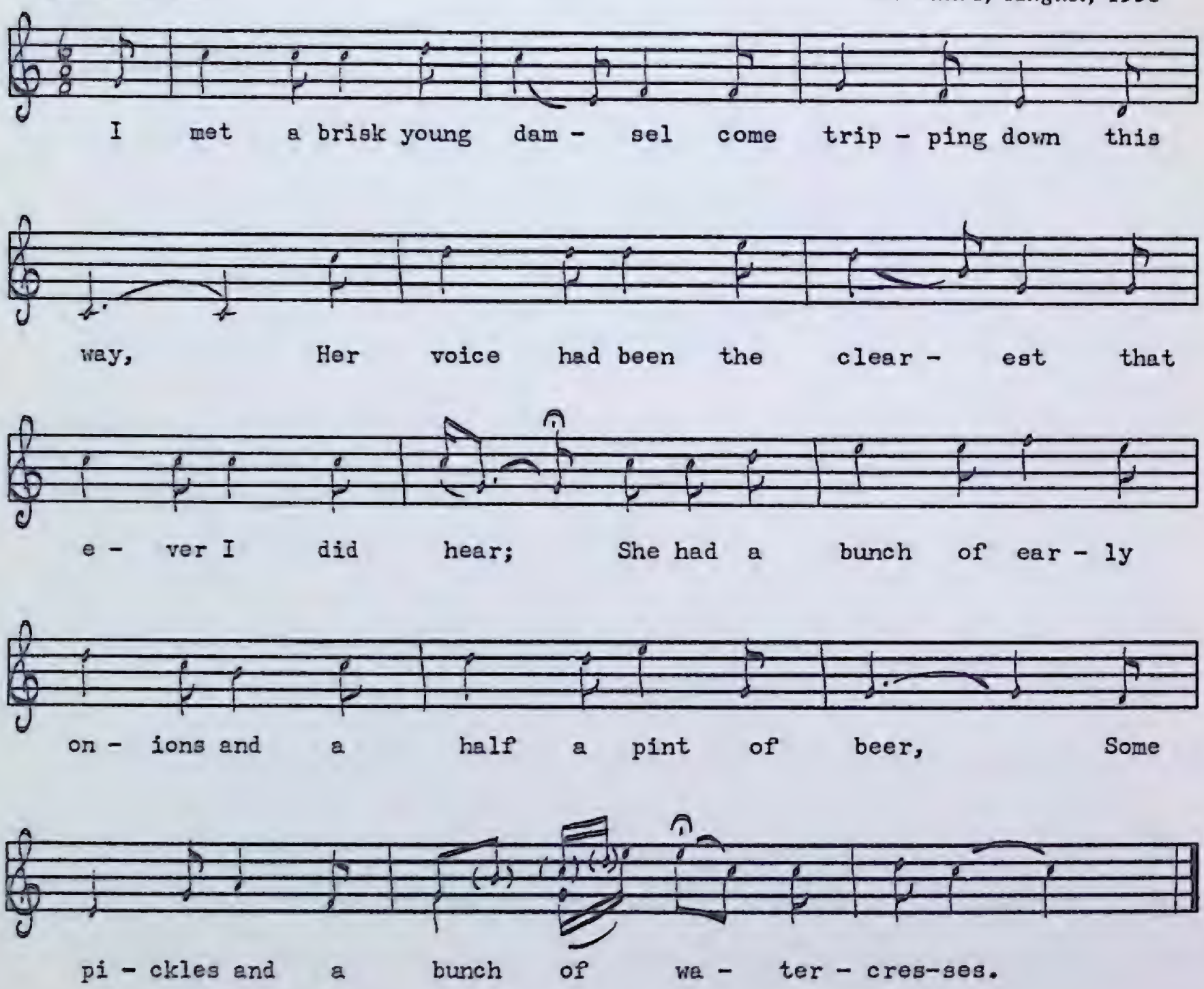
4. "The landlord will get me a pot of good beer, } (*twice*)
For twenty guineas I have got here."
"Your money is good, my liquor is fine,
You may stay here with me and dine."

5. It was not long so I've been told } (*twice*)
The tinker used up all his gold,
He's got to do as he did before,
Go boil the kettle behind the door!

Watercresses

PEA 90 No. 732
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderately fast



1. I met a brisk young damsel come tripping down this way,
   Her voice had been the clearest that ever I did hear;
   She had a bunch of early onions and a half a pint of beer,
   Some pickles and a bunch of watercresses.
2. I boldly steppèd to her and this to her did say,
   "I'm on my way for Cumberland can you instruct the way?"
   "Oh yes, sir, oh yes, sir," she speedily did say,
   "Take a turn at your left and go down the other way."
3. I bowed and I thanked her as I walked by her side,
   And oftentimes I wished that she was my lawful bride,
   Where I popped to her the question half in earnest, half in joke,
   And those very words now unto her I spoke:
4. "I got cows, I got sheep, I got pigs, I got geeses,
   Besides I have a dairy full of butter-milk and cheeses;
   If you'll consent to Missus, now, fair lady of all eases,
   We'll spend our time in love and watercresses."

5. "Since you are so generous, young man," now she did say,
"Prepare the matrimony and I'll appoint the day;
I've a wedding-dress to buy and some little bills to pay."
He pulled out a sovereign her debts for to defray.

6. Early the next morning a letter I received:
'Kind sir for disappointing you now I will 'pologize,
But when you ask a partner in a partnership of life,
Be sure to choose a maiden or a widow, not a wife.

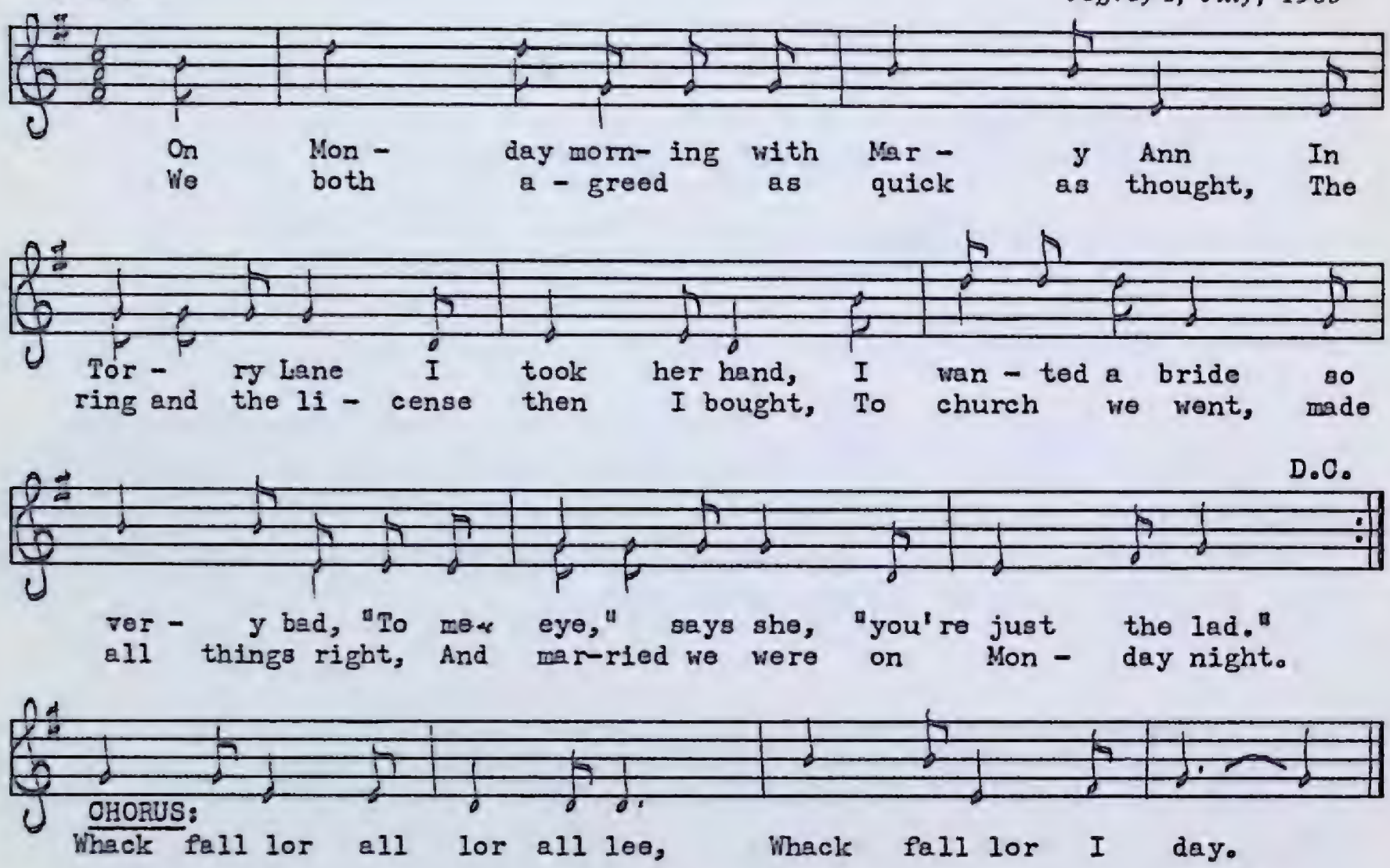
7. 'I've a husband of my own and his name is William Gray,
When I can well afford it your sovereign back I'll pay,
For to think that I would marry you all on the first of May,
Sure you must have been greener than watercresses.'

For a quite different version collected by John Jacob Niles in Kentucky, see Schirmer's *American Folk-Song Series,* set 20. Niles also mentions a Newfoundland version collected by a Mr. J. Murray Gibbon of Montreal. I have not seen this other Newfoundland variant and cannot give an opinion as to its relationship to the one given here.

A Week's Work

PEA 178 No. 1100 and MS

Leonard Hulan
Jeffrey's, July, 1960



1. On Monday morning with Mary Ann
   In Torry Lane I took her hand,
   I wanted a bride so very bad,
   "To me eye," says she, "you're just the lad."
   We both agreed as quick as thought,
   The ring and the license then I bought,
   To church we went, made all things right,
   And married we were on Monday night.
   Whack fall lor all lor all lee,
   Whack fall lor I day.

2. On Tuesday morning got up with glee,
   There's no man felt more joy than me,
   A stranger to the breakfast came,
   A serving-girl from down the lane,
   As she was frying a sausage for me
   I pinched her just where you shouldn't see,
   My wife did glare with an awful spite,
   Now jealousy came on Tuesday night.

3. On Wednesday morning as I roved out
To take the air and walk about,
To ease my care and take a drop
I hastened to a brandy shop.
'Twas there I drank up most of the stock,
I staggered home at twelve o'clock,
And for my bed I did prepare,
But another man seemed more happier there,
Another man just took me right,
A cuckold I was on Wednesday night.

4. On Thursday morning sure I looked blue,
My wife looked vexed and snappish too,
Vexation came and vexation rose
Till first was abuse and then 'twas blows.
"I'll conquer you!" she quickly said,
And with her tongue she shattered my head,
Then we fell at it with left and right,
I blackened her eyes on Thursday night.

5. On Friday morning we had to part,
I went and hired a horse and cart,
To pack my duds without delay
I soon did put them all away.
And oh my wife began to grieve
For without me she could not live,
Her garters she tied round her neck so tight,
And hung she was on Friday night.

6. On Saturday morning I hired a ground,
I bought her a coffin so tight and sound,
The mourners dressed in dark array
Came in to bear the corpse away.
I cried until I was almost blind,
I hung me head and I laughed behind,
With onions oh I stung me eyes
And gave a few more sobs and sighs,
I saw her into the ground all right,
Latched onto another on Saturday night!

This seems to be an Irish (or Newfoundland Irish) variant of an English comic ditty which goes back at least as far as 1760 when it appeared in *West Country Garlands,* an anthology of stall ballads of the period. One of Kidson's informants claimed that the famous clown Grimaldi sang it on the stage in the 1820's. Sharp noted it as *The Holly Twig* in the Appalachians. The text of this Newfoundland variant is the best I have seen. The sexual connation of "frying a sausage for me" (verse 2) may be further corroborated by referring to a similar passage in the native comic ditty *In Duckworth Street There Lived a Dame.*